

*The
Finest of the Wheat
Number Three*

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Benson

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Compliments of
Geo. D. Elderkin

31,892

The Finest of the Wheat Number Three

FOR

PRAYER AND EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS,
CHURCH AND MISSIONARY
SERVICES, SUNDAY SCHOOLS
AND YOUNG PEOPLE'S SOCIETIES

EDITED BY

GEO. D. ELDERKIN, C. C. McCABE
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK, H. L. GILMOUR
G. W. ELDERKIN AND F. A. HARDIN

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Preface

Finest of the Wheat Nos. 1 and 2 have been received with remarkable favor. Enough copies have been published to supply a grand chorus choir of more than two million voices.

Extending beyond the churches of our own land, these beautiful songs have also entered the homes of nearly every Christian missionary and have been translated into many foreign tongues.

We have again gleaned from the great harvest field of Gospel song, and now present to the church our **Finest of the Wheat No. 3**, believing that it will soon become equally popular and in every respect a worthy successor.

GEO. D. ELDERKIN.

C. C. McCABE.

The Finest of the Wheat

—No. 3.—

1

The Call for Reapers.

J. O. THOMPSON.

J. B. O. CLEMM.



1. Far and near the fields are teeming With the waves of rip-en'd grain;
2. Send them forth with morn's first beaming; Send them in the noontide's glare;
3. O thou, whom thy Lord is send-ing, Gath-er now the sheaves of gold;



Far and near their gold is gleaming O'er the sun - ny slope and plain.
When the sun's last rays are gleaming, Bid them gath-er ev - 'ry-where.
Heav'nward then at eve-n'g wend-ing, Thou shalt come with joy un-told.



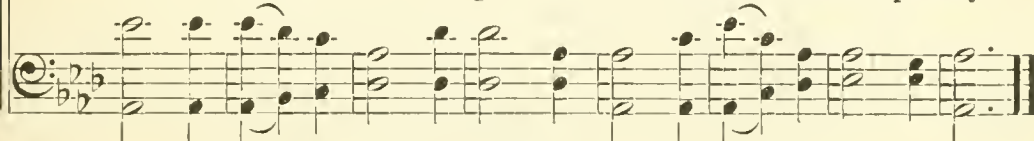
CHORUS.



Lord of har-vest, send forth reap-ers! Hear us, Lord, to thee we cry;



Send them now the sheaves to gath-er, Ere the har-vest time pass by.



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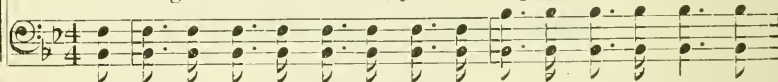
2 The Grand Old Story of Salvation.

E. E. HEWITT.

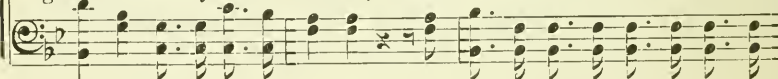
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



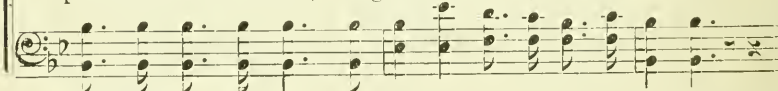
1. We tell it as we jour-ney toward the mansions built a-bove, The
2. His hand can lift the fall-en and his blood can make them white, The
3. We'll sing it in the bat-tle, and its notes shall vic-t'ry be, The
4. The an-gels look with won-der, yet their harps can nev-er tell, The



grand old sto - ry of sal - va-tion; We sing it out with gladness, in the
 grand old sto - ry of sal - va-tion; His love can pierce the darkness with a
 grand old sto - ry of sal - va-tion; We'll sing it in our tri - als, till the
 grand old sto - ry of sal - va-tion; His ransomed, clothed with beauty, shall the



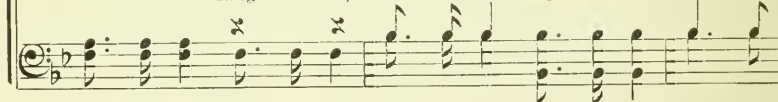
mel - o - dies of love, The grand old sto - ry of sal - va - tion.
 nev - er - fad - ing light, The grand old sto - ry of sal - va - tion.
 pass - ing shad - ows flee, The grand old sto - ry of sal - va - tion.
 praise of Je - sus swell, The grand old sto - ry of sal - va - tion.



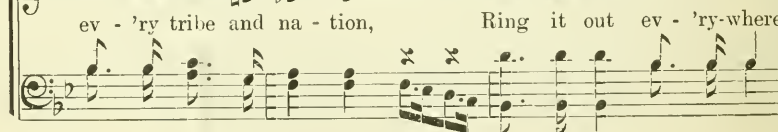
CHORUS.



Ring it out, Ring it out, ring it out, Ring to



ev - 'ry tribe and na - tion, Ring it out ev - 'ry-where,



The Grand Old Story—Concluded.

Ring it out *ev - 'ry-where,* The grand old sto - ry of sal - va - tion.

3

Tread Softly.

FANNY J. CROSEY.

(SOLO AND QUARTET.)

W. H. DOANE.

Gently.

p

1. Be si - lent, be si - lent, A whis - per is heard,
 2. Be si - lent, be si - lent, For ho - ly this place,
 3. Be si - lent, be si - lent, Breathe hum - bly our pray'r,
 4. Be si - lent, be si - lent, His mer - cy re - cord;

Be si - lent, and lis - ten, O treas - ure each word.
 This al - tar that ech - oes The mes - sage of grace.
 A fore - taste of E - den This mo - ment we share.
 Be si - lent, be si - lent, And wait on the Lord.

CHORUS.

Tread soft - ly, tread soft - ly, The Mas - ter is here;
 Tread soft - ly here, tread soft - ly here,

p *p* *rit.*...
 Tread soft - ly, tread soft - ly, He bids us draw near.
 Tread soft - ly here, tread soft - ly here,

The Sinless Land.

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR.

G. W. ELDERKIN.

1. Look-ing past the stars at night, As like sen - ti - nels they stand,
 2. Just be-yond the jas - per walls, Past the pearl - y gates so grand,
 3. Man - y friends by faith I see Gath-ered there, a hap - py band,
 4. Cleanse me, Lord, and make me free; Pure in heart I then shall stand,

Of by faith I catch the light Of that bless - ed, sin - less land.
 Where the light for - ev - er falls, Is God's home, the sin - less land.
 Wav-ing palms of vic - to - ry; They have reached the sin - less land.
 Meet at last to dwell with thee In thy home, the sin - less land.

CHORUS.

Sin - less land of pu - ri - ty, O - ver on the gold-en strand,

Rit.
 I shall yet thy beau-ty see, Sin - less land. O sin - less land.

Not Empty-Handed.

E. E. HEWITT.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

May be sung as a Solo.

1. Not emp-ty-hand-ed would I go To him whose love has blessed me so:
 2. Not emp-ty-hand-ed would I go; In life's great field some seed I'd sow;
 3. Not emp-ty-hand-ed would I go; His grace will hid-den treasures show,
 4. Not emp-ty-hand-ed would I go; Thro' summer's bloom, thro' win-ter's snow,

Some pre-cious jew-el would I bring To shine for - ev - er for my King.
 Some golden sheaf for him would bind; Some blossoms tend, some fruitage find.
 O may I win them for his sake, And, day by day, love's off'rings make.
 I'll work for him who died for me; Till, by and by, his face I see.

CHORUS.

Not emp - ty - hand - ed would I go..... To him whose
 Not emp - ty - hand - ed would I go, To him whose
 love hath blessed me so; Some hum - ble trib - ute may I
 love hath blessed me so;
 bear, With - in those gates so bright and fair.

An Open Door.

C. H. M.

Mrs. C. H. MORRIS.

1. Earth's teeming mill-ions wait to - day The sto - ry of the
 2. "The fields are white to har - vest now," The Mas - ter call - eth
 3. The Mas - ter's com - ing draw - eth near, His glo - rious king - dom

cross to hear, Of him who takes our guilt a - way, Sal -
 once a - gain, "Why all day i - dle stand - est thou, While
 is at hand, Soon in the clouds he shall ap - pear, His

va - tion thro' his blood brought near; "Whom shall we send? the
 wast - ing is the pre - cious grain?" With sick - le sharp go
 name be known in ev - 'ry land; If thou wouldst in his

Mas - ter now is calling, "And who will go, the glorious news to bear?"
 forth un - to the reaping, The Lord's ap - prov - al certain thou shalt gain.
 triumph then be sharing, Go forth and la - bor at thy Lord's command.

CHORUS.

An o - pen door of op - por - tu - ni - ty Is set be -
 An o - pen door of op - por - tu - ni - ty

An Open Door—Concluded.

fore..... the church to - day..... A chance to
 Is set be-fore the church to-day.

save..... earth's dying multitudes, Let us quick-ly to the
 A chance to save earth's dy-ing mul-ti-tudes.

har-vest field a-way, Let us en-ter the o-pen door to-day.
 a-way, a-way, a-way,

7 Whate'er It Be.

ELTA M. LEWIS.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. I take my por-tion from thy hand, And do not seek to un-der-stand;
 2. When dark-ness doth thy face ob-scure, And man-y sor-rows I en-dure,
 3. When ten-der joys to me are known, I ren-der thanks to thee a-lone;
 4. Thus calm-ly do I face my lot, Ac-cept it, Lord, and doubt thee not;

CHO.—Whate'er it be! whate'er it be! I do not fear, whate'er it be!

D. C. Chorus.

For I am blind, while thou dost see, Thy will is mine, whate'er it be.
 I think of Christ's Gethsem-a - ne; Thy will is mine, whate'er it be.
 I know my cup is filled by thee; Thy will is mine, whate'er it be.
 Lo! all things work for good to me; Thy will is mine, whate'er it be.

Thy love di-vine sus-tain eth me; Thy will is mine, whate'er it be.

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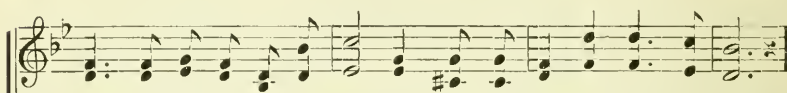
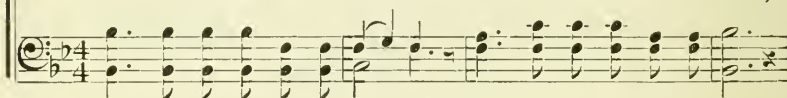
Face to Face.

Mrs. FRANK A. BRECK.

GRANT COLFAX TULLAR.

Moderato.

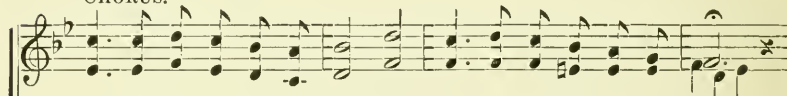
1. Face to face with Christ my Savior, Face to face—what will it be,
2. On - ly faint - ly now I see him, With the dark'ning veil be-tween,
3. What re-joic - ing in his pres-ence, When are banished grief and pain;
4. Face to face! O bliss-ful mo-ment! Face to face—to see and know;



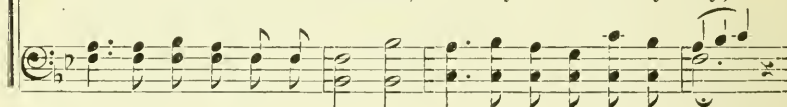
When with rapture I be - hold him, Je - sus Christ who died for me?
 But a bless-ed day is com - ing, When his glo - ry shall be seen.
 When the crooked ways are straightened. And the dark things shall be plain.
 Face to face with my Re-deem-er, Je - sus Christ who loves me so.



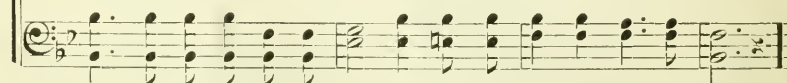
CHORUS.



Face to face shall I be - hold him, Far be-yond the star-ry sky;




Face to face, in all his glo - ry, I shall see him by and by!



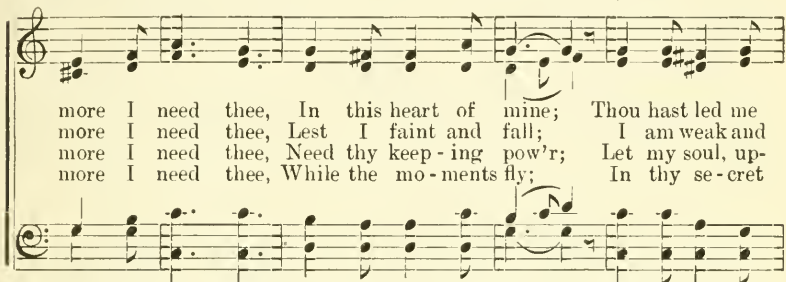
9 More and More I Need Thee.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

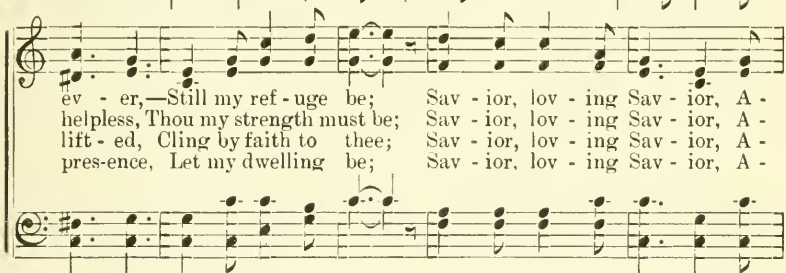
W. H. DOANE.




1. More and more I need thee, Precious Friend di - vine, More and
 2. More and more I need thee, Thou my all in all; More and
 3. More and more I need thee In temp - ta - tion's hour; More and
 4. More and more I need thee, While the days go by; More and




more I need thee, In this heart of mine; Thou hast led me
 more I need thee, Lest I faint and fall; I am weak and
 more I need thee, Need thy keep - ing pow'r; Let my soul, up -
 more I need thee, While the mo - ments fly; In thy se - cret



ev - er, — Still my ref - uge be; Sav - ior, lov - ing Sav - ior, A -
 helpless, Thou my strength must be; Sav - ior, lov - ing Sav - ior, A -
 lift - ed, Cling by faith to thee; Sav - ior, lov - ing Sav - ior, A -
 pres - ence, Let my dwelling be; Sav - ior, lov - ing Sav - ior, A -



CHORUS.
 bide with me. More.... and more... I need Thee, O I
 More and more, yes, more and more



need Thee; Sav - ior, lov - ing Sav - ior, A - bide with me.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN.

MRS. FANNIE L. SIMPSON.

1. I see the nail-pierced hands of Christ, I hear his cry of woe,
 2. I see him in Geth-sem-a-ne, In sor-row bend-ing low,
 3. He wears the cru-el crown of thorns, To death my Lord doth go,
 4. O won-der-ful the debt of love To my dear Lord I owe,

And know he bears this bit-ter pain, Be-cause he loves me so.
 The blood up-on his ho-ly brow, Be-cause he loves me so.
 To sac-ri-fice him-self for me, Be-cause he loves me so.
 Who gives his life to ran-som me, Be-cause he loves me so.

CHORUS. *Animato.* *cres.*

'Tis won-der-ful, 'tis won-der-ful, The debt of love I owe To Christ the

con espress. *pp* *rall.*

precious Son of God, Because he loves me so, Because he loves me so.

Just One Glimpse.

Mrs. MARY B. WINGATE.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



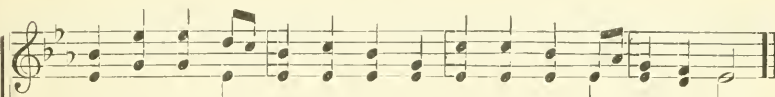
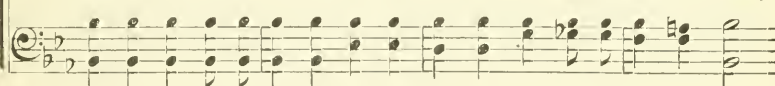
1. Just one glimpse of the glory wait-ing, Just one note of the seraph's song,
2. Just one breath of the Ho-ly Spir - it, Just one cry of the heart in pray'r,
3. Just one smile of the lov-ing Sav-ior, Just one gleam of the dawning day,



How it cheers the heart that's breaking, How it makes the spir - it strong.
 How it gives us joy in serv - ice, How it lifts the load of care.
 How it makes the cross grow light-er, How it speeds us on our way.



Just one touch of the seamless garment, Just one clasp of the nail-pierced hand,
 Just one line of the promise giv - en, Just one tho't of the Friend so near,
 Just one word of our Lord's appearing, Just one glance at the white-robed throng,



How it calms the fe-vered pul - es, How it helps the weak to stand.
 How it lifts our hearts to heav - en, How it seems to soothe and cheer.
 How it thrills our hearts with rapture, How it wakes the sweetest song.



Can I Forget?

C. H. M.

Mrs. C. H. MORRIS.

1. Can I for-get, can I for-get The place where Je - sus
 2. His lone-ly watch can I for-get, When, in his ag - o -
 3. Can I for-get? no, while I breathe, His good - ness I'll pro-

died, Where on the cross of Cal - va - ry My Lord was cru - ci -
 ny There fell great drops of blood - y sweat In dark Geth - sem - a -
 claim; Sal - va - tion for a ru - ined race Thro' Je - sus' pre - cious

fied? Can I for-get his dy - ing groans, His ag - o - niz - ing
 ne? Be - trayed and scourged, to slaughter led, To can - cel sin's great
 name. When I, a sin - ner saved by grace, Be - fore His throne shall

pray'r? O soul of mine, it was my sins Which helped to nail him there.
 debt; O bas - est of in - grat - i - tude, If ev - er I for - get!
 be, I'll praise Him, and re - mem - ber still The cross of Cal - va - ry.

CHORUS. 3 3

O won - der - ful cross of Cal - va - ry! Won - der - ful cross of Cal - va - ry!

Can I Forget?—Concluded.

My hope of sal - va - tion hangs on thee, O won - der - ful, wonderful cross!

13 One Soul Redeemed.

HATTIE H. PIERSON.

D. B. TOWNER.

1. One life reclaimed from death and sin, Thro' heav'n the tidings roll;
2. Were all the sweet-est songs of earth In one rich flood out-poured,
3. It ech - oes thro' the gold - en streets, It rings from tow'r and dome;
4. Now thro' the o - pen cit - y gates We hear the harps re - sound,

Glad voi - ces shout their ju - bi - lee O'er one more ransomed soul.
 Yet grand-er far the an - gels' song O'er one more soul re - stored.
 That song the an - gels love to sing O'er wand'rers welcomed home,
 And sweet and clear the cho - rus swells, "A soul once lost is found."

CHORUS.

"One soul re-deemed! one soul redeemed!" O hear the an - gels sing;

Re - joice! re-joice! ye heav'n-ly hosts, All glo - ry to our King!

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INA DULEY OGDON.

P. P. BILHORN.

1. If I could tell of Je - sus as I know him, My Re-deem - er
 2. If I could on - ly tell you how he loves you, And if we could
 3. If I could tell how sweet will be his wel - come, In that home whose
 4. But I can nev - er tell him as I know him, Human tongue can

who has brightened all my way, If I could tell how precious is his
 thro' the lone-ly gar - den go, If I could tell his dy - ing pain and
 wondrous beauty ne'er was told. And tell you how he waits and longs to
 nev - er tell of love di - vine; I on - ly can en-treat you to ac -

pres - ence, I am sure that you would make him yours to - day.
 par - don, You would wor - ship at his wound-ed feet I know.
 save you, You would seek him, and a - bide with - in his fold.
 cept him, Come and know the joy and peace for - ev - er mine.
 D. S. — sure that you would make him yours to - day.

CHORUS.
 Could I tell it, could I tell it, How the sunshine of his
 Could I tell it, yes, I would, Could I tell it as I should,

D. S.
 presence lights my way. I would tell it, I would tell it, And I'm
 I would tell you, yes, I would, I would tell you if I could.

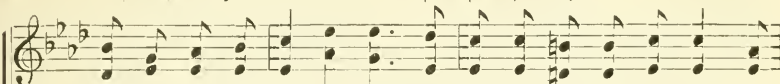
When I Find My Jesus There.

MRS. FRANK A. BRECK

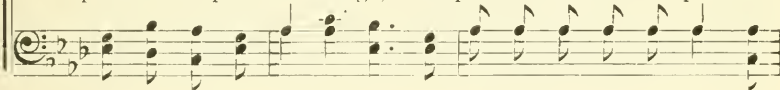
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



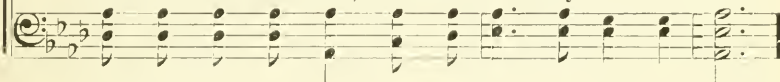
1. It will not mat-ter if my way be hard, I have a lov-ing
2. How-ev - er bit-ter is the cup I drink, I trust in Christ my
3. And when life's heavy burdens press me sore, My ev - er-lov-ing
4. When earth-ly tempests shall no long-er blow, When thro' the gates of



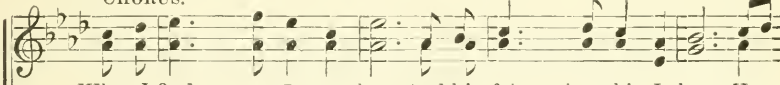
Sav - ior who will guide and guard; And in the dark-est night-time the
 Sav - ior, and I will not shrink; Or trav'ling o'er life's quicksands. I
 Sav - ior will my strength restore. And I may rest in safe - ty, nor
 pearl, tri-um-phiant I shall go, What peace, what boundless rapture, it



sky is al - ways starred. When I find my Je - sus there.
 know I shall not sink, When I find my Je - sus there.
 fear the bil - lows' roar, When I find my Je - sus there.
 will be mine to know, When I find my Je - sus there.



CHORUS.



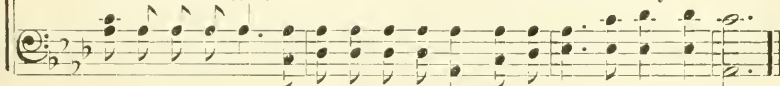
When I find my Je - sus there, And his fel - low-ship I share, How-



When I find my Je - sus there, And his fellowship I share,



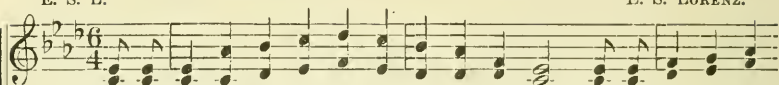
ever dark the night, Around me will be bright When I find my Jesus there.



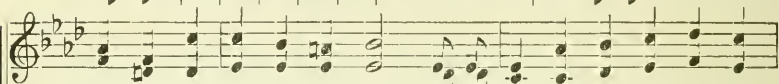
16 My Savior Is Praying for Me.

E. S. L.

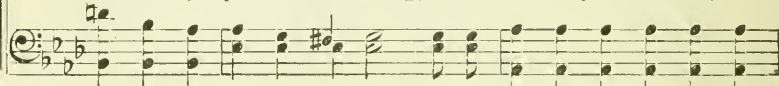
E. S. LORENZ.



1. When I walk thro' the val-ley of shadow and gloom, When my soul is de-
2. Tho' temp-tations are man-y, tho' en - e-mies rail, Tho' my sins rise in
3. I am sure that my Sav-ior knows well all my needs, That He urg-es my
4. Then re - joi-cing I'll go, tho' the way may seem long, With my heart filled with



pressed, and to doubt-ing gives room, Still a prom-ise I have that my
judg-ment, and cour-age would fail, An as-sur-ance I have that o'er
claims, my ne-ces-si-ty pleads; Shall the Fa-ther not hear when his
love and my lips thrilled with song; Tho' all else may for-sake me, in



path doth il-lume,—My Sav-ior is pray-ing for me!.....
all I'll pre-vail,—My Sav-ior is pray-ing for me!.....
Son in-ter-cedes?—My Sav-ior is pray-ing for me!.....
this I am strong,—My Sav-ior is pray-ing for me!.....
is pray-ing for me!



CHORUS.



My Sav-ior is pray-ing for me!..... My Sav-ior is
my Sav-ior is pray-ing!



pray-ing for me!..... I will doubt not, nor fear, this my
my Sav-ior is pray-ing!



My Savior Is Praying for Me—Concluded.

in - fin - ite cheer. My Sav - ior is pray - ing for me!.....
is pray - ing for me!

17 How Sweet the Thought.

H. L.

HARRY LOPER.

1. How sweet the tho't, while here be - low, When thro' the mists we're called to go,
2. What con-de-scen-sion. O what love! That he should leave his home above,
3. A - maz - ing love! how can it be, That he should die for one like me!
4. O bless - ed rest, be - fore un - known, My heart's his home and his a - lone;

We have a Friend to guide the way, To lead us home to end-less day!
And suf - fer death on Cal - va - ry Our souls to save, and set us free!
Now hum - bly at his feet I fall, And glad - ly give to him my all.
I'll trust him where I can - not see, For he knows what is best for me.

CHORUS.

Yes, we can trust our all to him, He knows the way, tho' rough and dim;

ritard.

No thorns that have not pierced his feet; He'll help us bear each trial we meet.

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CAROLINE SAWYER.

D. B. TOWNER.



1. If you could see Christ stand-ing here to-night, His thorn-crowned head
2. If you could see that face so calm and sweet, Those lips that spake
3. He whis-pers to your heart, turn not a - way, For He's be - side



and pier-ced hands could view; Could see those eyes that beam with heav'n's own light.
words on - ly pure and true; Could see the nail-prints in His ten - der feet,
you, in your nar-row pew; If you will lis - ten, you will hear him say



CHORUS.



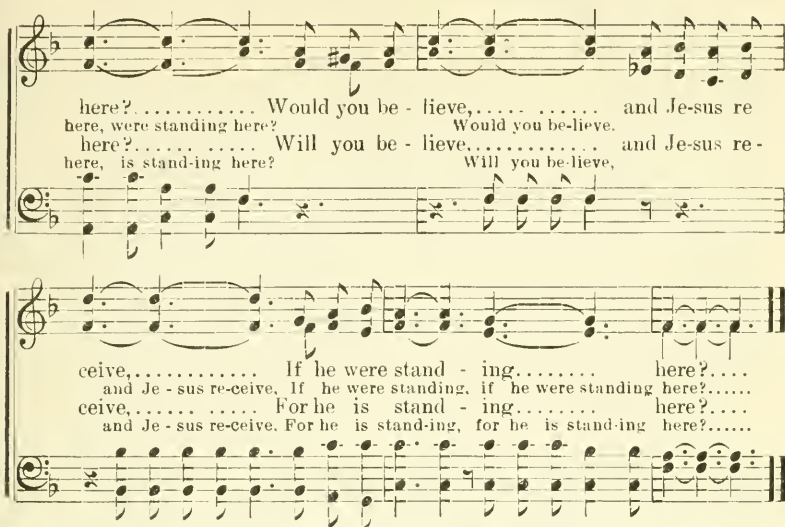
And hear him say, "Beloved, 'twas for you": Would you believe,
And hear him say, "Beloved, 'twas for you": Would you believe,
In lov - ing tones, "Beloved, 'twas for you". 3. Will you believe,
Will you believe,



and Je-sus re - ceive, If he were stand - ing
and Je-sus re - ceive, If he were stand-ing
and Je-sus re - ceive, For he is stand - ing
and Je-sus re - ceive, For he is stand-ing



Would You Believe?—Concluded.



here?..... Would you be - lieve,..... and Je-sus re
 here, were standing here? Would you be-lieve.
 here?..... Will you be - lieve,..... and Je-sus re -
 here, is stand-ing here? Will you be-lieve,

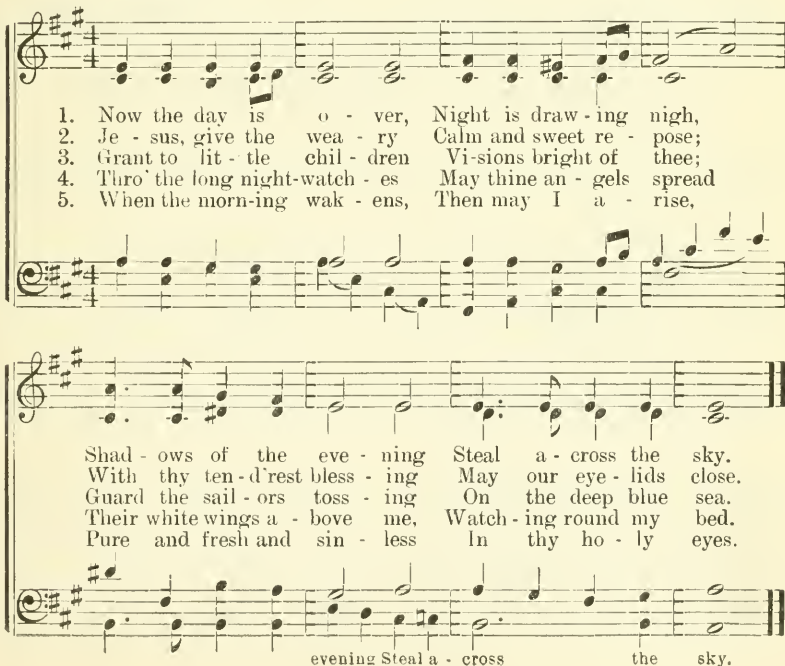
ceive,..... If he were stand - ing,..... here?....
 and Je - sus re-ceive, If he were standing, if he were standing here?.....
 ceive,..... For he is stand - ing,..... here?....
 and Je - sus re-ceive, For he is stand-ing, for he is stand-ing here?.....

19

Now the Day Is Over.

SABINE BARING-GOULD.

JOSEPH BARNEY.



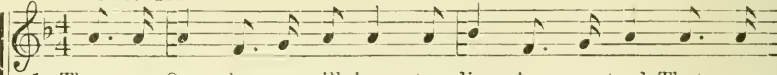
1. Now the day is o - ver, Night is draw-ing nigh,
 2. Je - sus, give the wea - ry, Calm and sweet re - pose;
 3. Grant to lit - tle chil - dren Vi-sions bright of thee;
 4. Thro' the long night-watch - es May thine an - gels spread
 5. When the morn-ing wak - ens, Then may I a - rise,

Shad - ows of the eve - ning Steal a - cross the sky.
 With thy ten-d'rest bless - ing May our eye - lids close.
 Guard the sail - ors toss - ing On the deep blue sea.
 Their white wings a - bove me, Watch - ing round my bed.
 Pure and fresh and sin - less In thy ho - ly eyes.

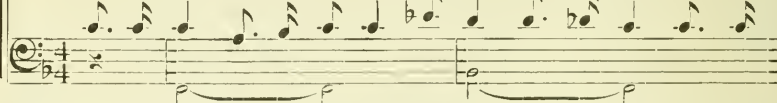
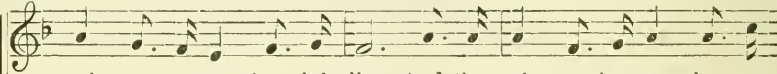
evening Steal a - cross the sky.

Mrs. FRANK A. BRECK.
DUET. *Ad lib.*


GRANT COLFAX TULLAR.




1. There was One who was will-ing to die in my stead That a
2. He is ten-der and lov-ing and pa-tient with me, While he
3. I will cling to my Sav-ior and nev-er de-part, I will


soul so un-wor-thy might live, And the path to the cross he was
cleans-es my heart of its dross, But "there's no con-dem-na-tion"—I
joy-ful-ly jour-ney each day, With a song on my lips and a



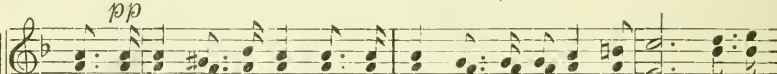
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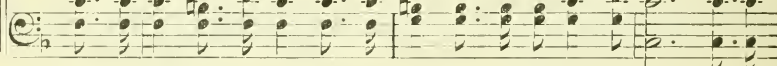
will-ing to tread, All the sins of my life to for-give,
know I am free. For my sins are all nailed to the cross, } They are nailed to the cross,
song in my heart, That my sins have been taken a-way.



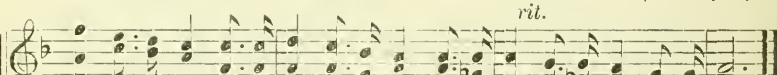
pp




they are nailed to the cross, O how much he was will-ing to bear! With what



rit.



anguish and loss, Jesus went to the cross! And he carried my sins with him there!





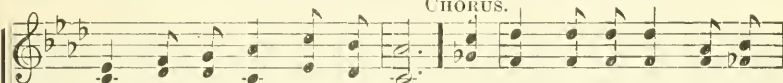
1. I'm hap-py, so hap-py in Je-sus to-day, I've a joy that the world
2. I'm rest-ing so sweetly in Je-sus' control, Not an hour but he keeps
3. I'm tell-ing the sto-ry a-gain and a-gain, Of a Sav-ior whose love
4. I some day shall see him and know him full well, In his like-ness my spir-



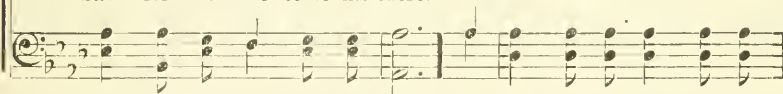
may not know; He has tak-en my sins and put them a-way. He has
me se-cure; And tho' tri-als like waves may o-ver me roll, By his
nev-er can die; How he left his bright home in heav-en for men, To pre-
it shall share; Oh, what rapture 'twill be for-ev-er to dwell With my



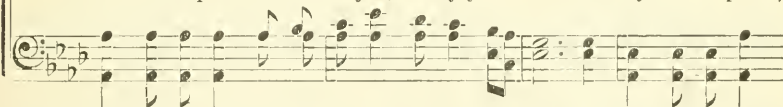
CHORUS.



washed ev-'ry stain white as snow.
help I am made to en-dure. } His word makes me sure And his
pare them for glo-ry on high.
Sav-ior who'll wel-come me there.



blood makes me pure. Hal-le-lu-jah, what joy is mine! His ways all are peace,

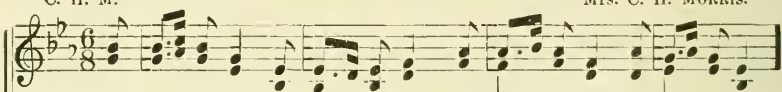


And his love will nev-er cease. Hal-le-lu-jah, what joy is mine!

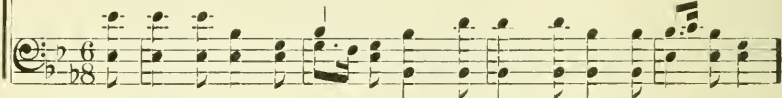


C. H. M.

Mrs. C. H. MORRIS.



1. O matchless love, how could it be? He took my place and died for me;
2. In ev - 'ry land be - neath the sun, It makes us broth - ers, ev - 'ry one,
3. It makes all things with joy replete, Makes strong the heart, life's cares to meet,
4. It sti - fles ev - 'ry sigh and moan, It melteth hardest hearts of stone,



I from the bro - ken law go free, Thro' love, won - der - ful love.
 Thro' Christ the 'well be - lov - ed Son.' This love, won - der - ful love.
 Turns sor - row's bit - ter in - to sweet. This love, won - der - ful love.
 It break - eth ev - 'ry bar - rier down, This love, won - der - ful love.



CHORUS.



The great - est thing in earth be - low Is love.....
 won - der - ful love,



The great - est thing the an - gels know Is love.....
 won - der - ful love,



The great - est grace in God's own heart Is love.....
 won - der - ful love,



The Greatest Thing is Love—Concluded.

In earth and sky, all things a-bove, Is love, wonderful love.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>5 The stripes that should on me been
laid,
He bore, and suffered in my stead,
Like as the lamb to slaughter led,
Through love, wonderful love.</p> | <p>6 Where souls in sin and sadness
droop,
We go with him, and gladly stoop
To lift a fallen brother up,
Through love, wonderful love.</p> |
|---|--|

23 Shine Around Us.

LIZZIE DE ARMOND.

W. A. POST.

1. Shine a-round us, thro' life's shadows, Lord of light, il-lume our way;
2. Bless-ed Savior, King of Glo-ry, Fill our hearts with thy rich grace;
3. Shine a-round us, Sun of gladness, Star di-vine, be ev-er nigh;

Fine.

Let thy Spir-it guide our footsteps, Lead us on thro' night to day.
While the morning breaks in splendor, Show the brightness of thy face.
Tune our hearts to an-gel mu-sic, Lift our souls to realms on high.

D. S.—Let thy Spir-it guide our foot-steps, Lead us to thy per-fect day.

CHORUS.

D. S.

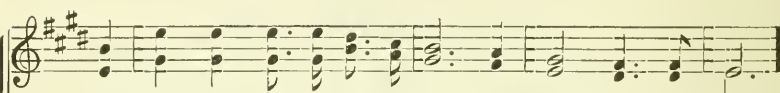
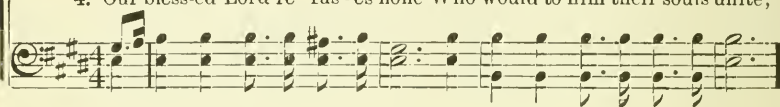
Shine a-round us, shine a-round us, Cheer us on our homeward way;

ELIZABETH REED.

J. CALVIN BUSHBY.



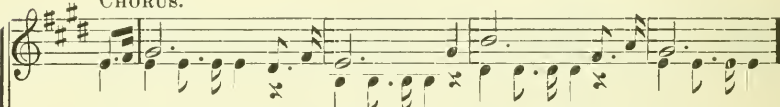
1. O do not let the word depart, And close thine eyes against the light;
2. To-morrow's sun may never rise To bless thy long-de-lud-ed sight;
3. Our Lord in pit - y lin-gers still, And wilt thou thus his love re-quite?
4. Our bless-ed Lord re - fus - es none Who would to him their souls unite;



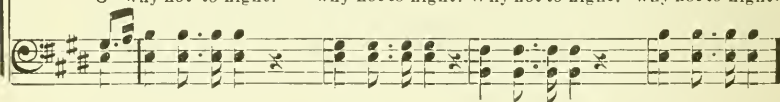
Poor sin - ner, harden not your heart, Be saved, O to - night.
 This is the time, O then be wise, Be saved, O to - night.
 Re - nounce at once thy stubborn will, Be saved, O to - night.
 Be - lieve, o - bey, the work is done, Be saved, O to - night.



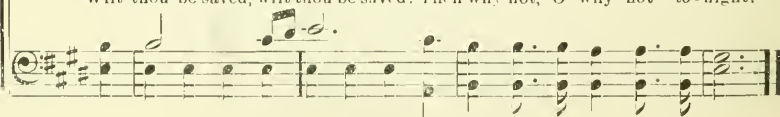
CHORUS.



O why not to-night? O why not to-night?
 O why not to-night? why not to-night? Why not to-night? why not to-night?



Wilt thou be saved? Then why not to-night?
 Wilt thou be saved, wilt thou be saved? Then why not, O why not to-night?



E. E. HEWITT.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. 'Tis now in part I know his grace; I catch sweet glimpses of his face;
2. 'Tis now in part I know his love; Bright sunbeams shine from skies above;
3. 'Tis now in part I un - der - stand The lead - ings of my Fa - ther's hand;
4. 'Tis now in part, but O how sweet To rest by faith at his dear feet;



But in that bet - ter world of his, I shall be - hold him as he is.
 But glo - ries more ex - ceed - ing far, Shall rise be - yond life's eve - ning star.
 But I shall own his ways were right. When welcomed to his home of light.
 Tho' now we see as thro' a glass, The veil will lift, the shad - ows pass.



CHORUS.



Then shall I know as I am known, And sing his praise before the throne;
 Then shall I know as I am known, And sing his praise before the throne;



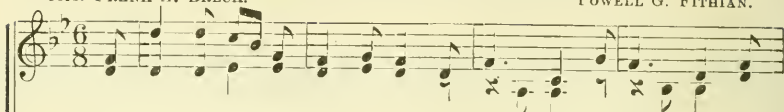
Then shall I know as I am known, And sing his praise before the throne.
 Then shall I know as I am known, And sing his praise before the throne.



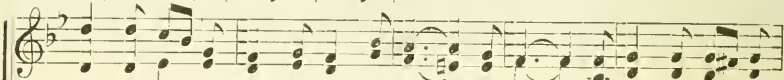
26 Working, Watching, Praying.

Mrs. FRANK A. BRECK.

POWELL G. FITHIAN.



1. Go forth! Go forth for Je - sus now! Be work - ing! Be watch - ing! The
2. Go forth! Go forth to all the world! O stay not! De - lay not! But
3. Go forth! Let heart and hand be strong! Be working! Be watch - ing! O
Go forth! Go forth!



Lord himself will teach you how To watch and pray. 'Tis not for thee thy
let love's ban - ner be unfurled. And grace be told. O let re - deem - ing
stay the mighty pow'r of wrong Where'er ye may! Equipped with love and



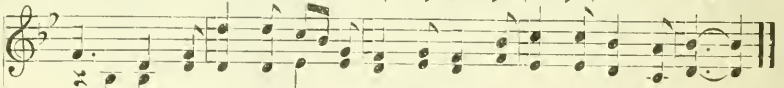
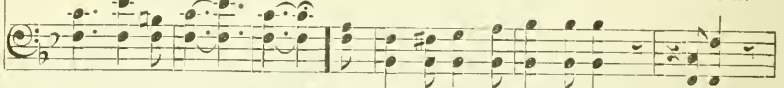
field to choose, No work he gives must thou re - fuse; Be work - ing! Be
love be sung, A song of joy on ev - 'ry tongue! Be work - ing! Be
strength di - vine, The vic - to - ry is sure - ly thine; Be work - ing! Be



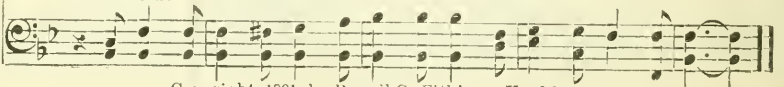
CHORUS.



watching! Be pray - ing! Go forth to work, to watch and pray! 'Tis Jesus who
Go forth!



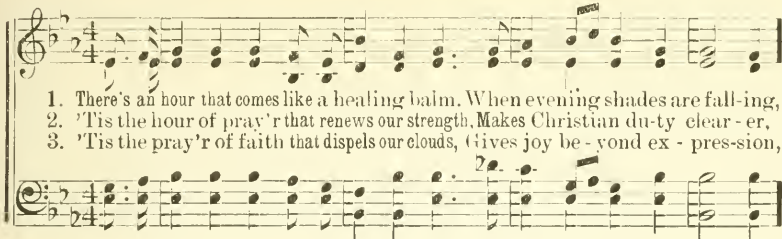
calls thee; The harvest waits for thee to - day, Go bring some sheaves for God.
Go forth!



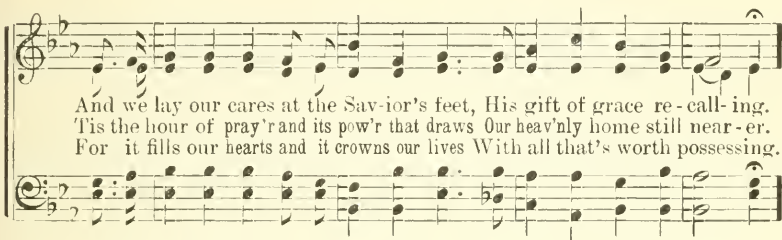
The Hour of Prayer.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

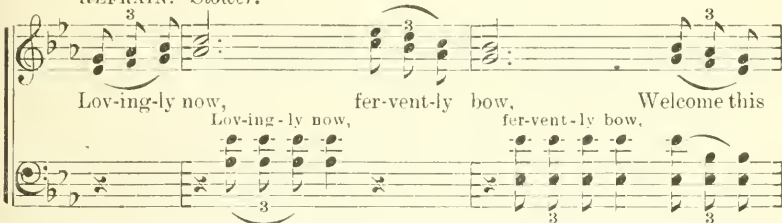
W. H. DOANE.



1. There's an hour that comes like a healing balm. When evening shades are fall-ing,
2. 'Tis an hour of pray'r that renews our strength. Makes Christian du-ty clear-er,
3. 'Tis the pray'r of faith that dispels our clouds, Gives joy be-yond ex-pres-sion,



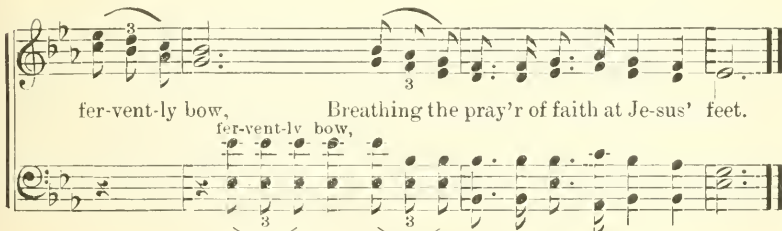
REFRAIN. *Slower.*



Lov-ing-ly now, fer-vent-ly bow, Wel-come this
 Lov-ing-ly now, fer-vent-ly bow.



hour of ho - ly calm so sweet; Lov-ing-ly now,
sweet, so sweet; Lov-ing - ly now,



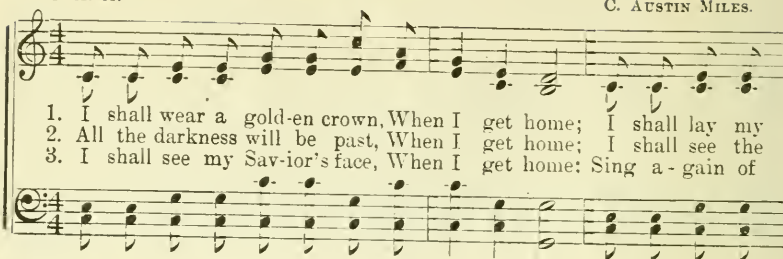
fer-vent-ly bow, Breathing the pray'r of faith at Je-sus' feet.

Copyright, 1893, by W. H. Doane. Used by per.

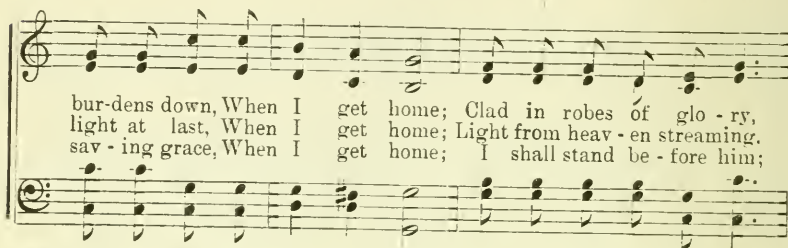
When I Get Home.

C. A. M.

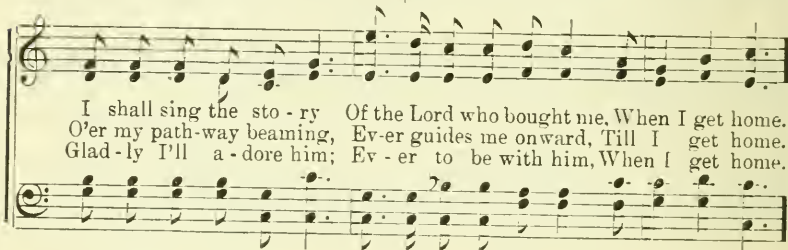
C. AUSTIN MILES.



1. I shall wear a gold-en crown, When I get home; I shall lay my
 2. All the darkness will be past, When I get home; I shall see the
 3. I shall see my Sav-ior's face, When I get home; Sing a-gain of

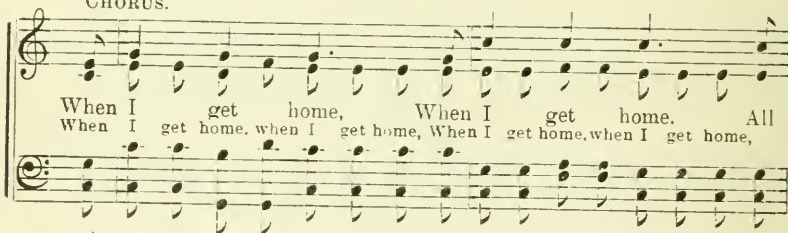


bur-dens down, When I get home; Glad in robes of glo-ry,
 light at last, When I get home; Light from heav-en streaming.
 sav-ing grace, When I get home; I shall stand be-fore him;

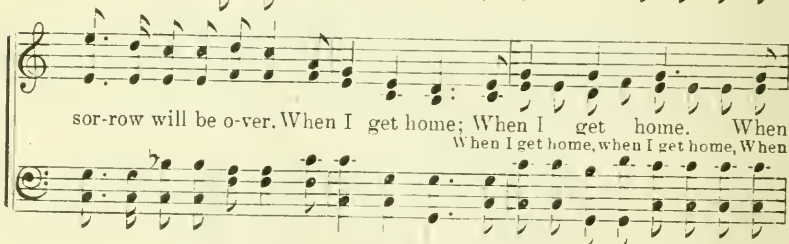


I shall sing the sto-ry Of the Lord who bought me, When I get home.
 O'er my path-way beaming, Ev-er guides me onward, Till I get home.
 Glad-ly I'll a-dore him; Ev-er to be with him, When I get home.

CHORUS.



When I get home, When I get home. All
 When I get home, when I get home, When I get home, when I get home,



sor-row will be o-ver, When I get home; When I get home. When
 When I get home, when I get home, When

When I Get Home—Concluded.

I get home, All sor-row will be o-ver, When I get home.
I get home, when I get home,

29

Haven of Peace.

FLORA KIRKLAND.

G. W. ELDERKIN.

1. Out of the reach of storm, Bideth a ha - ven fair;
2. Out of the reach of care, Bideth a place of rest;
3. Brightly a light doth shine O - ver life's storm - y sea,
4. Beau - ti - ful ha - ven calm. Rest - ful and ho - ly place;

Noth-ing but per - fect peace Ev - er may en - ter there.
Bur-dens are all laid down, Yon-der, how blest! how blest!
Guid-ing the pil - grim on In - to e - ter - ni - ty.
Heav-en, di - vine - ly fair, Home of the "saved by ' grace."

CHORUS.

Ha - ven of peace e - ter - nal. Ha - ven so calm and blest;

p rit.
Aft - er life's changeful voy - age, Safe - ly in thee we'll rest.

Copyright, 1904, by G. W. Elderkin.

C. H. M.

Mrs. C. H. MORRIS.

1. So-jour-ner, here upon life's pilgrim way, Hark! at the door of thy heart
 2. Vain are the treasures the world offers now, Glittering baubles and toys;
 3. One ye would love and the oth-er despise, If both admittance should gain;
 4. For or against him, how is it to-day? No neutral ground can there be;

Christ and the world are both knocking to-day, Which shall be bidden depart?
 Per-fect sal-va-tion the Lord would bestow, Heaven and un-end-ing joys.
 Choose ye to-day, and in choosing be wise, Let not your Lord plead in vain.
 Do you re-ceive him or turn him a-way? An-swer this question for me.

CHORUS.

Which, O which shall it be?..... Choose ye, O choose ye;
 Which, O which shall it be? Choose ye to-day, choose ye to-day;

Now for time and e-ter-ni-ty, God or Mammon, which shall it be?

Choose ye, O choose ye, Whom will ye serve? O choose ye.
 Choose ye to-day, choose ye to-day,

Hold Up a Promise.

E. E. HEWITT.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Hold up a promise to the throne of grace, Pause for a blessing as you
 2. Drop ev - ry bur - den at the place of pray'r. Breathing the name that's always
 3. Pray for the Spir - it who will give you pow'r, Brave - ly to conquer in the
 4. Faint not, the Master bids us watch and pray, Walk in his foot-steps all a -

'run the race," Look in the guide book for a word of cheer, Then to the
 hon - ored there, Seek - ing the fa - vor of the Fa - ther's face, Hold up a
 test - ing hour; O, how we need him in our serv - ice here, Look up, be -
 long the way, All clouds will vanish when we see his face, Hold up a

CHORUS.

mer - cy - seat in faith draw near.
 promise to the throne of grace. } Hold up a promise, up a prom - ise,
 lieving; we shall find him near. } Hold up a promise, Hold up a promise,
 promise to the throne of grace.

Hold up a prom - ise to the throne of grace, Je - sus hath a ble - ing

just to suit your case, Hold up a prom - ise to the throne of grace.

Mrs. F. G. BURROUGHS.
DUET.

E. S. LORENZ.



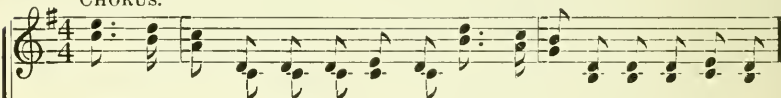
1. Take my lit - tle faith and hold it, Keep it for me, bless-ed Lord!
2. Take my hope and keep it stead-fast, E'en a-midst the fierc-est gale;
3. Take my fee - ble love and fan it To a might - y, might-y flame;
4. Take my heart for thine own dwelling, May thy Spir - it rule and reign;



May it grow a might-y pow - er, Firm-ly root - ed in thy word.
 Let me rest in thee, my ha - ven, Anchored there with-in the veil.
 That it nev - er fail, Lord Je - sus, Write up - on me thy new name.
 Then the work thou hast be-gun there To thy glo - ry shall re-main.



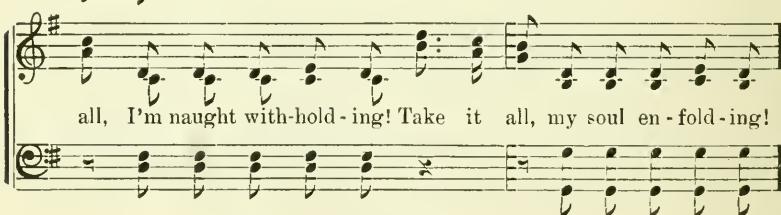
CHORUS.



Take my all, O Lord, I give it! Take my all, O Lord, re-ceive it!



Take my all, for I com-mit it now to thee, to thee! Take it



all, I'm naught with-hold-ing! Take it all, my soul en-fold-ing!

Take My All—Concluded.



Take the lit - tle all that I've com - mit - ted un - to thee!

33 Father, While the Shadows Fall.

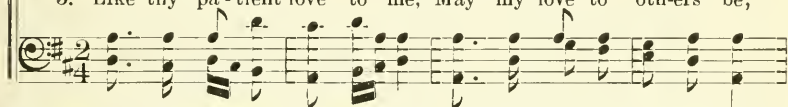
EMILY H. MILLER.

GEO. MARKS EVANS.

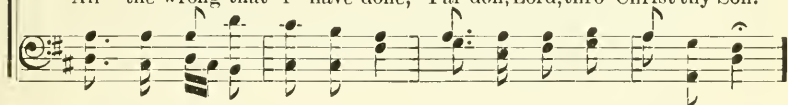
Gently and tenderly.



1. Fa - ther, while the shad - ows fall, With the twi - light o - ver all,
2. 'Twas thy hand that all the day Scat - tered joys a - long my way,
3. Like thy pa - tient love to me, May my love to oth - ers be;



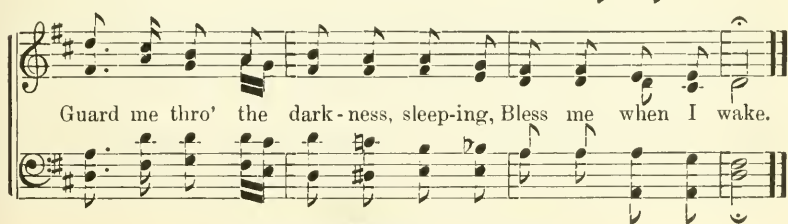

Deign to hear my evening prayer, Make a lit - tle child thy care.
Crowned my life with blessings sweet, Kept from snares my care - less feet.
All the wrong that I have done, Par - don, Lord, thro' Christ thy Son.



REFRAIN.



Take me in thy ho - ly keep - ing Till the morn - ing break;



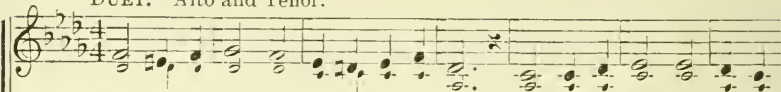
Guard me thro' the dark - ness, sleep - ing, Bless me when I wake.

Dear Spirit, Lead Thou Me.

JOHN BELL.

DUET. Alto and Tenor.

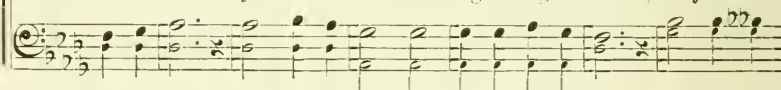
C. AUSTIN MILES.



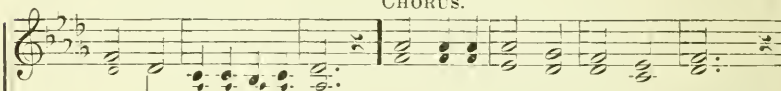
1. Dear Spir-it, lead me to the Sav-ior's side, Where my poor soul I may in
2. For thy sure guid-ance I've not al-ways sought, Pride spurred me on to think as
3. But now I place my trem-bling hand in thine, And take thy coun-sel, Lord, in-
4. Sweet Spir-it, lead me kind-ly on, I pray, Out of the maze of er-ror's
5. I know thou wilt, un-wor-thy tho' I be. Safe lead me on, my ris-en



safe-ty hide From wrath di-vine, now hang-ing o-ver me. And shall un-
oth-ers tho't, That I a-lone could surely find the way From na-ture's
stead of mine; Thou know'st the way, thou art a trusted guide. And to my
broad'ning way; For it is death to linger there, or stay—With night so
Lord to see. My loved ones too, who long have gone before, To join their



CHORUS.



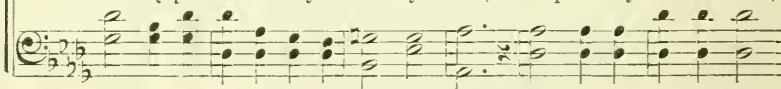
til by faith the Lord I see.
night to realms of endless day.
soul can show the Cru-ci-fied.
near, encircling life's short day.
ranks, at home, to part no more.

Dear Spirit, lead me to his side,

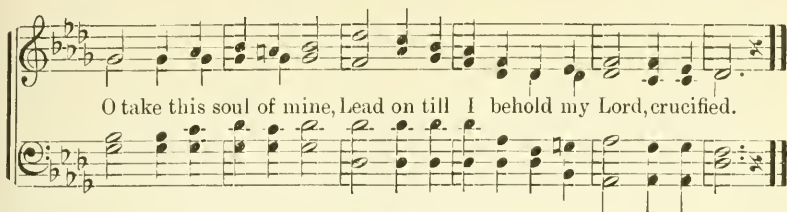
O lead me to his side,



Where my poor soul I may in safe-ty hide; I place my hand in thine;



Dear Spirit, Lead Thou Me—Concluded.

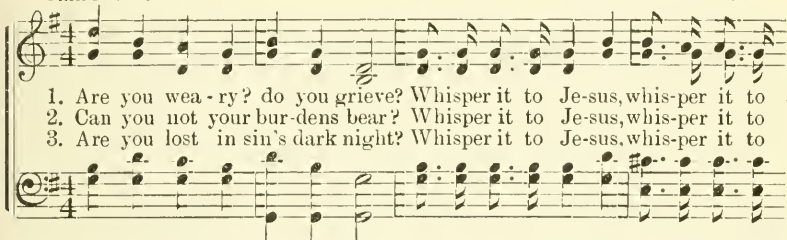


O take this soul of mine, lead on till I behold my Lord, crucified.

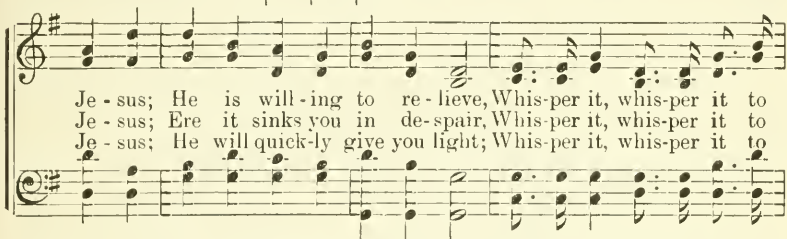
35 Whisper It to Jesus.

JAMES ROWE.

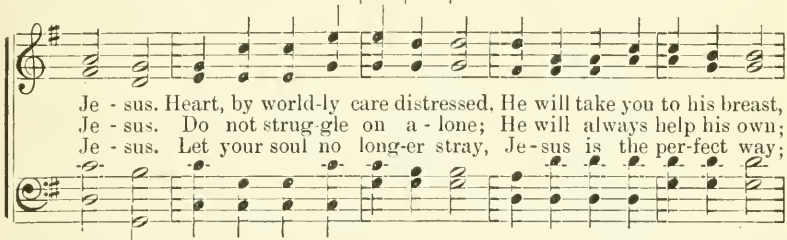
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



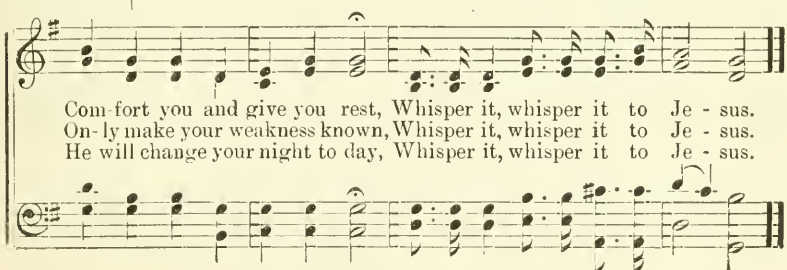
1. Are you wea-ry? do you grieve? Whisper it to Je-sus, whis-per it to
2. Can you not your bur-dens bear? Whisper it to Je-sus, whis-per it to
3. Are you lost in sin's dark night? Whisper it to Je-sus, whis-per it to



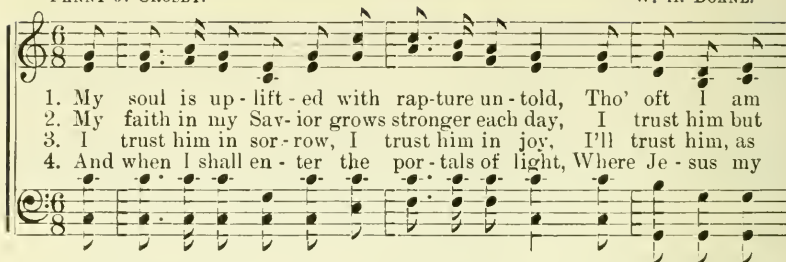
Je - sus; He is will-ing to re-lieve, Whis-per it, whis-per it to
Je - sus; Ere it sinks you in de-spair, Whis-per it, whis-per it to
Je - sus; He will quick-ly give you light; Whis-per it, whis-per it to



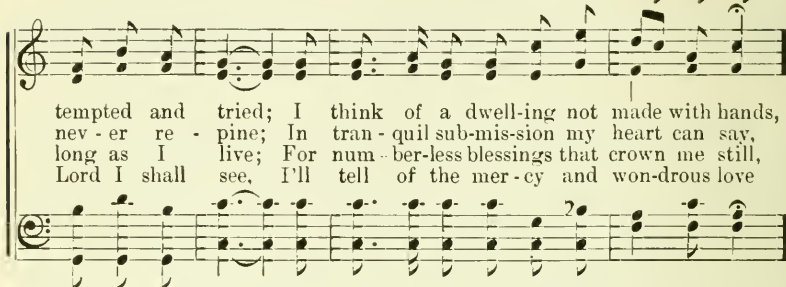
Je - sus. Heart, by world-ly care distressed, He will take you to his breast,
Je - sus. Do not strug-gle on a-lone; He will always help his own;
Je - sus. Let your soul no long-er stray, Je - sus is the per-fect way;



Com-fort you and give you rest, Whisper it, whisper it to Je - sus.
On-ly make your weakness known, Whisper it, whisper it to Je - sus.
He will change your night to day, Whisper it, whisper it to Je - sus.



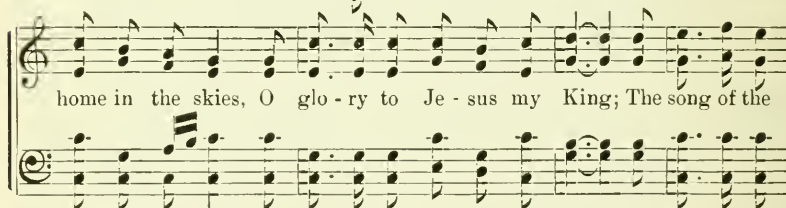
1. My soul is up-lift-ed with rap-ture un-told, Tho' oft I am
 2. My faith in my Sav-ior grows stronger each day, I trust him but
 3. I trust him in sor-row, I trust him in joy, I'll trust him, as
 4. And when I shall en-ter the por-tals of light, Where Je-sus my



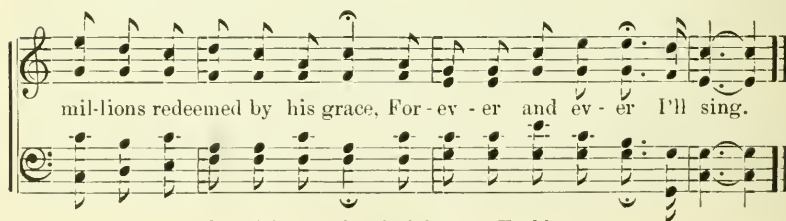
tempted and tried; I think of a dwell-ing not made with hands,
 nev-er re-pine; In tran-quil sub-mis-sion my heart can say,
 long as I live; For num-ber-less blessings that crown me still,
 Lord I shall see, I'll tell of the mer-cy and won-drous love



CHORUS.
 Where pleasures for-ev-er a-bide. I'm bound.... for a
 The will of my Fa-ther be mine.
 All hon-or and praise will I give.
 That promised a ran-som for me. I'm bound, I'm bound for a



home in the skies, O glo-ry to Je-sus my King; The song of the



mil-lions redeemed by his grace, For-ev-er and ev-er I'll sing.

FLORA KIRKLAND.

I. H. MEREDITH.

Moderato.

1. Je - sus on Cal - va - ry died for all, Pay - ing the ran - som for a
 2. Since he so ten - der - ly bore our shame, We, whom he purchased, have a
 3. New - ly cre - a - ted by pow'r di - vine, Walking in new - ness is his

ru - ined race, Died as our Sub - sti - tute, heard our call, Came in the
 du - ty clear; All things henceforth should be 'in his name;' New, pure and
 will for me; Help me, I ask of thee, Sav - ior mine, Help me to

CHORUS.

ful - ness of his bound - less grace.
 beau - ti - ful should life ap - pear. } Therefore if an - y man be in Christ,
 cling more closely un - to thee. }

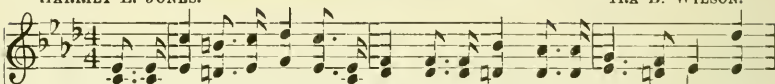
he is a new cre - a - tion. Old things have passed away,

Old things have passed away, be - hold! all things have be - come new.

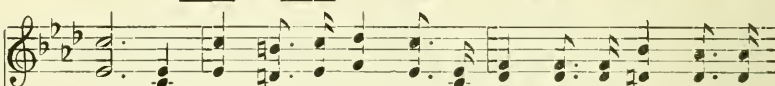
38 Will That Home Be Yours and Mine?

HARRIET E. JONES.

IRA B. WILSON.



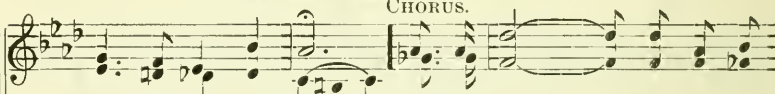
1. There's a beautiful home for the children of God, Just beyond the bor - der
2. In that wonderful home there is never a tear, None e'er sorrow there nor
3. In that glo - ri - fied home is a beau - ti - ful song, Je - sus' love the theme di -
4. In that sweet happy home where our God is the light, Like the stars, redeemed ones



line, Where none but the pure thro' the a - ges have trod; Will that pine; When done with the care of life's wea - ri - some year, Will that vine, The cru - ci - fied Lamb to whom prais - es be - long; Will that shine, With names written down on that page pure and white; Will that



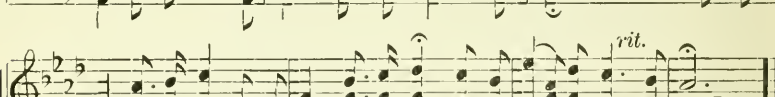
CHORUS.



home be yours and mine? Will that home. be yours and
Will that home be yours and



mine, That sweet hap - py home di - vine? Are we
mine, yours and mine, home di-vine?



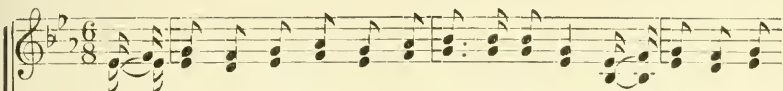
cleansed in the blood of the dear Lamb of God, Will that home be yours and mine?
be yours and mine?



I Want to Go There.

H. L.

HARRY LOPER.



1. We are told of a home in that cit - y a-bove, When with life and its
2. Since here God has called me, I'll stand at my post, And do what he
3. Soon this brief life is end - ed, our work here is done, For the days are so
4. There none but the pure shall that cit - y be-hold; 'Tis the home of the



cares we are thro', Where the walls are of jas-per, the streets are of gold;—
 gives me to do, For the tho't is re-fresh-ing as homeward I look;—
 fleet-ing and few, Where loved ones have gath-ered no death ever comes;—
 faith-ful and true, Where the Sav-ior a man-sion for me has prepared;—

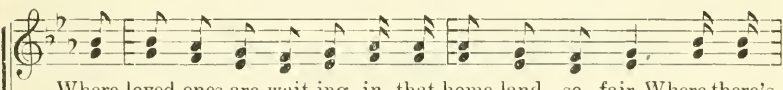
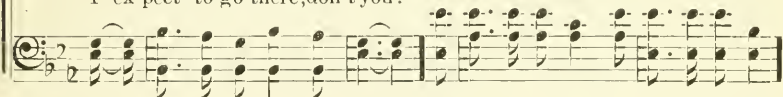


CHORUS.



I want to go there, don't you?
 I want to go there, don't you?
 I want to go there, don't you?
 I ex-pect to go there, don't you?

I want to go there, I want to go there,



Where loved ones are wait-ing in that home-land so fair, Where there's



nev-er a tri-al, a sor-row or care, I want to go there, don't you?



EDGAR LEWIS.

L. E. JONES.

1. Tho' dark the path my feet may tread, it is a joy to know There'll
 2. Life's brightest day may have its clouds, but still our heart should sing. There'll
 3. We're marching homeward to a land where weary feet may rest; There'll

be no shadows on the oth - er side; We should not fear the
 be no shadows on the oth - er side; 'Twill not be long till
 be no shadows on the oth - er side; No pain or sor - row

wild - est storm, but sing as on we go, There'll be no shadows
 cares are o'er and we are with the King; There'll be no shadows
 e'er can touch the re - gions of the blest; There'll be no shadows

CHORUS.

on the oth - er side. There'll be no shad - ows, no shadows,
 there will be no shadows,

Je - sus is the sunshine of that land so fair; There'll be no shadows,

There'll Be No Shadows—Concluded.

no shadows, Pain and death can never en-ter there.
there will be no shadows, nev-er en-ter there.

41 Cross of Love.

C. F. L.

C. F. LOUTHAIN.

1. "Cross of love," where Christ did languish, Nev-er such a friend as he;
2. "Cross of love!" O hear the sto-ry,—God his on-ly Son did give;
3. "Cross of love!" Will you ac-cept him? Turn tow'rd him your troubled heart;
4. "Cross of love!" 'Tis Je-sus my Sav-ior Of-fers par-don full and free;

How he suffered—O what anguish—On the cross for you and me.
Our Re-deem-er, King of Glo-ry, Je-sus died that we might live.
Come, O come, do not re-ject him, And he'll ne'er bid you de-part.
On-ly trust him, he will save you, At the cross of Cal-va-ry.

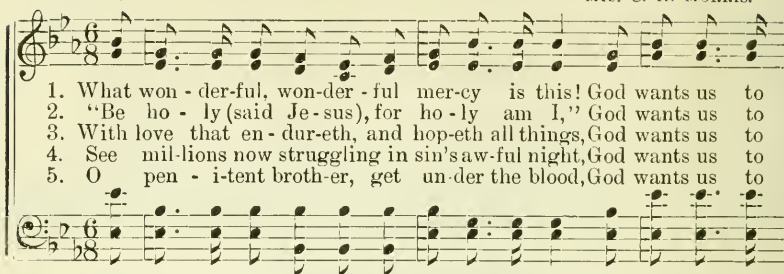
CHORUS.

The cru-el nails could not keep him there, On-ly the bonds of love, of love;

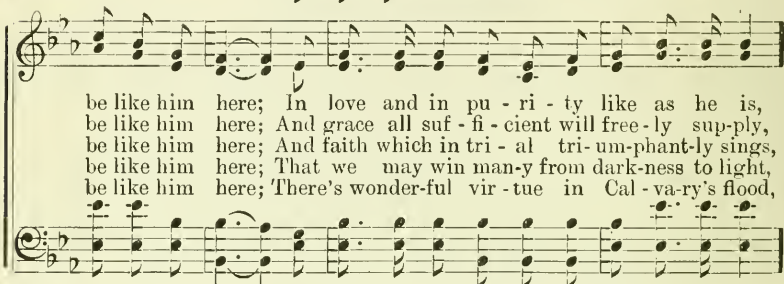
He died to save us from dark despair, O won-der-ful cross of love.

C. H. M.

Mrs. C. H. MORRIS.



1. What won - der - ful, won - der - ful mer - cy is this! God wants us to
 2. "Be ho - ly (said Je - sus), for ho - ly am I," God wants us to
 3. With love that en - dur - eth, and hop - eth all things, God wants us to
 4. See mil - lions now struggling in sin's aw - ful night, God wants us to
 5. O pen - i - tent broth - er, get un - der the blood, God wants us to

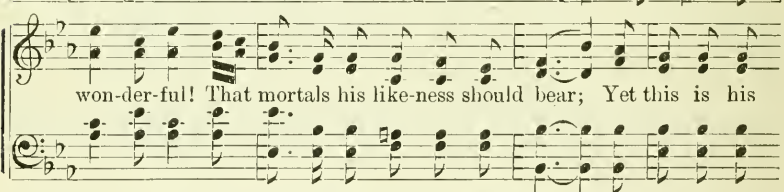


be like him here; In love and in pu - ri - ty like as he is,
 be like him here; And grace all suf - fi - cient will free - ly sup - ply,
 be like him here; And faith which in tri - al tri - um - phant - ly sings,
 be like him here; That we may win man - y from dark - ness to light,
 be like him here; There's won - der - ful vir - tue in Cal - va - ry's flood,



CHORUS.

God wants us to be like him here.....
 God wants us to be like him here.....
 God wants us to be like him here.....
 God wants us to be like him here.....
 We all may be - come like him here..... } Won - der - ful! 'tis



won - der - ful! That mortals his like - ness should bear; Yet this is his



will for you and for me, God wants us to be like him here.

T. W. S.

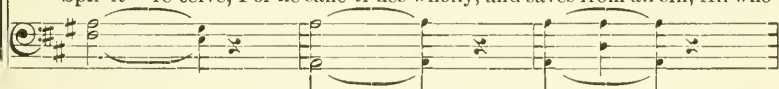
Mrs. AURA SMITH.



1. There's a dear place remembrance brings back to me, 'Tis where I found pardon, 'tis
2. And oft when I'm tempted to turn from the track, When I think of my Savior, my
3. It pays to serve Je-sus, I speak from my heart, He'll ev-er be with us, if
4. There is fullness of blessing for all who be-lieve, And his name now confess-ing, his



heav-en to me; There Je-sus spoke peace to my poor, weary soul, He for-
 mind wanders back To the time when he suffered on Calvary's tree, And I
 we do our part; There is naught in this world can true pleasure afford, But there's
 Spir-it re-ceive, For he sanc-ti-fies wholly, and saves from all sin, All who



CHORUS.



gave all my sins, and my heart he made whole.
 hear a voice say-ing: "I suffered for thee!" } I love him far bet-ter than
 peace and contentment in serv-ing the Lord.
 con-se-crate fully, and by faith en-ter in.



in days of yore, I'll serve him more tru-ly than ev-er be-fore; I'll do as he



bids me, what-ev-er the cost; I'll be a true sol-dier, I'll die at my post.



Seeking Lost Jewels.

MRS. MARY B. WINGATE.

H. L. GILMOUR.

Adagio.

1. I sought for a gold - en har - vest, I sought it from shore to shore;
 2. The har-vest for which we're longing Are sheaves for that great, great day;
 3. We're longing to bring to Je - sus Some service, far-reaching, grand,

Re-turn-ing, in doubt and sor - row, I found it lay close at my door;
 The won-der-ful, pre-cious jew - els Are souls that are go-ing a - stray.
 He bids us to seek a - round us, The har-vest is close to our hand.

I sought for a won-der-ful jew - el, I sought it far o-ver the strand,
 The har-vest is waiting our glean-ing To yield us the ripe, golden wheat,
 To - day he is bid-ding us seek them, The sin-ful, the low-ly, and poor,

Rit. Ad lib.
 I found it at last in my pathway, 'Twas lying there close to my hand.
 The won-der-ful, won-der-ful jew - els, Are ly-ing so close to our feet.
 The won-der-ful, won-der-ful jew - els, Are ly-ing so close to our door.

CHORUS.
 O teach us, dear Lord of the har - vest, To gath-er the ripe, golden wheat,

Seeking Lost Jewels—Concluded.

Rit. Ad lib.

The won-der-ful, won-der-ful jew - els, And lay them at thy bless-ed feet.

45

"One Thing I Do."

E. E. HEWITT.

G. W. ELDERKIN.

1. Lord, make my heart so pure and true, That, by thy grace, one thing I'll do;
2. For-get-ting now things left behind, Still may I seek, with humble mind,
3. In si-lent hours of secret prayer, In bus-y scenes, a-mid life's care,
4. I'll lin-ger at my Savior's feet, To know the joy so full and sweet,

That whether days be bright or dark, I'll, step by step, press tow'rd the mark.
 The gracious gifts "which are before," That I may love thee more and more.
 My faith increase, my hope re-new, To live for thee, "One thing I do."
 Of fel-low-ship, of guidance true, Then shall I sing, "One thing I do."

CHORUS.

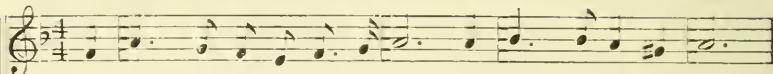
O bless-ed mark! O glorious prize! O crown be-yond the star-ry skies!

Lord, be it mine thro' joy or pain, That mark to reach, that prize to gain!

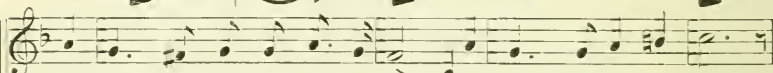
Copyright, 1904, by G. W. Elderkin.

Arr. by JAMES M. GRAY.

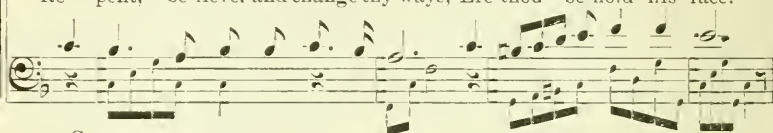
D. B. TOWNER.



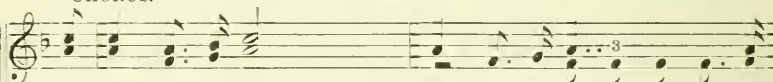
1. I saw One hanging on a tree. In vi - sions of my soul,
2. A gen - tle but condemning pow'r Was stored with-in that eye;
3. An-oth - er look he gave, which said: "I free - ly all for-give;
4. O sin - ner, thou must meet that gaze In judg - ment or in grace;



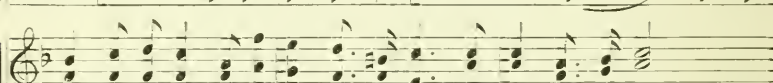
Who turned his lov - ing eyes on me As near his cross I stole.
 And ne'er can I for - get that hour. From hence - forth, till I die.
 My blood is for a ran - som shed, I die that thou may'st live."
 Re - pent, be - lieve, and change thy ways, Ere thou be - hold his face.



CHORUS.



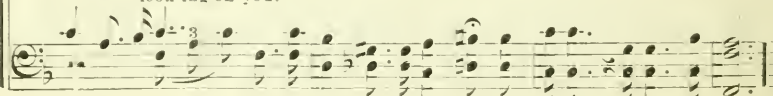
He's look - ing on you, look - ing on you! O
 He's look - ing on you, look - ing on you!



nev - er were love and compassion so true; He's look - ing on you.
 He's looking on you,



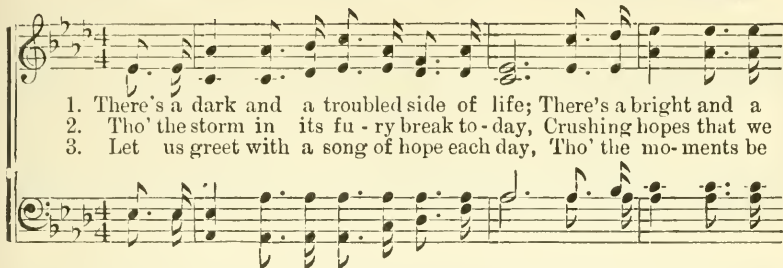
looking on you! How can you refuse him? he's looking, looking on you!
 look - ing on you!



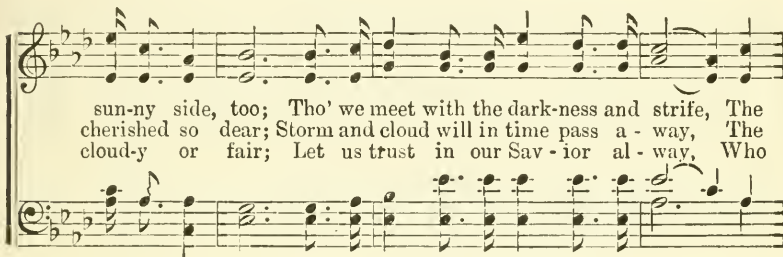
47 Keep on the Sunny Side of Life.

ADA BLENKHORN.

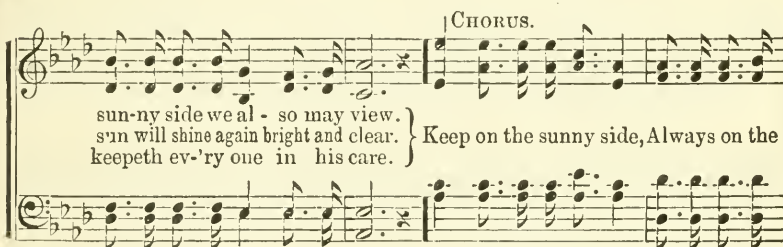
J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.



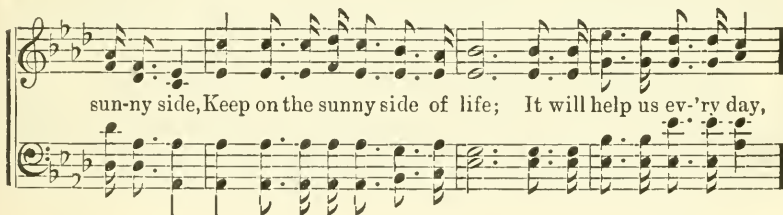
1. There's a dark and a troubled side of life; There's a bright and a
 2. Tho' the storm in its fu-ry break to-day, Crushing hopes that we
 3. Let us greet with a song of hope each day, Tho' the mo-ments be



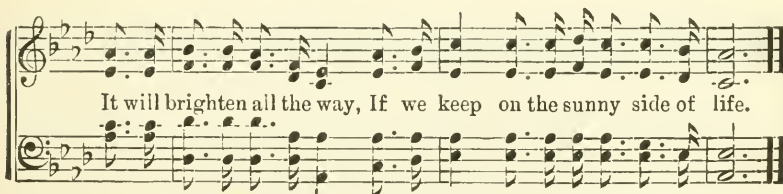
sun-ny side, too; Tho' we meet with the dark-ness and strife, The
 cherished so dear; Storm and cloud will in time pass a-way, The
 cloud-y or fair; Let us trust in our Sav-ior al-way, Who



CHORUS.
 sun-ny side we al- so may view. }
 s'n will shine again bright and clear. } Keep on the sunny side, Always on the
 keepeth ev-ry one in his care. }



sun-ny side, Keep on the sunny side of life; It will help us ev-ry day,

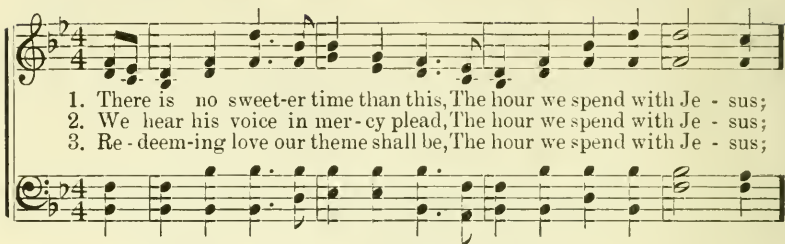


It will brighten all the way, If we keep on the sunny side of life.

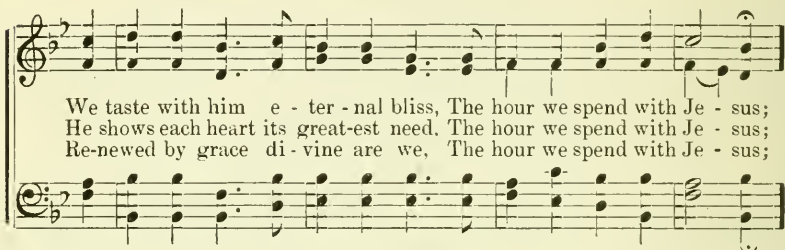
48 The Hour We Spend with Jesus.

IDA SCOTT TAYLOR.

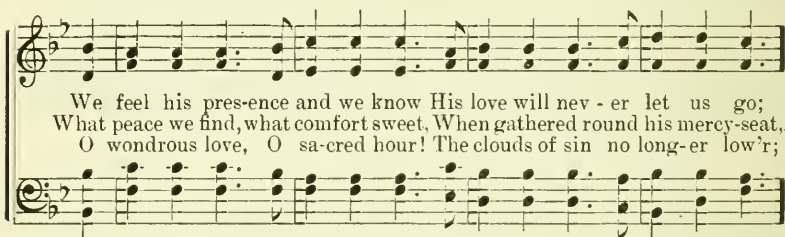
W. H. DOANE.



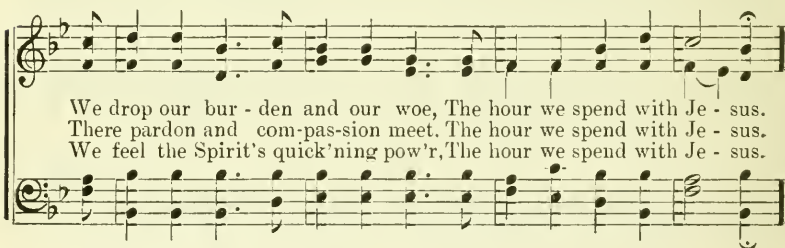
1. There is no sweet-er time than this, The hour we spend with Je - sus;
 2. We hear his voice in mer-cy plead, The hour we spend with Je - sus;
 3. Re-deem-ing love our theme shall be, The hour we spend with Je - sus;



We taste with him e - ter - nal bliss, The hour we spend with Je - sus;
 He shows each heart its great-est need, The hour we spend with Je - sus;
 Re-newed by grace di-vine are we, The hour we spend with Je - sus;

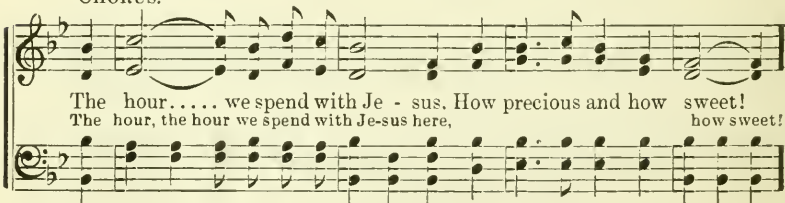


We feel his pres-ence and we know His love will nev - er let us go;
 What peace we find, what comfort sweet, When gathered round his mercy-seat,
 O wondrous love, O sa-cred hour! The clouds of sin no long-er low'r;



We drop our bur - den and our woe, The hour we spend with Je - sus.
 There pardon and com-pas-sion meet, The hour we spend with Je - sus.
 We feel the Spirit's quick'ning pow'r, The hour we spend with Je - sus.

CHORUS.



The hour. . . . we spend with Je - sus, How precious and how sweet!
 The hour, the hour we spend with Je-sus here, how sweet!

The Hour We Spend—Concluded.

To drop our care and leave it there, And dwell in him com-plete.
To drop, to drop our care

49

Somebody.

JNO. R. CLEMENTS.

W. S. WEEDEN.

1. Somebody did a gold-en deed, Proving himself a friend in need;
2. Somebody tho't 'tis sweet to live, Willingly said, "I'm glad to give;"
3. Somebody made a lov-ing gift, Cheerfully tried a load to lift;
4. Somebody i-dled all the hours, Carelessly crushed life's fairest flow'rs;
5. Somebody filled the days with light. Constantly chased away the night;

Somebody sang a cheer-ful song, Bright'ning the skies the whole day long,—
Somebody fought a val-iant fight, Bravely he lived to shield the right,—
Somebody told the love of Christ, Told how his will was sac-ri-ficed,—
Somebody made life loss, not gain, Thoughtlessly seemed to live in vain,—
Somebody's work bore joy and peace, Surely his life shall nev-er cease,—

Was that some-bod-y you? Was that some-bod-y you?

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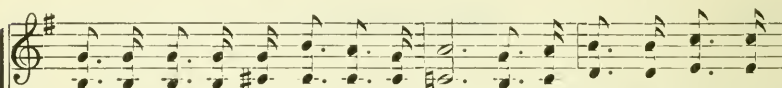
The Very Friend I Need.

E. E. HEWITT,

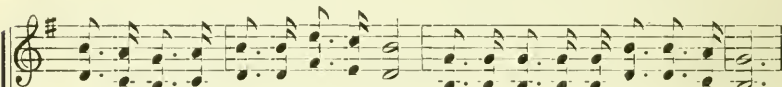
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



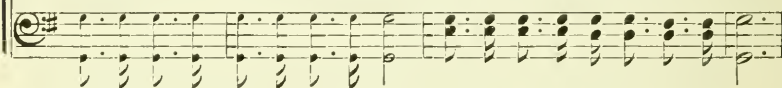
1. When I'm sad and heav-y - la-den, bur-den-ed with the weight of sin,
2. When I'm struggling with temptation, when my strength shall almost fail,
3. When I drink the cup of sor-row, when I tread the path of grief,
4. When I reach the si-lent riv-er, when I wait be-side the tide,



Je-sus is the ver-y Friend I need; To the blood-stained cross he
 Je-sus is the ver-y Friend I need; For his arm will bring de-
 Je-sus is the ver-y Friend I need; In his word is con-so-
 Je-sus is the ver-y Friend I need; He will bear me o'er the



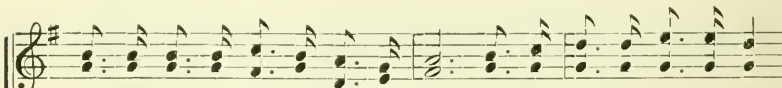
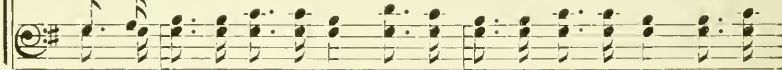
points me, and he gives me peace within, Je-sus is the ver-y Friend I need.
 liv-rance, and his grace will still prevail, Je-sus is the ver-y Friend I need.
 la-tion, in his presence, sweet re-lief, Je-sus is the ver-y Friend I need.
 bil-lows to the ra-diant Morning-side, Je-sus is the ver-y Friend I need.



CHORUS.



O he is the best of friends, for his good-ness nev-er ends, And his



love will ev-'ry hu-man tho't ex-ceed; Let me love him more and more.



The Very Friend I Need—Concluded.

till I stand on glory's shore; O Je - sus is the ver - y Friend I need.

51 Where Jesus is, 'tis Heaven.

C. F. BUTLER.

J. M. BLACK.

1. Since Christ my soul from sin set free, This world has been a heav'n to me;
2. Once heav-en seemed a far-off place, Till Jesus showed his smiling face;
3. What matters where on earth we dwell? On mountain top, or in the dell?

And 'mid earth's sorrows and its woe, 'Tis heav'n my Je-sus here to know.
Now it's be-gun with-in my soul, 'Twill last while endless a-ges roll.
In cot-tage, or a mansion fair, Where Jesus is, 'tis heav-en there.

CHORUS.

O hal - le - lu - jah, yes, 'tis heav'n, 'Tis heav'n to know my sins forgiv'n;

On land or sea, what matters where, Where Jesus is, 'tis heav-en there.

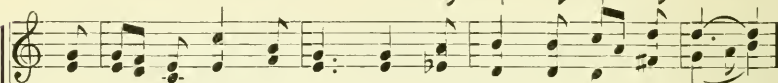
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LIZZIE DE ARMOND.

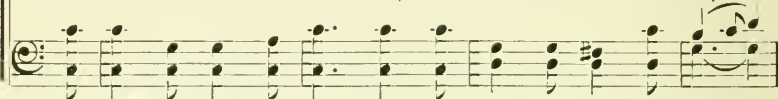
W. A. POST.



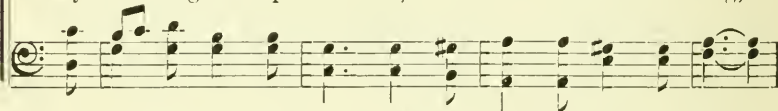
1. I have a state - ly pal - ace, On yon - der hill it stands;
 2. I own a robe of white - ness, Of Christ's pure right-eous-ness;
 3. A crown have I in glo - ry, Laid up for me al - way,



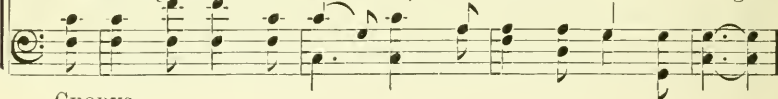
E - ter - nal in the heav - ens; A home not made by hands.
 A ret - i - nue of an - gels At - tend my way to bless.
 With - in the treas - ure cham - ber, For cor - o - na - tion day.



A ped - i - gree most no - ble, Un - to the world I bring,
 On earth there's care and sor - row, But still my heart will sing,
 My name's engraved up - on it, And heav - en's host will sing,



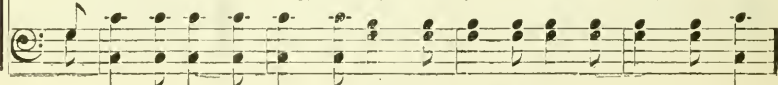
I trace it back to Je - sus, A Chris - tian is a king.
 I'll trust my lov - ing Fa - ther, A Chris - tian is a king.
 When I go home to wear it; A Chris - tian is a king.



CHORUS.



A Chris - tian is a king! With joy - ful heart I'll sing;
 A Chris - tian is a king, a king! With joy - ful heart I'll sing, I'll sing;



A Christian is a King—Concluded.

In God's own sight for - ev - er, A Chris - tian is a king.
In God's own sight, re - joice! re - joice!

53 I Cannot Drift Beyond Thy Love.

IDA L. REED.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

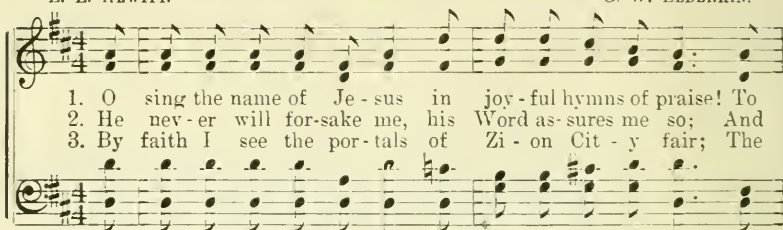
1. I can - not drift be - yond thy love, Be - yond thy ten - der care;
2. I can - not drift be - yond thy sight, Dear Lord, the tho't is sweet;
3. I can - not drift a - way from thee, No mat - ter where I go;

Wher - e'er I stray, still from a - bove Thine eye be - holds me there.
Thy lov - ing hand will guide a - right My wea - ry, wand'ring feet.
Still thy dear love doth glad - den me, Thou all my way dost know.

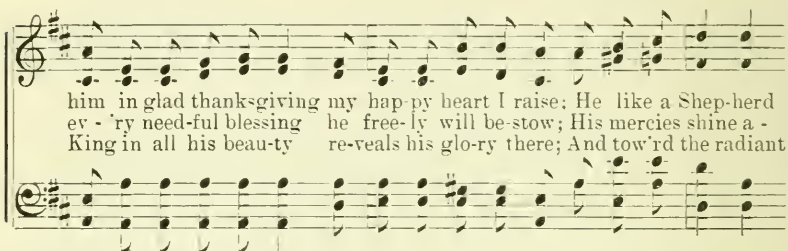
I can - not drift so far a - way But what thy love di - vine
When rough and dark my lone - ly way, I shall not be for - got;
Wher - e'er I jour - ney thou art there, In wind and wave I hear

Up - on my path, by night and day, In mer - cy sweet doth shine.
Thro' all life's changeful, shadowed day, Thou wilt for - sake me not.
Thy voice, in tones of mu - sic rare, And know that thou art near.


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1. O sing the name of Je - sus in joy - ful hymns of praise! To
 2. He nev - er will for - sake me, his Word as - sures me so; And
 3. By faith I see the por - tals of Zi - on Cit - y fair; The



him in glad thank - giving my hap - py heart I raise; He like a Shep - herd
 ev - 'ry need - ful blessing he free - ly will be - stow; His mercies shine a -
 King in all his beau - ty re - veals his glo - ry there; And tow'rd the radiant

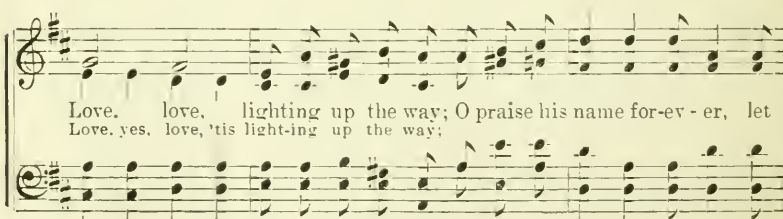


found me when wand'ring far astray. And now his love so pre - cious is
 round me, tho' earthly skies are gray; The love of my Re - deem - er is
 man - sions of ev - er - last - ing day The love of my Re - deem - er is

CHORUS.



lighting up the way. Love, love, bright'ning ev - 'ry day;
 Love, yes, love, 'tis bright'ning ev - 'ry, ev - 'ry day;



Love, love, lighting up the way; O praise his name for - ev - er, let
 Love, yes, love, 'tis light - ing up the way;

Love Lighting Up the Way—Concluded.

all his people say, The love of my Redeemer is lighting up the way.

55 That Man of Calvary.

M. P. F.

M. P. FERGUSON.

1. Fair-est of all the earth be-side, Chiefest of all un - to thy bride,
 2. Granting the sin-ner life and peace, Granting the captive sweet re-lease,
 3. Giv-ing the gifts obtained for men. Pouring out love be-yond our ken,
 4. Comfort of all my earth-ly way, Je-sus, I'll meet thee some sweet day;

Full-ness di-vine in thee I see, Beau-ti-ful Man of Cal - va - ry!
 Shedding his blood to make us free, Mer-ci-ful Man of Cal - va - ry!
 Giv-ing us spot - less pu - ri - ty, Boun-ti-ful Man of Cal - va - ry!
 Cen - ter of glo - ry, thee I'll see, Won-der-ful Man of Cal - va - ry!

CHORUS.

That Man of Cal - va - ry Has won my heart from me, And

died to set me free. Blest Man of Cal - va - ry!....

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C. H. M.

Mrs. C. H. MORRIS.

DUET. ALTO AND TENOR.

1. Just a word with Je-sus Be-fore the day be-gins, Just a plea for
 2. Just a tho't in se-cret, A little whispered pray'r Makes the heart cour-
 3. Just a word with Je-sus-But O how much it means When with trust un-

guid-ance A day of blessing wins; Just a moment's waiting In
 a - geous, And lifts a load of care; Just a glimpse of Je - sus, To
 bro - ken A soul up - on him leans; Grant, O pre-cious Sav-ior, Tho'

si - lence at his feet, Just to hear him whisper His words of counsel sweet.
 faith's unway'ring sight, Turns the clouds to sunshine, And makes the whole day bright.
 much denied may be, We, thro' life's short journey, May walk and talk with thee.

CHORUS.

Talk to Je - sus oft - en, Heart to heart and face to face,
 Heart to heart and face to face:

Just a Word with Jesus—Concluded.

Talk to Je-sus oft - en, And trust his sov'reign grace; Don't for-get to

praise him For what he's done for you, Talk to Je - sus oft-en, This Friend so true.

57 I Surrender All.

J. W. VAN DE VENTER.
SOLO or DUET.

W. S. WEEDEN.

1. { All to Je - sus I sur-ren-der, All to him I free - ly give; }
 { I will ev - er love and trust him, In his pres-ence dai - ly live. }
 2. { All to Je - sus I sur-ren-der, Hum-bly at his feet I bow; }
 { Worldly pleas-ures all for-sak - en, Take me, Je - sus, take me now. }
 3. { All to Je - sus I sur-ren-der, Make me, Sav-ior, whol - ly thine; }
 { Let me feel the Ho - ly Spir - it, Tru - ly know that thou art mine. }
 4. { All to Je - sus I sur-ren-der, Now I feel the sa-cred flame; }
 { O the joy of full sal-va-tion! Glo - ry, glo - ry to his name! }

CHORUS.

I sur-ren-der all, I sur-ren-der all, I sur-ren-der all;
 I sur-ren-der all;

All to thee, my bless - ed Sav - ior, I sur-ren - der all.

JNO. R. CLEMENTS.

FRED. H. BYSHE.

1. Out of the I - vo - ry Pal - ace he came, That pal - ace so
 2. All of his gar - ments are scent - ed with myrrh, A per - fume as
 3. Sor - row and bit - ter - ness here for his cup. And heav - y the
 4. Cas - sia for heal - ing, his gar - ments con - tain, A balm for all

wondrously fair, Je - sus, the Savior, with pow'r in his name. And
 last - ing as time; Fragrance to scatter where'er he doth stir, En -
 burdens he bore; Stoop - ing to suf - fer, there - by to lift up The
 ills of the soul; Sick - ness no long - er. — no sor - row nor pain, For

CHORUS.

beau - ty past earthly com - pare. Out of the pal - ace of
 dur - ing, re - fin - ing, sub - lime.
 tempted, — no mat - ter how sore.
 Je - sus makes "ev'ry whit whole." Out of the Palace of I - v'ry he came,

I - v'ry he came. With gar - ments all
 Out of the Pal - ace of I - v'ry he came, With garments all perfumed, all

per - fumed, all per - fumed with myrrh; Both
 perfumed with myrrh, With garments all perfumed, all perfumed with myrrh; Both

The Ivory Palaces—Concluded.

al - oes and cas - sia were there to be
 al - oes and cas - sia were there to be seen, Both al - oes and cas - sia were
 seen, A vi - sion man's soul, man's soul to be - stir.
 there to be seen,

59

Prodigal Child.

Mrs. ELLEN H. GATES.

W. H. DOANE.

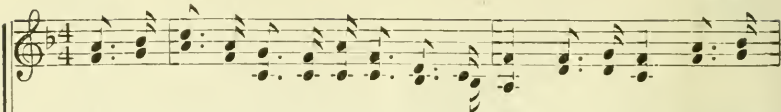
1. Come home! come home! You are weary at heart, For the way has been
 2. Come home! come home! For we watch and we wait, And we stand at the
 3. Come home! come home! From the sorrow and blame, From the sin and the
 4. Come home! come home! There is bread and to spare, And a warm wel-come
 dark, And so lone - ly and wild; O prod - i-gal child! Come
 gate, While the shad - ows are piled; O prod - i-gal child! Come
 shame, And the tempt - er that smiled, O prod - i-gal child! Come
 there: Then, to friends rec - on - ciled, O prod - i-gal child! Come
 home! O . . . come home! Come home. come home! Come, O come home!
 Come home. come home! come home!

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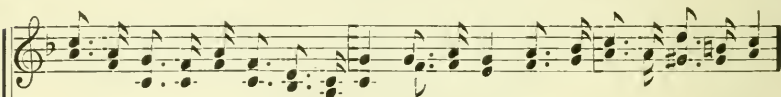
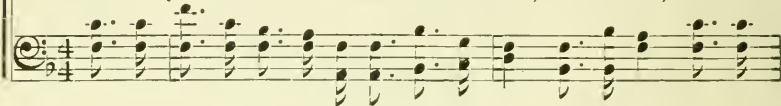
A Letter From My Father.

LANTA WILSON SMITH.

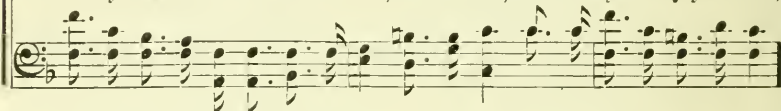
Arr. by G. W. ELDERKIN.



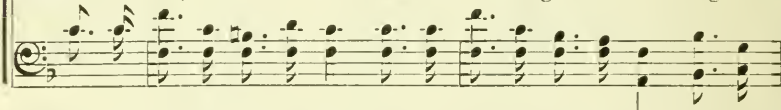
1. I've a let-ter from my Fa-ther In my hand, in my hand, Filled with
2. Fa-ther tells me in his let-ter To be-lieve, to be-lieve, And the
3. I have lis-tened to his counsel Day and night, day and night, And the
4. Death may call, but I will answer With-out fear, without fear, For I



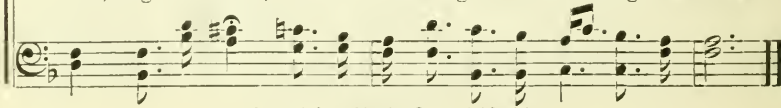
all the heart's deep longing Can demand, can demand; Love that takes the whole world in,
Spir - it's gen-tle wooing Not to grieve, not to grieve; But to heed the loving tone
homeward path is shining Fair and bright, fair and bright; I can shout, and sing, and pray,
know my dear Redeemer Will be near, will be near; He will say: "All joys divine,



Grace the wayward soul to win; Full re-demption from all sin God has
As he speaks to me a-lone, And the bless-ed Ho - ly One To re-
And be hap - py ev - 'ry day, For I'm walk-ing all the way In the
Home, and crown, and friends are thine Where e-ter-nal glo - ries shine Bright and



planned, God has planned; Full re-demption from all sin God has planned.
ceive, to re-ceive; And the bless-ed Ho - ly One to re-ceive.
light, in the light; For I'm walk-ing all the way in the light.
clear, bright and clear; Where e-ter-nal glo - ries shine bright and clear."



The Comforter has Come.

Rev. F. BOTTOME, D. D.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. O spread the tidings round, wher-ev - er man is found, Wher-
 2. The long, long night is past, the morn-ing breaks at last; And
 3. Lo! the great King of kings, with heal-ing in his wings, To
 4. O bound-less love di-vine! how shall this tongue of mine To
 5. Sing, till the ech-oes fly a - bove the vault-ed sky, And

ev - er hu-man hearts and hu-man woes a - bound; Let ev - 'ry Christian
 hushed the dreadful wail and fu - ry of the blast, As o'er the gold-en
 ev - 'ry cap-tive soul a full deliv'rance brings; And thro' the va-cant
 wond'ring mortals tell the matchless grace di-vine—That I, a child of
 all the saints a-bove to all be-low re - ply, In strains of end-less

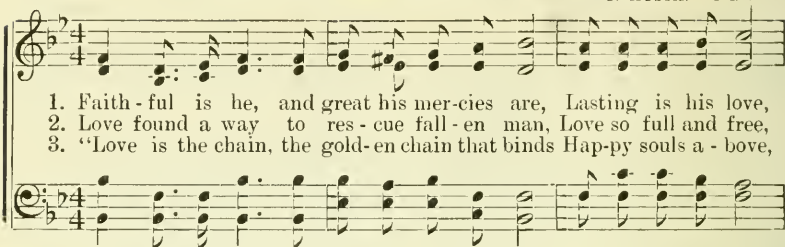
D.S.—Holy Ghost from heav'n, The Father's promise giv'n; O spread the tidings

tongue pro-claim the joy-ful sound: The Com - fort - er has come!
 hills the day ad - van - ces fast; The Com - fort - er has come!
 cells the song of triumph rings: The Com - fort - er has come!
 hell, should in his im - age shine? The Com - fort - er has come!
 love, the song that ne'er will die: The Com - fort - er has come!

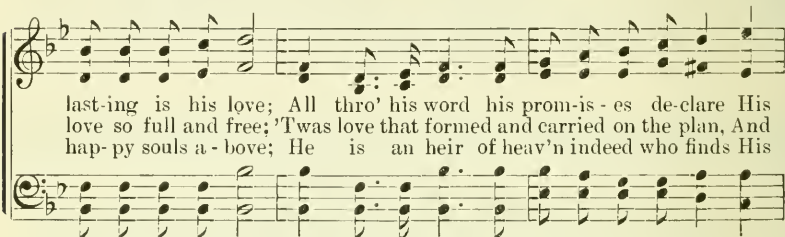
round, Wher-ev - er man is found—The Com - fort - er has come!

CHORUS. D. S.

The Com - fort - er has come, The Com - fort - er has come! The

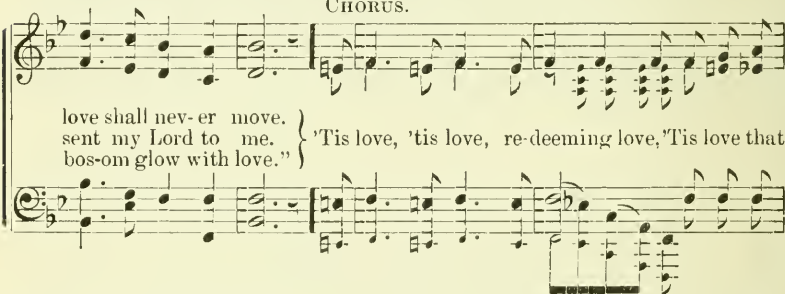


1. Faith-ful is he, and great his mer-cies are, Lasting is his love,
2. Love found a way to res-cue fall-en man, Love so full and free,
3. "Love is the chain, the gold-en chain that binds Hap-py souls a - bove,



last-ing is his love; All thro' his word his prom-is-es de-clare His
love so full and free; 'Twas love that formed and carried on the plan, And
hap-py souls a - bove; He is an heir of heav'n indeed who finds His

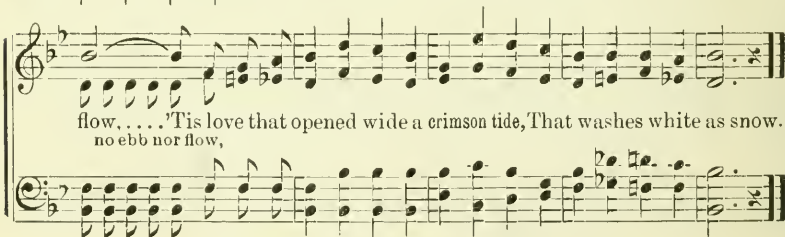
CHORUS.



love shall nev-er move. }
sent my Lord to me. } 'Tis love, 'tis love, re-deeming love, 'Tis love that
bos-om glow with love." }



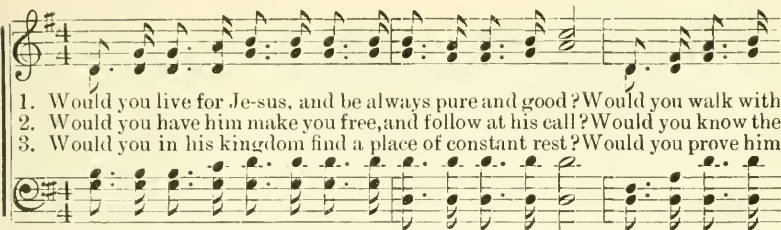
ev - er will a - bide, 'Tis love that knows no ebb nor
that ev - er will a - bide,



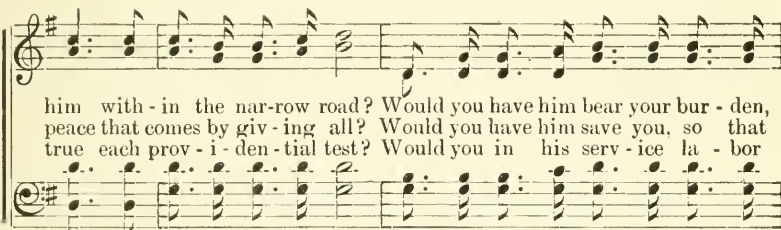
flow, 'Tis love that opened wide a crimson tide, That washes white as snow.
no ebb nor flow,

C. S. N.

Rev. CYRUS S. NUSBAUM.

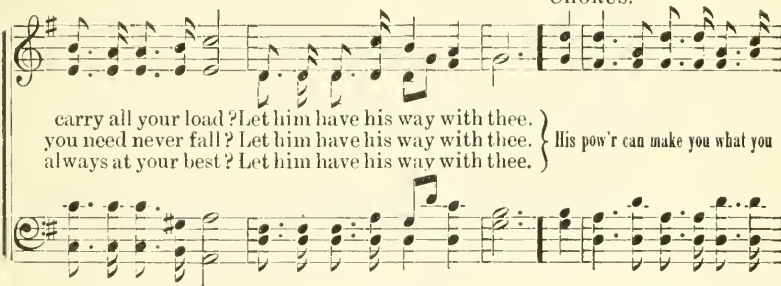


1. Would you live for Je-sus, and be always pure and good? Would you walk with
 2. Would you have him make you free, and follow at his call? Would you know the
 3. Would you in his kingdom find a place of constant rest? Would you prove him

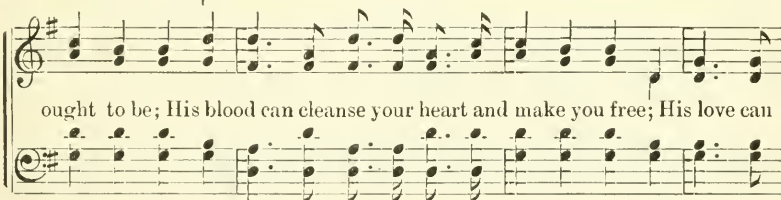


him with - in the nar - row road? Would you have him bear your bur - den,
 peace that comes by giv - ing all? Would you have him save you, so that
 true each prov - i - den - tial test? Would you in his serv - ice la - bor

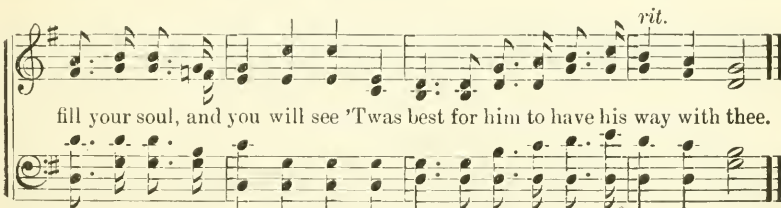
CHORUS.



carry all your load? Let him have his way with thee.
 you need never fall? Let him have his way with thee. } His pow'r can make you what you
 always at your best? Let him have his way with thee.



ought to be; His blood can cleanse your heart and make you free; His love can

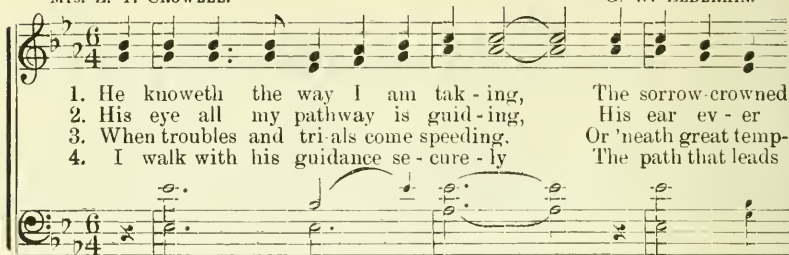


fill your soul, and you will see 'Twas best for him to have his way with thee.

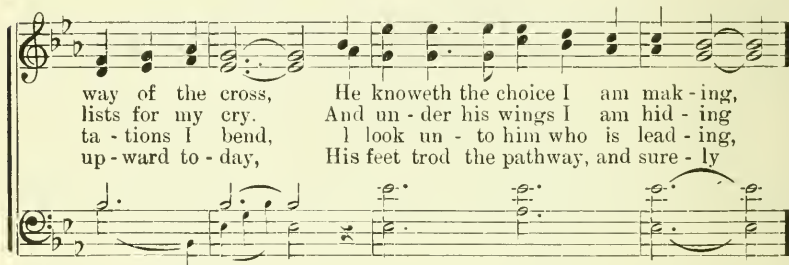
64 He Knoweth the Way that I Take.

Mrs. Z. T. CROWELL.

G. W. ELDERKIN.

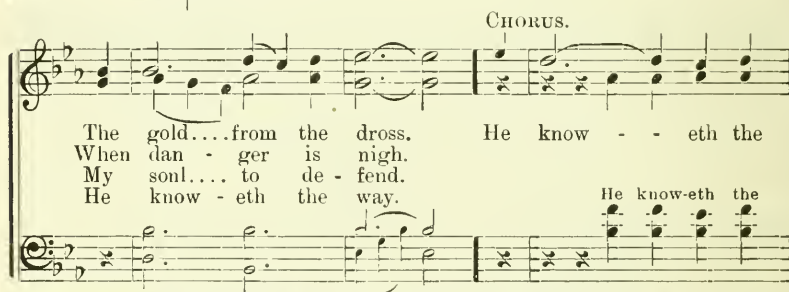


1. He knoweth the way I am tak - ing, The sorrow-crowned
 2. His eye all my pathway is guid - ing, His ear ev - er
 3. When troubles and tri - als come speeding, Or 'neath great temp -
 4. I walk with his guidance se - cure - ly The path that leads

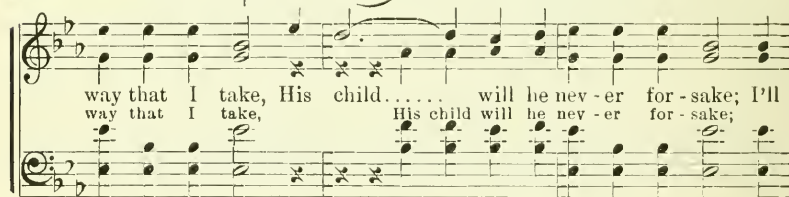


way of the cross, He knoweth the choice I am mak - ing,
 lists for my cry. And un - der his wings I am hid - ing
 ta - tions I bend, I look un - to him who is lead - ing,
 up - ward to - day, His feet trod the pathway, and sure - ly

CHORUS.

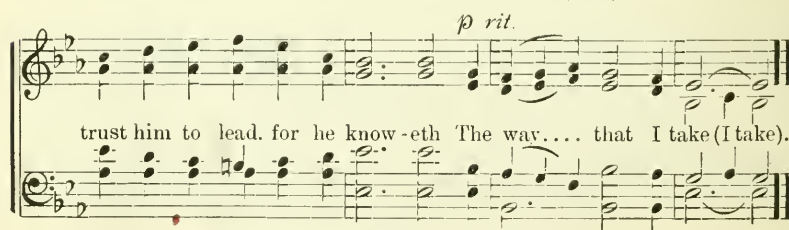


The gold... from the dross. He know - - eth the
 When dan - ger is nigh.
 My soul... to de - fend.
 He know - eth the way. He know-eth the



way that I take, His child... will he nev - er for - sake; I'll
 way that I take, His child will he nev - er for - sake;

p rit.



trust him to lead. for he know-eth The way... that I take (I take).

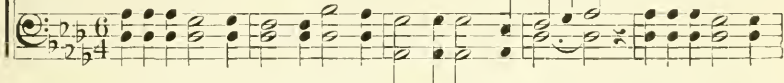
There Is a Voice.

W. A. P.

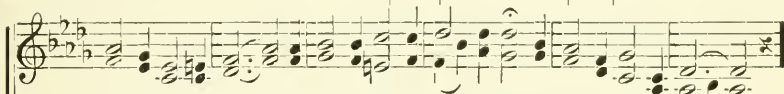
W. A. Post.

With expression.

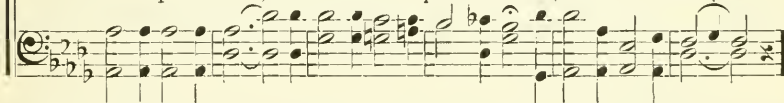
1. There is a voice that's soft and low, Oft whisp'ring in my ear; It is the Savior's
2. There is no sound for mortal ear That can with it compare; No angel harp hath
3. O how it makes my heart rejoice, To think of yon bright land, Where I shall clearly



gentle voice, My heart so loves to hear; I learned to love it long ago, When
such a chord, 'Tis music rich and rare; Whene'er I wait with breaking heart, To
hear his voice, And feel his gentle hand! 'Tis blest communion here below 'Thro'



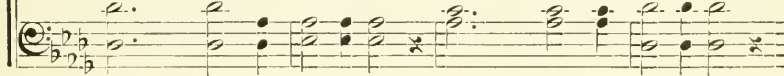
first I heard its call; Its earnest pleading I obeyed, And gave to him my all.
listen for its sound, It always comes to comfort me, And binds up e'ry wound.
Faith's imperfect ear; But there where all perfection dwells, His voice I'll always hear.



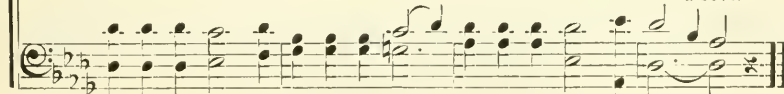
CHORUS.



There is a voice so sweet, Soft-ly mine ear doth greet;
There is a voice so sweet, Soft - - ly mine ear doth greet;



Je-sus, my Savior, whisp'ring his love From that bright home above.
a-bove.



JAMES M. GRAY, D. D.

D. B. TOWNER.

1. Nor sil - ver nor gold hath ob-tained my redemption, No rich - es of
 2. Nor sil - ver nor gold hath ob-tained my redemption, The guilt on my
 3. Nor sil - ver nor gold hath ob-tained my redemption, The ho - ly com-
 4. Nor sil - ver nor gold hath ob-tained my redemption, The way in - to

earth could have saved my poor soul; The blood of the cross is my
 con-science too heav - y had grown; The blood of the cross is my
 mand-ment for - bade me draw near; The blood of the cross is my
 heav - en could not thus be bought; The blood of the cross is my

on - ly foun-da-tion. The death of my Sav-ior now mak-eth me whole.
 on - ly foun-da-tion, The death of my Sav-ior could on - ly a - tone.
 on - ly foun-da-tion, The death of my Sav-ior re - mov-eth my fear.
 on - ly foun-da-tion, The death of my Sav-ior redemption hath wrought.

CHORUS.

I am re - deemed..... but not with sil - ver; I am
 I am re-deemed, I am re-deemed, but not with sil-ver;

bought.... but not with gold; Bought with a price—..... the
 I am bought, I am bought, but not with gold; Bought with a price—

Nor Silver Nor Gold—Concluded.

blood of Je - sus, Precious price of love un - told.
the pre-cious blood of Je-sus,

67 The Stranger at the Door.

T. C. O'KANE.

1. Be - hold a Stranger at the door. He gen - tly knocks - has knocked before,
2. O love - ly at - ti - tude, — he stands With melting heart and o - pen hands;
3. But will he prove a friend in - deed? He will, — the ver - y friend you need;
4. Rise, touched with gratitude di - vine, Turn out his en - e - my and thine;

Has wait - ed long, is wait - ing still; You treat no oth - er friend so ill.
O matchless kindness, and he shows This matchless kindness to his foes.
The Friend of sin - ners? yes, 'tis he, With garments dyed on Cal - va - ry.
That soul - de - stroy - ing monster, Sin, And let the heav'ny Stranger in.

CHORUS.

O let the dear Savior come in; . . . He'll cleanse the heart from sin; . . . O
come in; from sin;

keep him no more out at the door, But let the dear Sav - ior come in (come in).

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FANNY J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE.

Gently.

1. O to be gen-tle and ho-ly, Bless-ed Re-deem-er, like thee.
 2. O to be gen-tle and ho-ly, Pa-tient, sub-mis-sive and meek.
 3. O to be gen-tle and ho-ly, Al-ways a-bound-ing in love,

O that mine eyes may be o-pened, More of thy beau-ty to see.
 Ten-der, for-giv-ing and watch-ful, On-ly thy glo-ry to seek.
 Looking a-way to the man-sion Thou art pre-par-ing a-bove.

O to be gen-tle and ho-ly, Dai-ly thine im-age to bear.
 Toil-ing but nev-er re-pin-ing, Faith-ful-ly bear-ing my part.
 Counting each tri-al a bless-ing, Trust-ing what-ev-er be-fall.

Then from the wiles of the temp-ter I shall be safe in thy care.
 Je-sus, my bless-ed Re-deem-er, This is the pray'r of my heart.
 This is my ear-nest en-deav-or, Je-sus, my Ref-uge, my All.

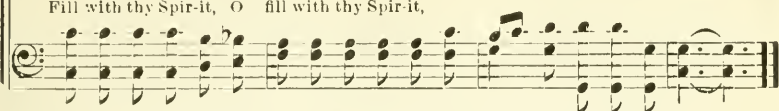
CHORUS.

Ho-ly, more ho-ly, O still.....would I be.....
 Ho-ly, more ho-ly, ho-ly, more ho-ly, Bless-ed Re-deem-er, O still would I be,

More Holy Would I Be—Concluded.



Fill with thy Spir-it, And draw me clos-er to thee.
Fill with thy Spir-it, O fill with thy Spir-it,



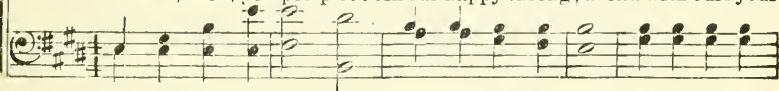
69 Onward, Christian Soldiers!

S. BARING-GOULD.

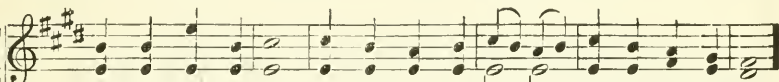
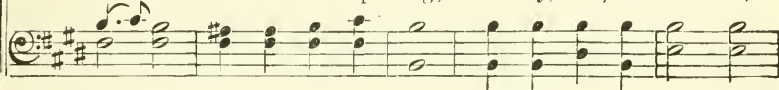
A. S. SULLIVAN.



1. On-ward, Chris-tian sol-diers! Marching as to war, With the cross of
2. Like a might-y ar-my Moves the Church of God; Brothers, we are
3. Crowns and thrones may perish. Kingdoms rise and wane, But the Church of
4. On-ward, then, ye peo-ple! Join our happy throng; Blend with ours your



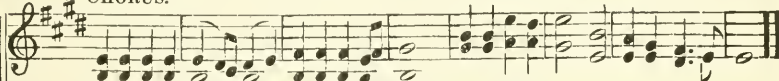
Je - sus Go-ing on be - fore; Christ, the roy-al Mas-ter,
tread-ing Where the saints have trod; We are not di-vid-ed,
Je - sus Constant will re-main; Gates of hell can nev-er
voi-ces In the tri-umph-song; Glo-ry, laud, and hon-or,



Leads a-against the foe; For-ward in-to bat-tle, See, his banners go!
All one bod-y we; One in hope and doctrine, One in char-i-ty.
'Gainst that Church prevail; We have Christ's own promise. Which can never fail.
Un-to Christ the King; This thro' countless a- ges Men and an-gels sing.



CHORUS.

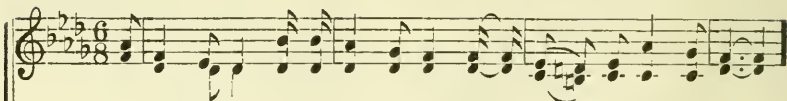


Onward, Christian soldiers! Marching as to war, With the cross of Jesus Going on be-fore.

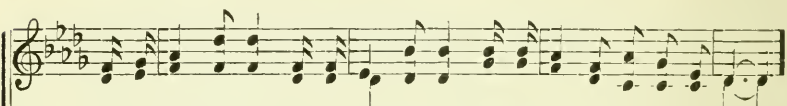
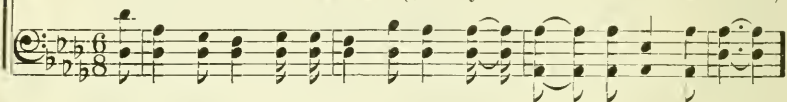


Rev. FRANK E. GRAEFF.

J. LINCOLN HALL.



1. Does Jesus care when my heart is pained Too deeply for mirth or song;
2. Does Jesus care when my way is dark With a name-less dread and fear?
3. Does Jesus care when I've tried and failed To resist some temptation strong;
4. Does Jesus care when I've said "good-bye" To the dearest on earth to me,



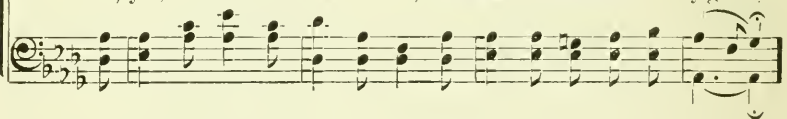
As the burdens press. And the cares distress. And the way grows weary and long?
 As the daylight fades Into deep night shades. Does he care enough to be near?
 When in my deep grief I find no relief. Tho' my tears flow all the day long?
 And my sad heart aches Till it near-ly breaks—Is this aught to him? does he see?



CHORUS.



Oh, yes, he cares. I know he cares; His heart is touched with my grief;



When the days are weary, The long nights dreary, I know my Savior cares,
 he cares.



Leaving All to Follow Jesus.

IDA M. BUDD.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Leav-ing all to fol-low Je-sus, Turning from the world a-way,
 2. Naught reserv-ing, on the al-tar All I lay, and wait the hour
 3. Tak-ing up the cross for Je-sus, Glad for him to suf-fer shame,
 4. Praise his pre-cious name for-ev-er That his blood hath made me free;

Step-ping out up-on the prom-ise, All I have is his to-day.
 When the fire from heav'n descending Shall at-test his glo-rious pow'r.
 All my gain I count but loss-es, For the glo-ry of his name.
 Now my soul shall joy to tell it, Thro' the long e-ter-ni-ty.

CHORUS.

Leav-ing all to fol-low Je-sus, Turn-ing
 Leav-ing all to fol-low, fol-low Je-sus,

from the world a-way,.... Step-ping out up-
 Turn-ing, turn-ing from the world a-way, Step-ping out up-

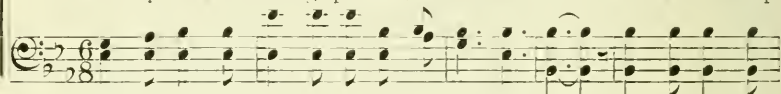
on his prom-ise. All I have is his to-day.
 on his bless-ed prom-ise,

Mrs. FRANK A. BRECK.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. Je sus comes with pow'r to gladden. When love shines in. Ev - 'ry life that
2. How the world will glow with beauty. When love shines in. And the heart re-
3. Darkest sorrows will grow brighter. When love shines in. And the heaviest
4. We may have un-fad-ing splendor. When love shines in. And a friendship



woe can sad-den. When love shines in. Love will teach us how to pray:
 joice in du - ty. When love shines in. Tri- als may be sanc - ti-fied.
 bur - den, light-er. When love shines in. 'Tis the glo - ry that will throw
 true and ten - der, When love shines in. When earth-vict'ries shall be won.



Love will drive the gloom away, Turn our darkness into day, When love shines in.
 And the soul in peace a-bide, Life will all be glo-ri-fied, When love shines in.
 Light to show us where to go; O the heart shall blessing know When love shines in.
 And our life in heav'n begun. There will be no need of sun, For love shines in.



CHORUS



When love shines in. . . . When love shines in, How the heart is
 When love shines in. . . .



When love shines in, When love shines in, When love shines in,

When Love Shines In—Concluded.

turned to singing, When love shines in;... When love shines in. ... When
 When love shines in;.... When love shines in,....
 When love shines in, When love shines in,
 love shines in, Joy and peace to others bringing, When love shines in.
 When love shines in.
 When love shines in,

73 Pass Me Not.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE.

1. Pass me not, O gen - tle Sav - ior, Hear my hum - ble cry; While on
 2. Let me at a throne of mer - cy Find a sweet re - lief; Kneel - ing
 3. Trusting on - ly in thy mer - it, Would I seek thy face; Heal my
 4. Thou the Spring of all my com - fort. More than life to me, Whom have
 CHORUS.
 oth - ers thou art call - ing, Do not pass me by.
 there in deep con - tri - tion, Help my un - be - lief. } Sav - ior, Sav - ior,
 wounded, bro - ken spir - it, Save me by thy grace.
 I on earth beside thee? Whom in heav'n but thee?
 Hear my humble cry, While on others thou art calling. Do not pass me by.

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Rev. WALTER C. SMITH.

FRED H. BYSHE.

1. One thing I of the Lord de-sire, For all my path hath mir-y been,
 2. If clear-er vi-sion thou im-part, Grateful and glad my soul shall be;
 3. Yea, on-ly as this heart is clean May larg-er vi-sion yet be mine,
 4. I watch to shun the mir-y way, And stanch the springs of guilt-y thought,

rit.
 Be it by wa-ter or by fire, O make me clean, O make me clean.
 But yet to have a pur-er heart Is more to me, is more to me.
 For mir-rored in its depths are seen The things divine, the things divine.
 But, watch and struggle as I may, Pure I am not, pure I am not.

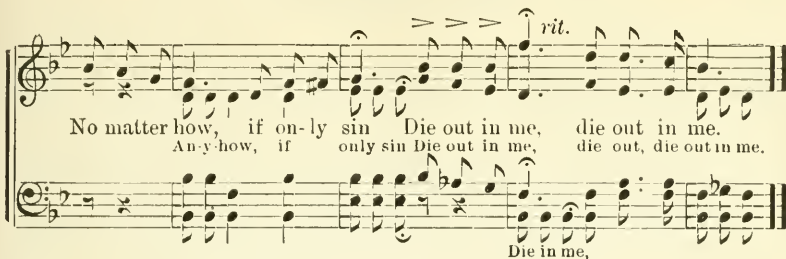
rit.

REFRAIN.

So wash me, thou, without, with-in, Or purge with fire, if that must be.
 Wash me, thou, with-out, with-in, Or purge with fire, if that must be.

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A Clean Heart—Concluded.

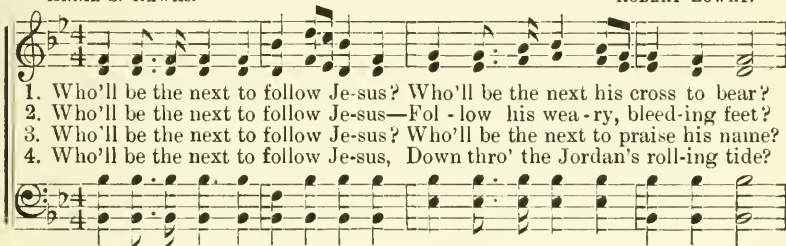


No matter how, if on-ly sin Die out in me, die out in me.
 Any-how, if only sin Die out in me, die out, die out in me.
 Die in me,

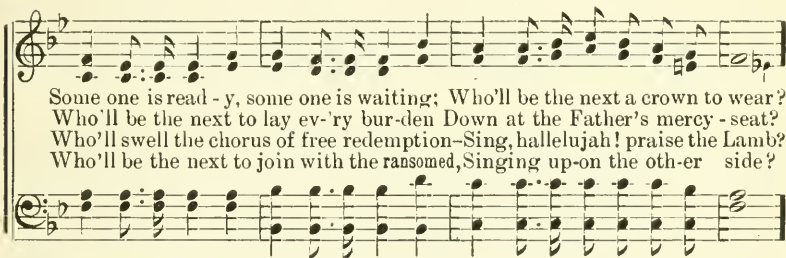
75 Who'll be the Next.

ANNIE S. HAWKS.

ROBERT LOWRY.

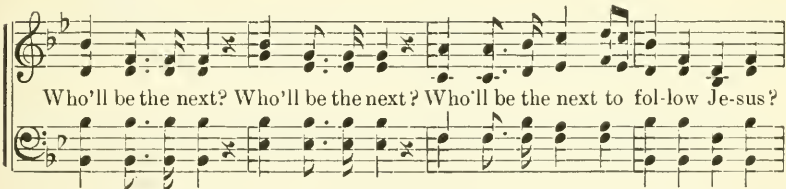


1. Who'll be the next to follow Je-sus? Who'll be the next his cross to bear?
2. Who'll be the next to follow Je-sus—Fol-low his wea-ry, bleed-ing feet?
3. Who'll be the next to follow Je-sus? Who'll be the next to praise his name?
4. Who'll be the next to follow Je-sus, Down thro' the Jordan's roll-ing tide?

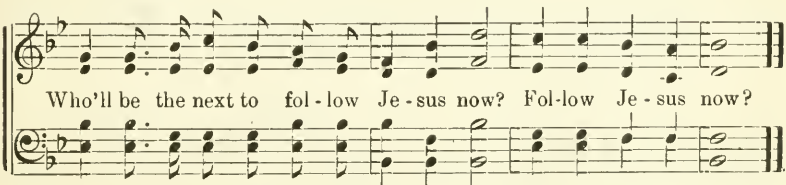


Some one is read-y, some one is waiting; Who'll be the next a crown to wear?
 Who'll be the next to lay ev-ry bur-den Down at the Father's mercy-seat?
 Who'll swell the chorus of free redemption—Sing, hallelujah! praise the Lamb?
 Who'll be the next to join with the ransomed, Singing up-on the oth-er side?

REFRAIN.



Who'll be the next? Who'll be the next? Who'll be the next to fol-low Je-sus?



Who'll be the next to fol-low Je-sus now? Fol-low Je-sus now?

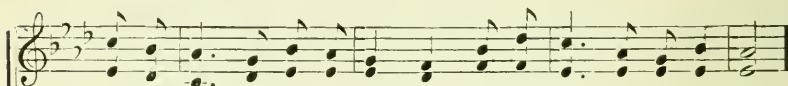
Is it There?

FANNY J. CROSBY.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. In the book which thou art keeping, In thy book of life so fair,
2. Lighter far the dai-ly tri-als That my we-ry heart must bear,
3. Tho' I oft have failed in du-ty, Yet my faith still clings to thee;
4. Let me hear thy lov-ing Spir-it Soft-ly whisper, "All is well;"
5. When from earth my tho'ts are winging To the heav'nly mansions fair,



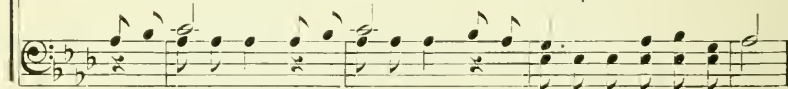
Tell me. O my Sav-ior, tell me. Is my name re-cord-ed there?
Lighter far my toil and la - bor, If I knew my name was there.
When thou mak-est up thy jew - els, Will my name remembered be?
That my name in light is shin - ing, Where I soon with thee shall dwell.
Let me feel the sweet as-sur - ance That my hum - ble name is there.



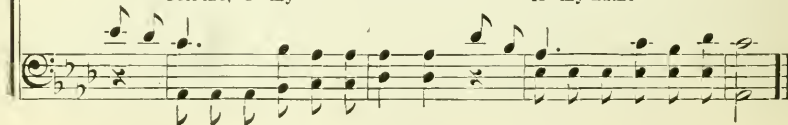
CHORUS.



- 1, 2, 3. Is it there? is it there? In thy Book of Life so fair?
4, 5. Yes, 'tis there. yes, 'tis there. In thy Book of Life so fair;
Is it there? is it there? In thy Book



Tell me, O my Savior, tell me, Is my name re-cord-ed there?
 I be-lieve, O blessed Savior, That my name is written there.
 Tell me, O my Is my name



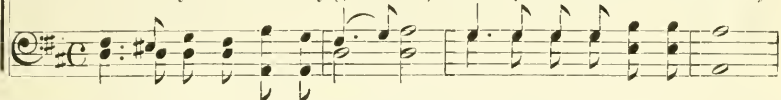
Draw Me Nearer.

Mrs. J. M. HUNTER.

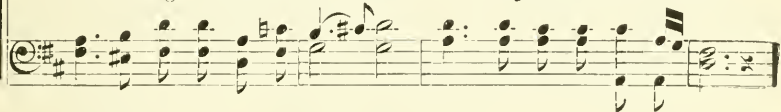
G. W. ELDERKIN.



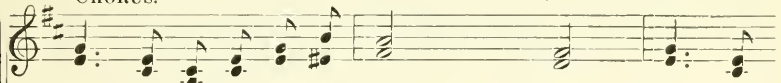
1. Draw me near-er, bless-ed Je - sus, Let me in thy love a - bide;
2. I am weak, but thou art might - y, With thy grace my wants sup-ply;
3. In the 'se - cret of his pres - ence' There is bliss be - yond com - pare;
4. Sat - is - fy me with thy good-ness, Till my soul shall thirst no more;



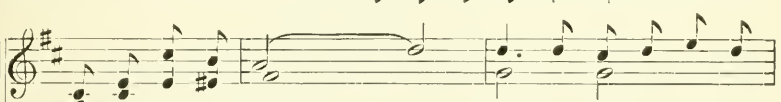
'Neath thy wing se - cure - ly shel - tered Naught of e - vil can be - tide.
 'Tis for thee in all thy full - ness That my longing heart doth cry.
 O, the pre - cious joy of liv - ing With my Sav - ior ev - er near.
 Then in songs of sweet re - membrance I will praise thee and a - dore.



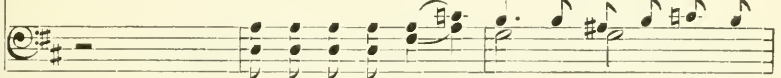
CHORUS.



O, for full - er con - se - cra - - - tion! This, dear
 O, for con - se - cra - tion!



Lord, my spir - it craves;..... Fit me, Lord, to bear the
 This my spir - it craves; Fit me, me,



mes sage Of the bless-ed pow'r that saves.
 Lord, to bear the mes - sage



I Know He's Mine.

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR.

B. FRANK BUTTS.

1. There's One above all earthly friends Whose love all earthly love transcends;
 2. He's mine be-cause he died for me, He saved my soul, he set me free;
 3. He's mine be-cause he's in my heart, And nev-er, nev-er will we part;
 4. Some day up-on the streets of gold Mine eyes his glo-ry shall be-hold,

It is my Lord and Christ di-vine, My Lord, be-cause I know he's mine.
 With joy I worship at his shrine, And cry, "Praise God, I know he's mine."
 Just as the branch is to the vine, I'm joined to Christ, I know he's mine.
 Then, while his arms a-round me twine, I'll cry for joy, "I know he's mine."

CHORUS.

I know he's mine, this friend so dear, He lives with
 I know he's mine, this friend so dear,

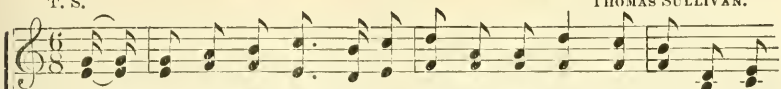
me, he's ev-er near; Ten thou-sand
 He lives with me, he's ev-er near;

charms . . . around him shine, . . . And, best of all, I know he's mine.
 Ten thousand charms around him shine,

79 He Touched Me and Made Me Whole.

T. S.

THOMAS SULLIVAN.



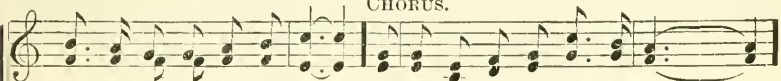
1. To the feet of my Sav - ior, in trembling and fear, A pen - i - tent
2. I knew not the ten - der com - pas - sion and love That Je - sus, my
3. "My grace is suf - fi - cient," I heard His dear voice, "O come and find
4. O Je - sus, dear Je - sus, Thy name I a - dore, For sav - ing and
5. O come, my dear broth - er, He's wait - ing for you, Your sin - bur - dened



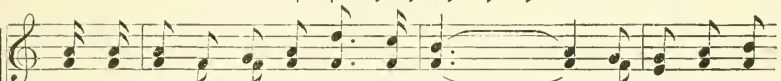
sin - ner I came; He saw, and in mer - cy He bade me draw near; All
Savior, had shown; Tho' burdened with grief, His dear hand brought relief; He
rest for your soul; From sin you to save, my life free - ly I gave; I
keep - ing my soul; Thy prais - es I'll sing, my Re - deem - er and King, Thy
heart to con - sole; Your wea - ry head rest on His dear, lov - ing breast; He



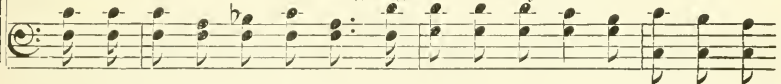
CHORUS.



glo - ry and praise to His name. He touched me and thus made me whole,
healed me and called me His own.
died that you might be made whole."
dear, lov - ing hand made me whole.
suffered and died for your soul. He touched me, He touched me and thus made me whole,



Bringing com - fort and rest to my soul; O glad hap - py
bring - ing rest to my soul:



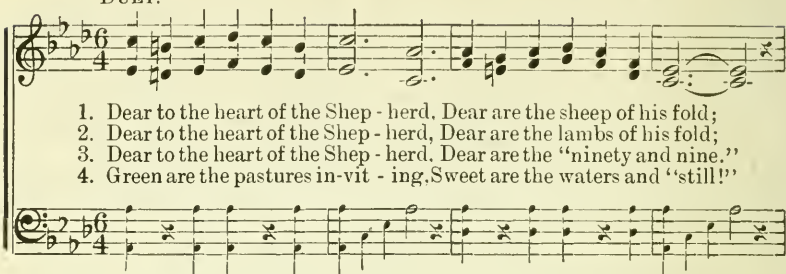
day, all my sins rolled away! For He touched me and thus made me whole (made me whole.)



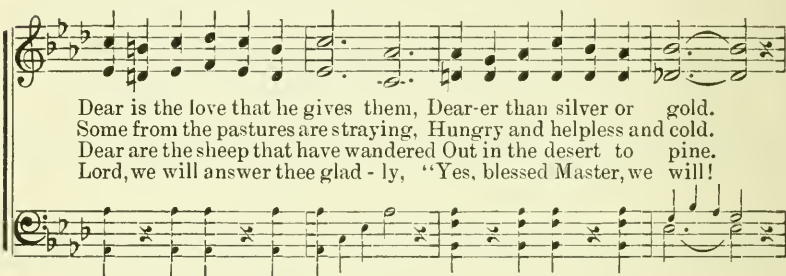
80 Dear to the Heart of the Shepherd.

Mrs. MARY B. WINGATE.
DUET.

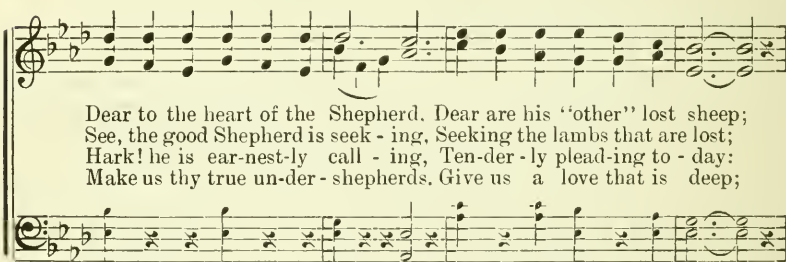
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



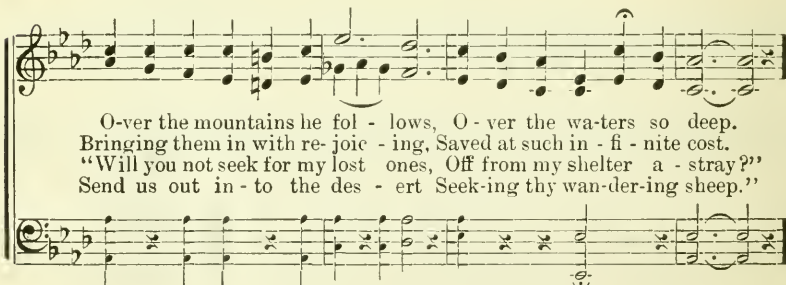
1. Dear to the heart of the Shep - herd, Dear are the sheep of his fold;
2. Dear to the heart of the Shep - herd, Dear are the lambs of his fold;
3. Dear to the heart of the Shep - herd, Dear are the "ninety and nine."
4. Green are the pastures in - vit - ing, Sweet are the waters and "still!"



Dear is the love that he gives them, Dear-er than silver or gold.
Some from the pastures are straying, Hungry and helpless and cold.
Dear are the sheep that have wandered Out in the desert to pine.
Lord, we will answer thee glad - ly, "Yes, blessed Master, we will!"



Dear to the heart of the Shepherd, Dear are his "other" lost sheep;
See, the good Shepherd is seek - ing, Seeking the lambs that are lost;
Hark! he is ear-nest-ly call - ing, Ten-der - ly plead-ing to - day:
Make us thy true un-der - shepherds, Give us a love that is deep;



O-ver the mountains he fol - lows, O-ver the wa-ters so deep.
Bringing them in with re-joic - ing, Saved at such in - fi - nite cost.
"Will you not seek for my lost ones, Off from my shelter a - stray?"
Send us out in - to the des - ert Seek-ing thy wan-der-ing sheep."

Dear to the Heart—Concluded.

CHORUS.

poco rit.

Out in the desert they wan-der. Hun-gry and helpless and cold;

f a tempo.

Off to the res-cue he hast - ens, Bringing them back to the fold.
4th verse. Off to the rescue we'll hast - en, Bringing them back to the fold.

81

Every Day and Hour.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE.

Slowly.

1. Sav-ior, more than life to me. I am clinging, clinging close to thee;
2. Thro' this chang-ing world be-low, Lead me gently, gently as I go;
3. Let me love thee more and more, Till this fleeting, fleeting life is o'er,

Let thy pre-cious blood ap-plied, Keep me ev-er, ev-er near thy side.
Trusting thee, I can-not stray, I can nev-er, nev-er lose my way.
Till my soul is lost in love In a brighter, brighter world a-bove.

Fine.

D. S.—May thy ten - der love to me Bind me clos-er, clos-er, Lord, to thee.

REFRAIN.

D. S.

Ev-'ry day, ev-'ry hour, Let me feel thy cleans-ing pow'r;
Ev-'ry day and hour, ev-'ry day and hour,

H. N. LINCOLN.

W. H. WHITWORTH.

1. We are told of the feast and the wedding, Which the King had prepared in his home,
 2. Christ to-day spreads a banquet of mercy. And his servants invite to his home;
 3. Slight no longer the kind in-vi-ta-tion. And the message of mercy we bring;
 4. Still the Spirit so tender-ly woos you, And the Bride full of love, echoes, "Come;"

When the few that were bidden had spurned it, Many more were in-vi-ted to come.
 Sin-ner, all now is read-y and waiting, On the highways of sin cease to roam.
 O ac-cept now the bounty of Je-sus. And sit down at the feet of thy King.
 Him that heareth and will, who-so-ever, Let him come to the heavenly home.

CHORUS.

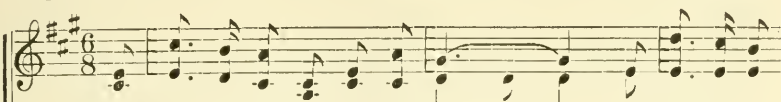
Out on the high-ways, into the by-ways, Over the moun-
 tain, o-ver the sea,..... Car-ry the mes-sage, tell of sal-

va tion, Ring out the ti-dings, "Mercy is free.".....

83 Sweet Peace, the Gift of God's Love.

F. P. B.

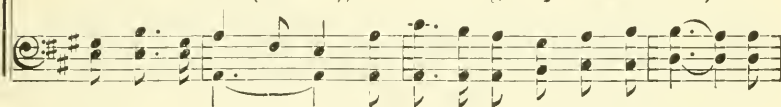
P. P. BILHORN.



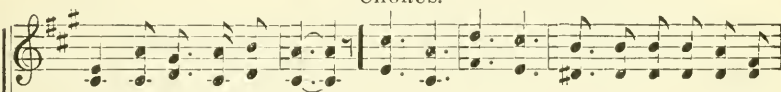
1. There comes to my heart one sweet strain (sweet strain), A glad and a
2. Thro' Christ on the cross peace was made (was made), My debt by his
3. When Je - sus as Lord I had crowned (had crowned), My heart with this
4. In Je - sus at peace I a - bide (a - bide), And while I keep



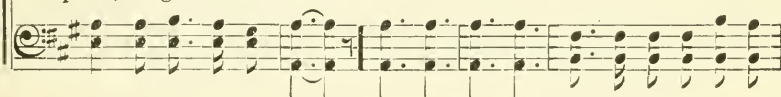
joy - ous re - frain (re - frain), I sing it a - gain and a - gain, Sweet death was all paid (all paid). No oth - er foun - da - tion is laid For peace did a - bound (a - bound), In him a rich bless - ing I found, Sweet close to his side (his side), There's nothing but peace can be - tide, Sweet



CHORUS.



peace, the gift of God's love.
 peace, the gift of God's love.
 peace, the gift of God's love.
 peace, the gift of God's love. } Peace, peace, sweet peace, Won - der - ful gift from a -



bove: O wonderful, wonderful peace, Sweet peace, the gift of God's love.
 a - bove;



E. E. HEWITT.

G. W. ELDERKIN.

1. Who will come in faith-ful con - se - cra - tion, Who will hear - en
 2. Room for all a - mong his will - ing la - br'ers, Ev - 'ry gift for
 3. Has - ten, then, to do the Master's bid - ding, Fol - low where his
 4. Come, O come, in faith-ful con - se - cra - tion, Yield your - self his

to the Master's call? Who will of - fer love's de - light - ful serv - ice,
 him may we em - ploy; Sow - ing, reap - ing, gath - er - ing the har - vest,
 blessed footprints lead; Low - ly tasks shall glow with heav'nly beau - ty,
 ho - ly will to do; Star - ry crowns, un - fad - ing crowns of glo - ry,

CHORUS.

From the morning to the e - ven - fall? Who..... will gladly
 They who weep shall come again with joy.
 His rich grace sup - ply - ing all our need. } Who will glad - ly say,
 Wait on high his servants good and true.

say, Lord, here am I to - day? Take me, blessed Lord, thy
 who will glad - ly say,

wondrous grace afford; Lead me in thy way. Who..... will gladly
 Who will gladly say,

In Faithful Consecration—Concluded.

say, Use me, O Lord, to - day? Who will glad-ly
Who will glad-ly say,

say, I'll work for thee to - day? Help me, Lord, I pray.

85 While Jesus Whispers to You.

WILL. E. WITTER.

H. R. PALMER.

1. { While Je - sus whispers to you. Come, sin-ner, come!
{ While we are pray-ing for you, Come, [Omit. . .] sin-ner, come!

{ Now is the time to own him, Come, sinner, come!
{ Now is the time to know him, Come, [Omit. . .] sin-ner, come!

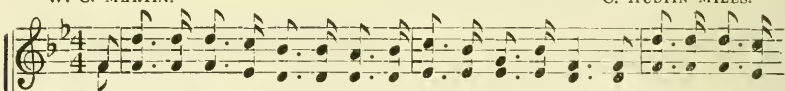
2 Are you too heavy-laden?
Come, sinner, come!
Jesus will bear your burden,
Come, sinner, come!
Jesus will not deceive you,
Come, sinner, come!
Jesus can now redeem you,
Come, sinner, come!

3 O hear his tender pleading,
Come, sinner, come!
Come and receive the blessing,
Come, sinner, come!
While Jesus whispers to you,
Come, sinner, come!
While we are praying for you,
Come, sinner, come!

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W. C. MARTIN.

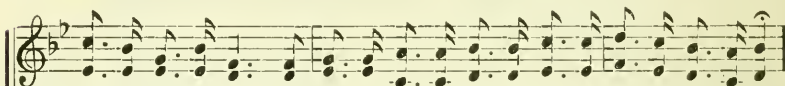
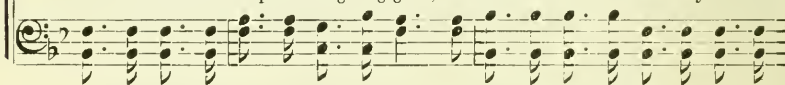
C. AUSTIN MILES.



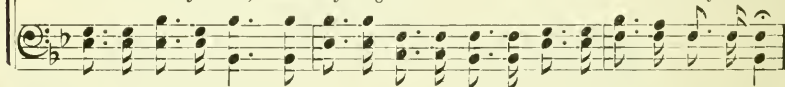
1. To Je-sus ev-'ry day I find my heart is closer drawn; He's fairer than the
2. His glo-ry broke upon me when I saw him from a-far; He's fairer than the
3. My heart is sometimes heavy, but he comes with sweet relief; He folds me to his



glo-ry of the gold and purple dawn; He's all my fan-cy pictured in its
 lil-y, brighter than the morning star; He fills and sat-is-fies my longing
 bos-om when I droop with blighting grief; I love the Christ who all my burdens



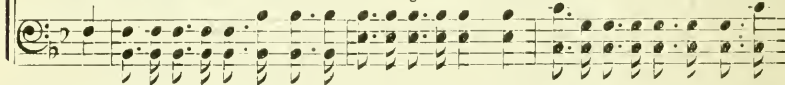
fairest dreams, and more; Each day he grows still sweeter than he was the day before.
 spirit o'er and o'er; Each day he grows still sweeter than he was the day before.
 in his bod-y bore; Each day he grows still sweeter than he was the day before.



CHORUS.



The half..... can-not be fan-cied this side..... the golden
 The half cannot be fancied on this side the golden shore. The half cannot be fancied on this



shore; Oh, there... he'll be still sweeter than he ev-er was be-fore.
 side the golden shore; Oh, there he'll be far sweeter than he ever was before, than he ev-er was be-fore.



Doing His Will.

C. H. M.

Mrs. C. H. MORRIS.

1. Just to trust in the Lord, just to lean on his word, Just to feel I am
 2. When my way darkest seems, when are blighted my dreams, Just to feel that the
 3. Then my heart will be light, then my path will be right, If I've Je-sus for

his ev-'ry day; Just to walk by his side with his Spir-it to guide, Just to
 Lord knoweth best; Just to yield to his will, just to trust and be still, Just to
 my dearest friend; Counting all loss but gain, such a friend to obtain, True and

CHORUS.

fol-low where he leads the way. Just to say what he wants me to
 lean on his bos-om and rest.
 faith-ful he'll be to the end. what he

pp

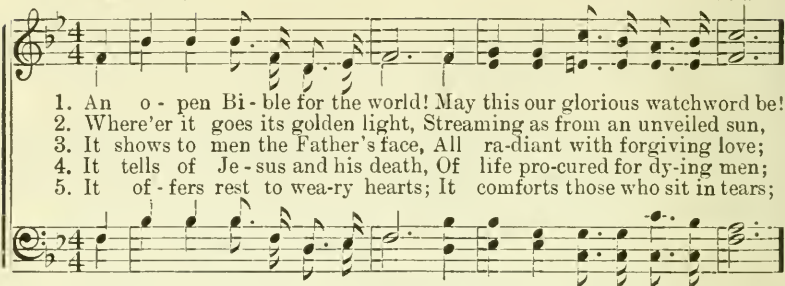
say, And be still when he whispers to me; Just to
 wants me to say, when he whispers to me;

go where he wants me to go, Just to be what he wants me to be.
 where he wants me to go,

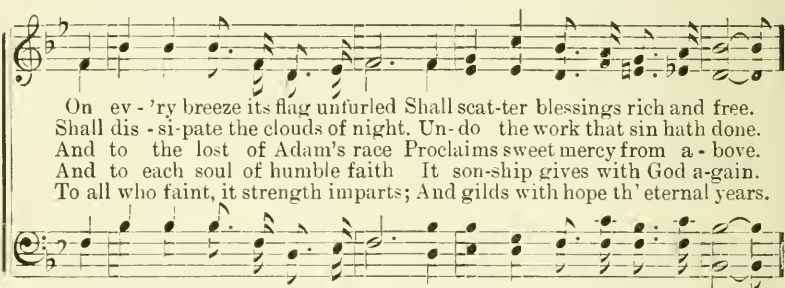
88 An Open Bible for the World.

HENRY M. KING.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.




1. An o - pen Bi - ble for the world! May this our glorious watchword be!
 2. Where'er it goes its golden light, Streaming as from an unveiled sun,
 3. It shows to men the Father's face, All ra - diant with forgiving love;
 4. It tells of Je - sus and his death, Of life pro-cured for dy-ing men;
 5. It of - fers rest to wea-ry hearts; It comforts those who sit in tears;



On ev - 'ry breeze its flag unfurled Shall scat-ter blessings rich and free.
 Shall dis - si - pate the clouds of night. Un - do the work that sin hath done.
 And to the lost of Adam's race Proclaims sweet mercy from a - bove.
 And to each soul of humble faith It son-ship gives with God a - gain.
 To all who faint, it strength imparts; And gilds with hope th' eternal years.

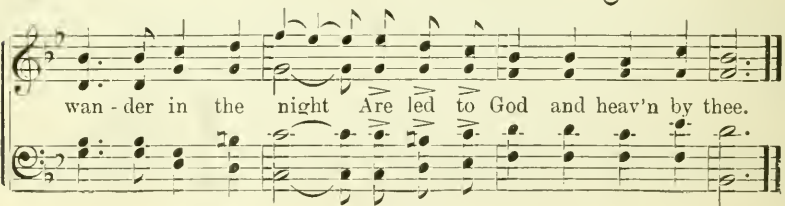
CHORUS.



Blest word of God,..... send forth thy light.....
 Blest word of God, send forth thy light



O'er ev - 'ry land and ev - 'ry sea,..... Till all who
 and ev - 'ry sea,



wan - der in the night Are led to God and heav'n by thee.

Jesus Leads.

JOHN R. CLEMENTS.
Andante.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Like a shep-herd, ten-der, true, Je-sus leads, Je-sus leads,
 2. All a-long life's rug-ged road Je-sus leads, Je-sus leads,
 3. Thro' the sun-lit ways of life Je-sus leads, Je-sus leads,
 Je-sus leads, Je-sus leads,

Dai-ly finds us pas-tures new, Je-sus leads, Je-sus leads;
 Till we reach yon blest a-bode, Je-sus leads, Je-sus leads;
 Thro' the war-rings and the strife Je-sus leads, Je-sus leads;
 Je-sus leads, Je-sus leads;

If thick mists are o'er the way, Or the flock 'mid dan-ger feeds,
 All the way be-fore he's trod, And he now the flock pre-cedes,
 When we reach the Jordan's tide, When life's boun-d'ry-line re-cedes,
 If thick mists are o'er the way, Or the flock 'mid dan-ger feeds,

He will watch them lest they stray, Je-sus leads, Je-sus leads.
 Safe in-to the fold of God Je-sus leads, Je-sus leads.
 He will spread the waves a-side, Je-sus leads, Je-sus leads.
 Je-sus leads,

Arise and Be Doing.

LLEWELLYN A. MORRISON.

G. W. ELDERKIN.

p

1. Be-lov-ed of Je-sus, go forth and God speed thee; Be swift in his
 2. To ac-tion! de-lay not! thy mis-sion sal-va-tion; The grace of thy
 3. O haste thee, nor tar-ry; stay not for the mor-row; Je-ho-vah, our
 4. O faint not nor fal-ter, tho' foes may op-press thee; Thy buck-ler and

mf

name till the end of thy days; Let Christ, the great Lead-er Om-
 go-ing each gate-way un-bars; Win souls for the day of the
 God, thy de-fense and thy might; Bear light in-to dark-ness and
 shield the im-mac-u-late word; His pow'r and the spir-it of

nip-o-tent, lead thee; His kingdom thy pleasure, his glo-ry thy praise.
 King's cor-o-na-tion; The ones who turn man-y shall shine as the stars.
 joy un-to sor-row; Be firm and be fear-less for truth and the right.
 con-quest possess thee; Thy watchword for-ev-er. The world for the Lord.

CHORUS. *f*

A-rise and be do-ing; a-bove and around thee The ranks of the
 ran-somed in pan-o-ply teem; Be val-iant in serv-ice, for

Arise and Be Doing—Concluded.

Je-sus hath crowned thee A servant of man - y to save and re-deem.

91 Evening Hymn.

H. G. JACKSON, D. D.

F. S. ROCKWELL.

1. Evening shades are soft-ly blend-ing With the daylight's parting ray,
2. Tho' the day seem long and drear - y, Work and care at twilight cease,
3. Thus when life's brief day is end - ed, And the deep'ning shades appear,

And the dream-y twilight, bend-ing O'er the couch of dy-ing day,
And the toil-ers, worn and wea - ry, Find from la-bor sweet re-lease;
By thy rod and staff de-fend-ed, E'en in death I'll feel no fear.

Gen - tly whispers, gen-tly whis-pers, "Truth and Love pass not a - way;"
Anx-ious toil-ers, anx-ious toil - ers Find in slumber rest and peace;
Bless-ed Sav-ior, bless-ed Sav - ior, Death is life when thou art near;

ad lib.
Gen - tly whis-pers, gen-tly whis-pers, "Truth and Love pass not a - way."
Anx-ious toil - ers, anx-ious toil-ers Find in slum-ber rest and peace.
Bless-ed Sav - ior, bless-ed Sav-ior, Death is life when thou art near.

1. There is rest, sweet rest, at the Master's feet, There is fa - vor now at the
 2. There is grace to help in our time of need, For our Friend above is a
 3. When our songs are glad with the joy of life, When our hearts are sad with its
 4. There is perfect peace tho' the wild waves roll; There are gifts of love for the

mer - cy - seat, For a - ton - ing blood has been sprinkled there; There is
 Friend in - deed, We may cast on Him ev - 'ry grief and care; There is
 ills and strife, When the pow'rs of sin would the soul en - snare, There is
 seek - ing soul, Till we praise the Lord in His home so fair; There is

CHORUS.

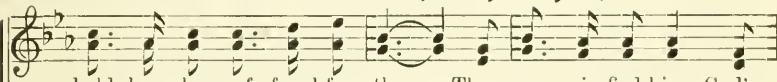
al - ways a blessing, a blessing in prayer. There's a blessing in prayer, in be -

lieving prayer; When our Savior's name to the throne we bear, Then a Father's

love will receive us there; There is al - ways a blessing, a blessing in prayer.



1. Come, sin - ner, be - hold what Je - sus hath done, Be-
2. From heav - en he came, he loved you—he died: Such
3. No pit - y - ing eye, a sav - ing arm, none, He
4. They cru - ci - fied him, and yet he for - gave, "My
5. So what will you do with Je - sus your King? Say,



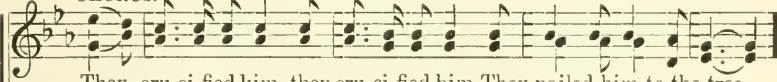
hold how he suf - fered for thee: They cru - ci - fied him, God's
love as his nev - er was known; Be - hold! on the cross your
saw us and pit - ied us then; A - lone in the fight, the
Fa - ther, for - give them," he cried, What must he have borne, the
how will you meet him at last? What plea in the day of



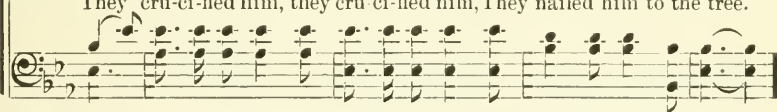
in - no - cent Son, For - sak - en, he died on the tree!
King cru - ci - fied, To make you an heir to his throne!
vic - try he won; O praise him, ye chil - dren of men.
sin - ner to save, When un - der the bur - den he died!
wrath will you bring, When of - fers of mer - cy are past?



CHORUS.

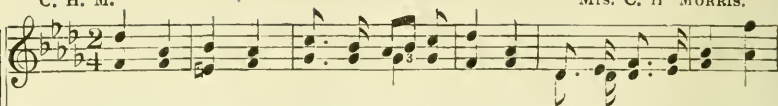


They cru-ci-fied him, they cru ci-fied him, They nailed him to the tree.

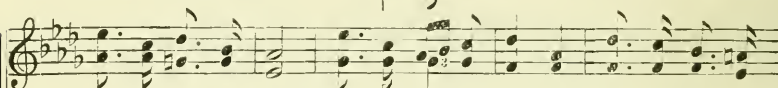
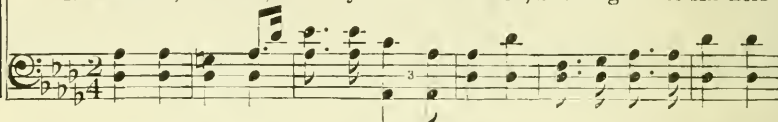


And there he died, A King cru-ci-fied, To save a poor sinner like me.
like me.

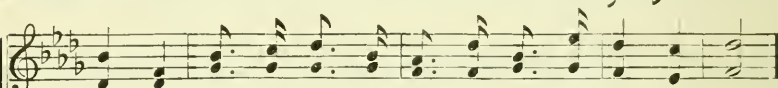
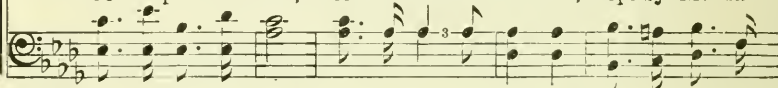




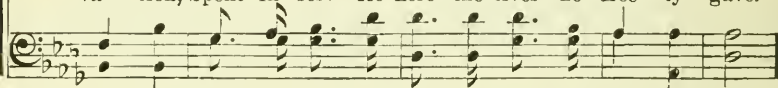
1. Want-ed, want ed, loy-al hearts are wanted, Faithful in the serv-ice
2. Want-ed, want-ed, tongues of fire are wanted. Con - se-crat-ed lips with
3. Want-ed, want-ed, helping hands are wanted, Willing hands to la - bor
4. Want-ed, want-ed, ho - ly lives are wanted, Showing un - to sin-ners



of our Lord and King; Hearts with true love burning, Hearts o'er sinners
Pen - te-cost a - flame; Free to tell the sto - ry Of his pow'r and
an - y time or where; Fields with harvest bending, God his reap-ers
Je-sus' pow'r to save; Freed from con-dem-na-tion, Kept by his sal -



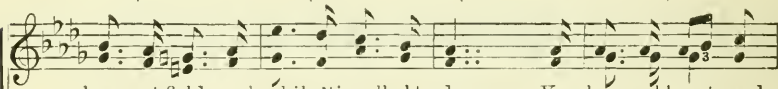
yearn-ing, Seek - ing ev - er-more the lost ones back to bring.
glo - ry, Glad to go a full sal - va - tion to pro - claim.
send - ing, Who will go the pre - cious gold - en sheaves to bear?
va - tion, Spent in serv - ice here the lives he free - ly gave.



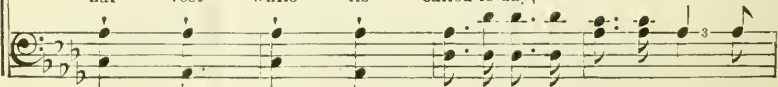
CHORUS.



Out in-to the harvest field, and la-bor while you may; Out in-to the
In the har - vest la - bor while you may; In the



har-vest field, work while 'tis called to-day; Ye loy - al hearts and
har - vest while 'tis called to-day;



Wanted—Concluded.

true, and lab'ers not a few, Wanted, wanted, the Lord hath need of you.

95 Have Faith in God.

E. E. HEWITT.

GEO. F. ROSCHE.

1. "Have faith in God," the Sav-ior said: He saw the path that we must tread,
 2. Have faith in God, tho' clouds a- rise And o- ver-spread the glowing skies;
 3. Have faith in God: a father's heart Would to his child all good im-part;
 4. Have faith in God: his word di-vine By day and night shall brightly shine,

The frequent thorn, the fa-ding flow'r, The joy or pain of ev-'ry hour.
 Tho' sun and stars grow dim and pale, His boundless love shall nev-er fail.
 Much more will he re-gard the pray'r Of those who cast on him their care.
 Un-til we pass the gates of light, And faith shall yield to blissful sight.

CHORUS. *Faster.*

O bless-ed faith! (O faith!) Its song of cheer (of cheer) Re-vives our
 The Shepherd's staff, (the staff,) The Shepherd's rod (the rod) [*Omit.*]

hope, dis-pels our fear; Still lead us on; have faith in God.
 our hope, our fear; in God.

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I Belong to the King.

IDA L. REED.

MAURICE A. CLIFTON.

SOLO OR DUET.

1. I be-long to the King. I'm a child of his love, I shall dwell in his
 2. I be-long to the King, and he loves me I know, For his mer-cy and
 3. I be-long to the King, and his promise is sure, That we all shall be

pal-ace so fair; For he tells of its bliss in yon heaven a-bove, And his
 kindness, so free, Are un-ceas-ing-ly mine, where-soe-ver I go, And my
 gathered at last In his kingdom above, by life's waters so pure, When this

CHORUS.

chil-dren its splen-dor shall share.
 ref-uge un-fail-ing is he.
 life with its tri-als is past. } I be-long to the King, I'm a

child of his love. And he nev-er for-sak-eth his own; He will call me some

day to his pal-ace a-bove, I shall dwell by his glo-ri-fied throne.

Look Up, Lift Up.

E. E. HEWITT.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Look up to Je - sus, lift up thy neigh - bor, Lead to the Sav - ior,
 2. Look up to Je - sus, lift up His ban - ner, Faith - ful - ly fol - low,
 3. Look up to Je - sus, lift up ho - san - nas, Glad hal - le - lu - jahs
 4. Look up to Je - sus, lift up a prom - ise, Trust - ful - ly, tru - ly,

tell of His power, Seek for the stray - ing, com - fort the wea - ry,
 stand for the right, Car - ry His col - ors where He may lead you,
 ring - ing a - bove, Je - sus has saved us: let joy - ful ser - vice
 pray in His name, For all the err - ing, make in - ter - ces - sion,

CHORUS.

Look up for guidance hour by hour. Look up, lift up! look up to Je - sus,
 Strive for the vic - tory in His might.
 Bear grate - ful wit - ness of His love.
 Look up! a covenant blessing claim.

Far a - bove the darkness where His glo - ries shine; Filled with His Spir - it,

Lift up thy neighbor, Then a crown, a glor - ious crown shall one day be thine.

GEORGE DUFFIELD.

ADAM GEIBEL.

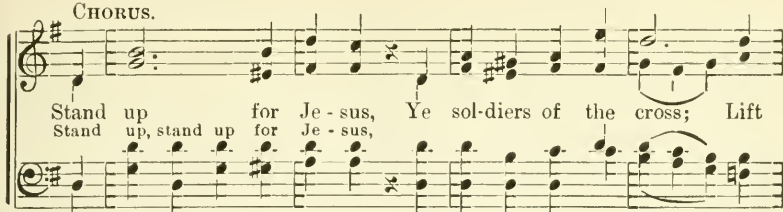
1. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, Ye soldiers of the Cross; Lift high his roy-al
 2. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, The trumpet call o-bey; Forth to the mighty
 3. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, Stand in his strength alone; The arm of flesh will
 4. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, The strife will not be long; This day the noise of

ban - ner, It must not suf-fer loss; From vict'ry un - to vic - t'ry His
 con - flict, In this his glorious day: "Ye that are men now serve him" A-
 fail you. Ye dare not trust your own: Put on the gos-pel ar-mor, Each
 bat - tle, The next the vic-tor's song; To him that o - ver - com - eth, A

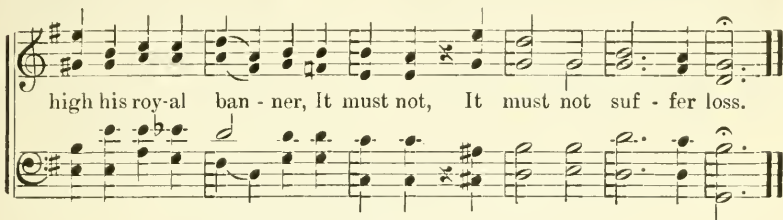
ar-my shall he lead, Till ev'-ry foe is vanquished, And Christ is Lord indeed.
 gainst unnumbered foes; Let courage rise with danger, And strength to strength op-pose.
 piece put on with prayer, Where duty calls or danger. Be never wanting there.
 crown of life shall be; He with the King of glo-ry Shall reign e-ter-nal-ly.

Stand Up for Jesus—Concluded.

CHORUS.



Stand up for Je - sus, Ye sol-diers of the cross; Lift
Stand up, stand up for Je - sus,



high his roy-al ban-ner, It must not, It must not suf-fer loss.

99

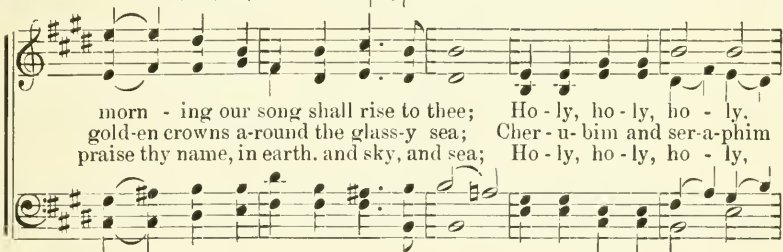
Holy, Holy, Holy.

R. HEBER.

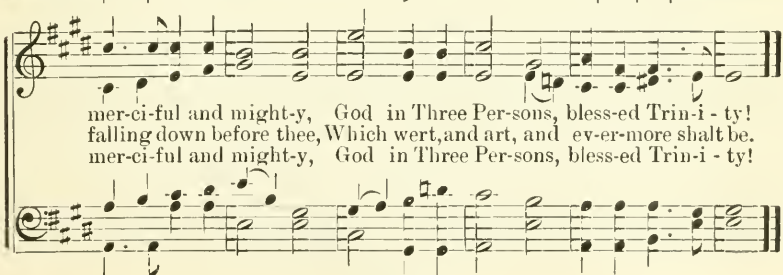
J. B. DYKES.



1. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho-ly, Lord God Al-might-y! Ear-ly in the
2. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho-ly! all the saints a-dore thee, Casting down their
3. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho-ly, Lord God Al-might-y! All thy works shall



morn-ing our song shall rise to thee; Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho-ly.
gold-en crowns a-round the glass-y sea; Cher-u-bim and ser-a-phim
praise thy name, in earth, and sky, and sea; Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho-ly,



mer-ci-ful and might-y, God in Three Per-sons, bless-ed Trin-i-ty!
falling down before thee, Which wert, and art, and ev-er-more shalt be.
mer-ci-ful and might-y, God in Three Per-sons, bless-ed Trin-i-ty!

D. K. W.

G. W. ELDERKIN.

1. Dwell on the mountain, 'tis thy priv-i - lege to know The height of God's
 2. Dwell on the mountain, 'tis the Lord that calleth thee To rise 'bove the
 3. Dwell on the mountain, 'tis Jehovah's high command, He bids thee go

love to his chil-dren be-low; Why live in the val-ley when he
 world, from its sin to be free; A - rise to the call of God, O
 up and pos-sess the good-ly land; There he now a-waits us, we shall

Fine.
 call-eth thee To rise a-bove the dark'ning clouds his light to see?
 why de-lay, Why la - bor on in dark-ness when his gift is day?
 vic-tors be, And wear a heav'nly crown thro'-out e - ter - ni - ty.

D.S.—dark and drear, And stand upon the mountain where the view is clear.

CHORUS.

Dwell on the mountain where the view is clear, Climb to its

D. S.
 tow'ning peak and to thy Lord be near; Haste from the val-ley so

101 I'll Go Where You Want Me to Go.

MARY BROWN.

CARRIE E. ROUNSEFELL.

Andante.

1. It may not be on the mountain's height, Or o-ver the storm-y sea;
 2. Perhaps to-day there are lov-ing words Which Jesus would have me speak;
 3. There's surely somewhere a low-ly place, In earth's harvest-fields so wide,

It may not be at the bat-tle's front My Lord will have need of me;
 There may be now in the paths of sin Some wand'rer whom I should seek;
 Where I may la-bor thro' life's short day For Je-sus, the Cru-ci-fied;

But if by a still, small voice he calls To paths that I do not know,
 O Sav-ior, if thou wilt be my guide, Tho' dark and rugged the way,
 So, trust-ing my all to thy ten-der care, And knowing thou lovest me,

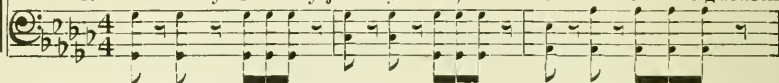
S: *Fine.*
 I'll answer, dear Lord, with my hand in thine, I'll go where you want me to go.
 My voice shall ech-o the message sweet, I'll say what you want me to say.
 I'll do thy will with a heart sincere, I'll be what you want me to be.

D. S. — I'll say what you want me to say, dear Lord, I'll be what you want me to be.
 REFRAIN. *D. S.*

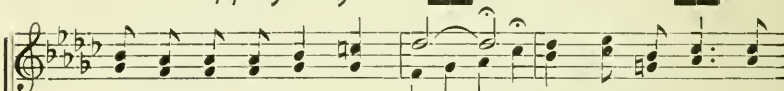
I'll go where you want me to go, dear Lord, Over mountain, or plain, or sea;



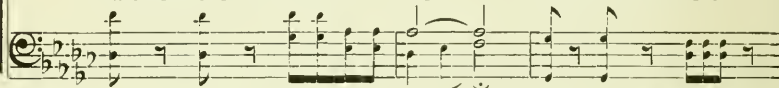
1. O golden day, when light shall break, And dawn's bright glories shall un-
2. Life's upward way, a nar-row path, Leads on to that bright dwelling-
3. I dim-ly see my journey's end, But well I know who guideth



fold,..... When He who knows the path I take Shall
place..... Where, safe from sin, and storm, and wrath, They
me;..... I fol-low him, that won-drous Friend Whose



ope for me the gates of gold..... Earth's lit-tle while will
live who trust re-deem-ing grace..... Sing, sing, my heart, a -
matchless love is full and free..... And when with him I



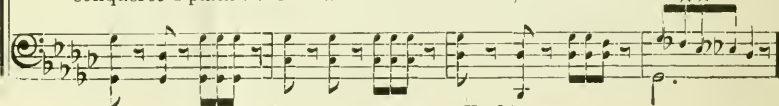
soon be past, My pil-grim song will soon be o'er, The
long the way, The grace that saves will keep and guide Till
en-ter in, And all the way look back to trace, The



a tempo.



grace that saves shall time outlast, And be my theme on yonder shore.
breaks the glorious crowning day, And I shall cross to yonder side.
conqueror's palm I then shall win Thro' Christ, and his redeeming grace.



Saving Grace—Concluded.

CHORUS.

Then I shall know, as I am known, and stand complete before the throne;

Then I shall see my Savior's face, And all my song be, "Saving grace."

103 Lord, I'm Coming Home.

W. J. K.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

With feeling.

1. I've wan-dered far a - way from God, Now I'm coming home;
2. I've wast-ed man - y pre-cious years, Now I'm coming home;
3. I'm tired of sin and stray-ing, Lord, Now I'm coming home;
4. My on - ly hope, my on - ly plea, Now I'm coming home,
5. I need his cleans-ing blood, I know, Now I'm coming home;

Fine.

The paths of sin too long I've trod; Lord, I'm coming home.
 I now re-pent with bit - ter tears; Lord, I'm coming home.
 I'll trust thy love, be - lieve thy word; Lord, I'm coming home.
 That Je - sus died, and died for me; Lord, I'm coming home.
 O wash me whit - er than the snow; Lord, I'm coming home.

D. S.—O - pen wide thine arms of love; Lord, I'm coming home.

CHORUS.

D. S.

Com-ing home, com-ing home. Nev - er more to roam;

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Mrs. MAMIE PAYNE FERGUSON.

Arranged.

1. Joys are flow-ing like a riv - er, Since the Com-fort-er has come;
 2. Spring-ing in - to life and glad-ness, All a-round this glo-ri-ous guest,
 3. Like a rain that falls from heav-en, Like the sun-light from the sky,
 4. What a won-der-ful sal - va-tion, Where we al-ways see his face,

He a - bides with us for-ev - er, Makes the trust-ing heart his home.
 Banished un - be - lief and sad - ness, And we just o - bey and rest.
 So the Ho - ly Ghost is giv - en, Com-ing on us from on high.
 What a peace-ful hab - i - ta - tion, What a 'qui - et rest-ing place.

CHORUS.

Bless - ed qui - et-ness, ho - ly qui - et-ness, What as-sur-ance in my soul;

On the storm-y sea, Speaking peace to me, How the bil-lows cease to roll.

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W. C. MARTIN.

E. S. LORENZ.

1. The name of Je - sus is so sweet, I love its mu - sic
 2. I love the name of him whose heart Knows all my griefs, and
 3. That name I fond - ly love to hear, It nev - er fails my
 4. No word of man can ev - er tell How sweet the name I

to re - peat; It makes my joys full and com - plete, The pre - cious
 bears a part; Who bids all anx - ious fears de - part— I love the
 heart to cheer, Its mu - sic dries the fall - ing tear; Ex - alt the
 love so well; O let its prais - es ev - er swell, O praise the
 The

CHORUS.

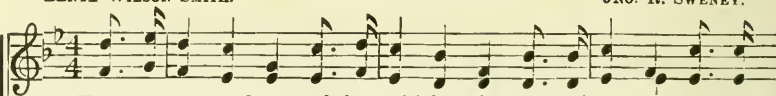
name pre - cious name of Je - sus. "Je - sus," oh, how
 pre - cious name of Je - sus.

sweet the name! "Je - sus," ev - 'ry day the same; "Je - sus," let all

saints pro - claim Its wor - thy praise for - ev - er.
 Its wor - thy praise for - ev - er.

LANTA WILSON SMITH.

JNO. R. SWENEY.



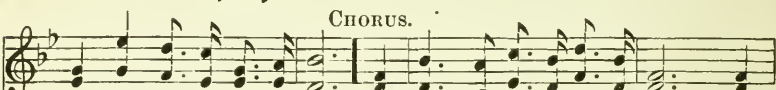
1. Hear the shout and song of the gath'ring throng. As they march in majes-
2. If you waiting stand for the Lord's command. Be as watchmen, vig-il-
3. In the march of life there is toil and strife, But no harm can reach the
4. When the dawn of peace, with its sweet release, Brings the day our hearts have



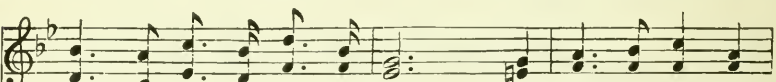
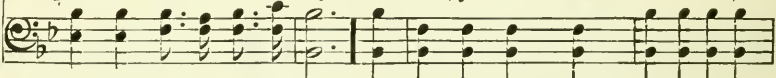
ty and might; In the strife with sin, they will sure - ly win, For a -
 ant and true; In the threat'ning harm, sound a quick a - larm. For the
 faith-ful heart; For the sword we wield, and the gos - pel shield. Turn a -
 longed to see, To the vault-ed skies, un - to God shall rise. Songs of



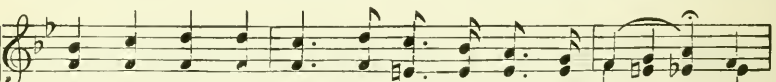
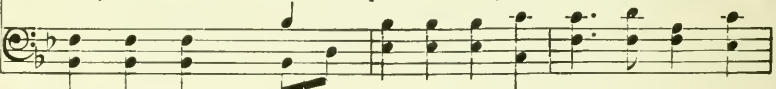
CHORUS.



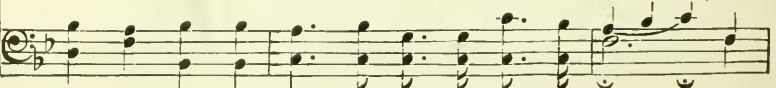
bove them rules the God of Right. Be brave, ye soldiers of the cross, Be
 conquest may depend on you. }
 side the tempter's cru-el dart. Be brave, ye sol - diers of the cross, Be
 praise and shouts of vic-to-ry.



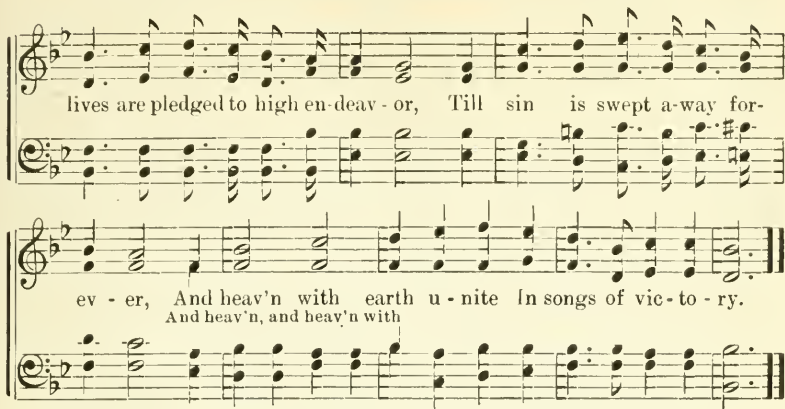
strong to suf - fer pain or loss; The Great Com-mand-er
 strong to suf - fer pain or loss;



trusts in you, Be val - iant, faith-ful, firm and true; Your
 be true;



Soldiers of the Cross—Concluded.

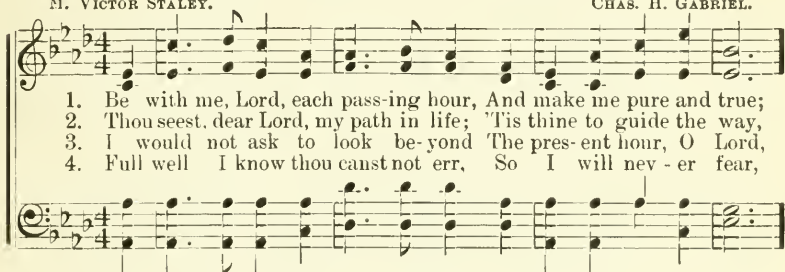


lives are pledged to high en-deav-or, Till sin is swept a-way for-
 ev-er, And heav'n with earth u-nite In songs of vic-to-ry.
 And heav'n, and heav'n with

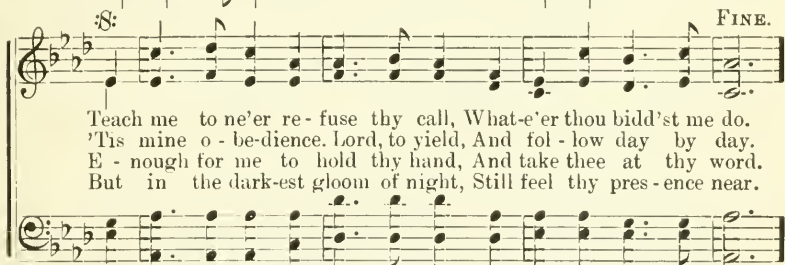
107 Teach Me to be True.

M. VICTOR STALEY.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



1. Be with me, Lord, each pass-ing hour, And make me pure and true;
2. Thou seest, dear Lord, my path in life; 'Tis thine to guide the way,
3. I would not ask to look be-yond The pres-ent hour, O Lord,
4. Full well I know thou canst not err, So I will nev-er fear,

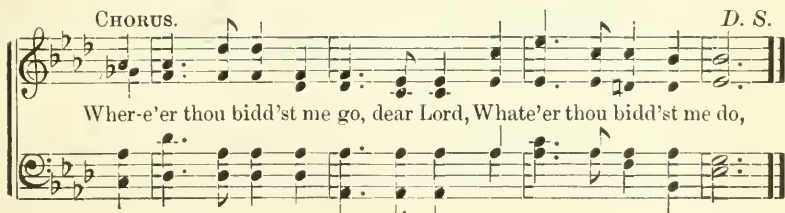


Teach me to ne'er re-fuse thy call, What-e'er thou bidd'st me do.
 'Tis mine o-be-dience. Lord, to yield, And fol-low day by day.
 E-nough for me to hold thy hand, And take thee at thy word.
 But in the dark-est gloom of night, Still feel thy pres-ence near.

D. S.—Make me o-be-dient to thy will, And teach me to be true.

CHORUS.

D. S.



Wher-e'er thou bidd'st me go, dear Lord, What-e'er thou bidd'st me do,

REV. HENRY BURTON.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Have you had a kindness shown? Pass it on, pass it on! 'Twas not
 2. Did you hear the lov-ing word? Pass it on, pass it on! Like the
 3. Have you found the heav'n-ly light? Pass it on, pass it on! Souls are

giv'n for thee a-lone, Pass it on, pass it on! Let it trav-el down the
 sing-ing of a bird? Pass it on, pass it on! Let its mu-sic live and
 grop-ing in the night, Daylight gone, daylight gone! Hold your lighted lamp on

years, Let it wipe an-oth-er's tears, Till in heav'n the deed ap-pears,
 grow, Let it cheer an-oth-er's woe; You have reaped what oth-ers sow,
 high, Be a star in some-one's sky, He may live who else would die,

*D. S.—Christ, you live a-gain; Live for him, with him you reign;
 Fine. CHORUS.*

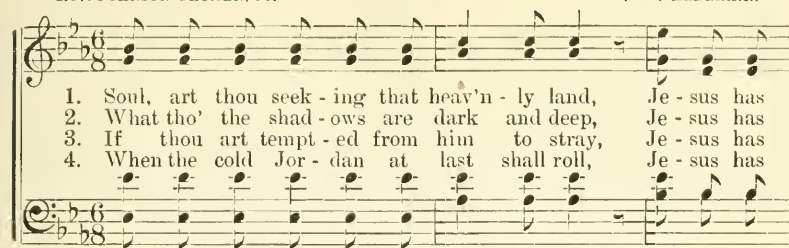
Pass it on, pass it on! Pass it on, pass it on! Cheer-ful
 Pass it on, pass it on!

D. S.
 word or living deed, Pass it on! Live for self, you live in vain; Live for
 Pass it on!

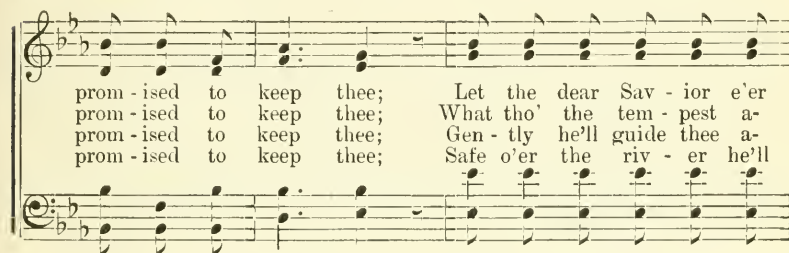
109 Jesus Has Promised to Keep Thee.

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr.

G. W. ELDERKIN.



1. Soul, art thou seek - ing that heav'n - ly land, Je - sus has
 2. What tho' the shad - ows are dark and deep, Je - sus has
 3. If thou art tempt - ed from him to stray, Je - sus has
 4. When the cold Jor - dan at last shall roll, Je - sus has

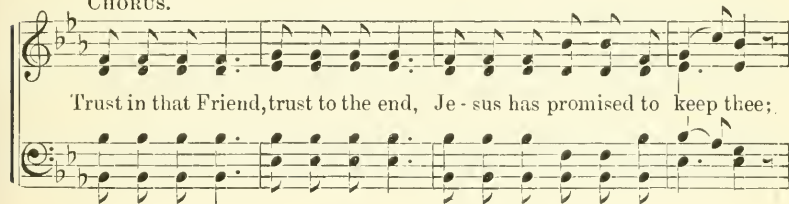


prom - ised to keep thee; Let the dear Sav - ior e'er
 prom - ised to keep thee; What tho' the tem - pest a -
 prom - ised to keep thee; Gen - tly he'll guide thee a -
 prom - ised to keep thee; Safe o'er the riv - er he'll

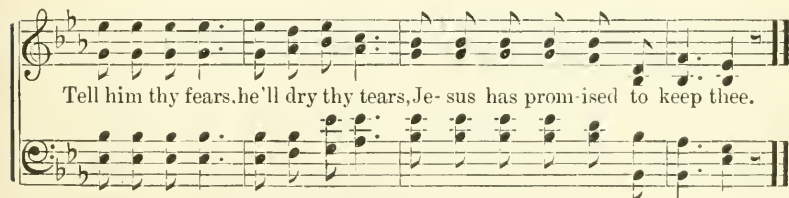


hold thy hand, Je - sus has prom - ised to keep thee.
 round may sweep, Je - sus has prom - ised to keep thee.
 long life's way, Je - sus has prom - ised to keep thee.
 bear thy soul, Je - sus has prom - ised to keep thee.

CHORUS.



Trust in that Friend, trust to the end, Je - sus has promised to keep thee;



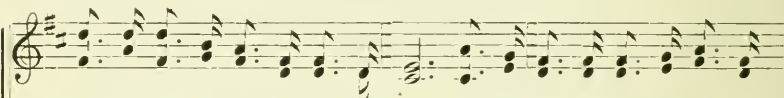
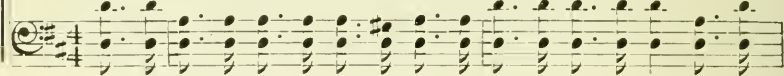
Tell him thy fears, he'll dry thy tears, Je - sus has prom - ised to keep thee.

EDGAR LEWIS.

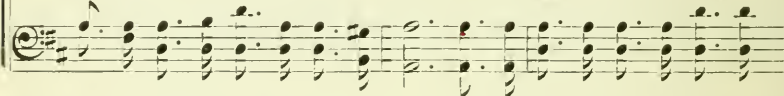
L. E. JONES.



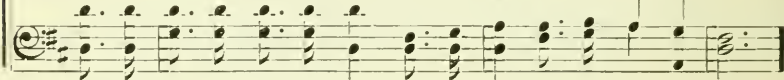
1. There will come a blessed morning, shadows then will disappear, And the
2. Soon will Je - sus call his children to be with him o-ver there, Soon a
3. Soon the trump of God shall echo o'er the mountain and the plain, Then the



heart be free from sorrow and from sin; It will be a wondrous gath'ring
 crown of life the ransomed soul shall win; There'll be shouting and rejoicing,
 gath'ring from the nations shall be-gin; Ev'-ry heart shall then in rapture



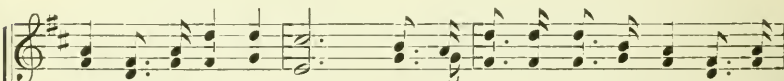
from the na-tions far and near, When the ranks of the saved march in.
 there'll be raiment white and fair, When the ranks of the saved march in.
 tell of Je - sus' love a-gain, While the ranks of the saved march in.



CHORUS.



When the ranks of the saved thro' the gates march in, When the



ranks of the saved march in; Kept by his re-deem-ing grace, I shall
 come marching in; Kept by grace,



When the Ranks March In.—Concluded.

see the Sav-ior's face When the ranks of the saved march in.
When the ranks come march-ing in.

111 Jesus Has Lifted the Load.

E. E. HEWITT.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. The trust-ing heart to Je - sus clings, Nor an - y ill for - bodes,
2. The pass-ing days bring man-y cares, 'Fear not,' I hear him say,
3. He tells me of my Fa-ther's love, And nev - er-slumb'ring eye;
4. When to the throne of grace I flee, I find the prom-ise true,

But at the cross of Cal - v'ry sings, Praise God for lift-ed loads!
And when my fears are turned to pray'rs, The bur-dens slip a - way.
My ev - er - last-ing King a - bove Will all my needs sup - ply.
The might-y arms up-hold-ing me Will bear my bur-dens too.

CHORUS.

Singing I go a - long life's road, Prais-ing the Lord, prais-ing the Lord,

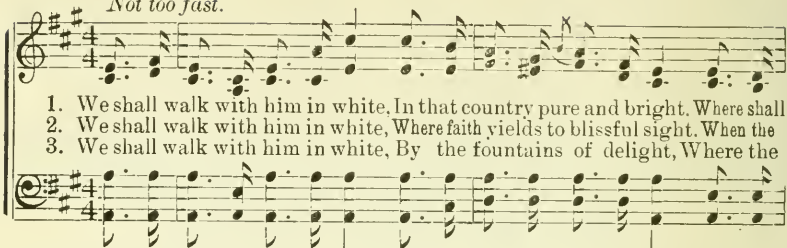
rit. ad lib.

Singing I go a - long life's road, For Je - sus has lift-ed my load.

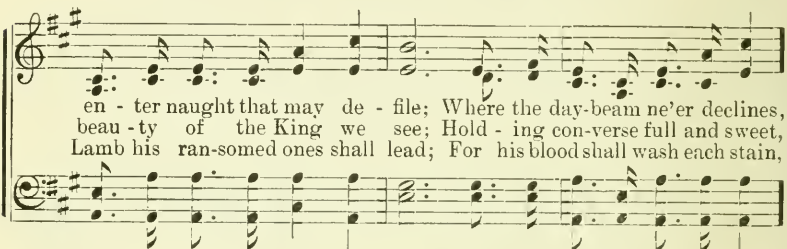
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E. E. HEWITT.

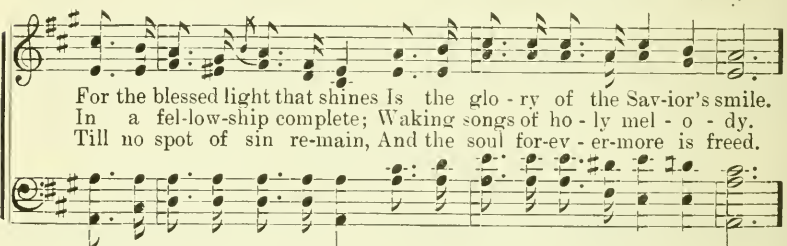
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

Not too fast.


1. We shall walk with him in white, In that country pure and bright. Where shall
2. We shall walk with him in white, Where faith yields to blissful sight. When the
3. We shall walk with him in white, By the fountains of delight, Where the



en - ter naught that may de - file; Where the day-beam ne'er declines,
beau - ty of the King we see; Hold - ing con-verse full and sweet,
Lamb his ran-somed ones shall lead; For his blood shall wash each stain,



For the blessed light that shines Is the glo - ry of the Sav-ior's smile.
In a fel-low-ship complete; Waking songs of ho - ly mel - o - dy.
Till no spot of sin re-main, And the soul for-ev - er-more is freed.

CHORUS.



Beau - ti - ful robes.... Beau - ti - ful robes.... Beau - ti - ful robes,
Beau-ti-ful robes, beau-ti-ful robes, Beautiful robes, beau-ti-ful robes,



Beau - ti - ful robes we then shall wear....
Beau-ti - ful robes we then shall wear, Beau-ti - ful robes we then shall wear,

Beautiful Robes—Concluded.

Gar - ments of light, Love - ly and bright,
Garments of light, garments of light, Lovely and bright, love-ly and bright,

Walk-ing with Je - sus in white, Beau-ti - ful robes we shall wear.

113 Jesus Is Calling the Children.

T. W. S.

GEO. MARKS EVANS.

1. Je - sus is call-ing the chil-dren Un - to his side; O - pens his
2. Je - sus is call-ing the chil-dren, Why should they stay Out in the
3. Je - sus is call-ing the chil-dren, Call - ing to - day; Has - ten, each
4. Je - sus is call-ing the chil-dren; Here, Lord, are we, Safe in the

REFRAIN.

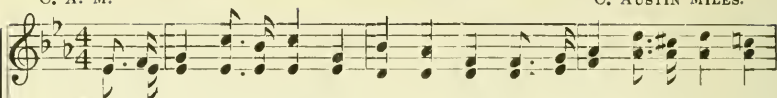
arms to re - ceive them, O - pens them wide,
wil - der-ness wand'ring, Go - ing a - stray? } Gen - tly to lead them,
one, for his bless-ing, Do not de - lay. }
Good Shepherd's keeping Ev - er to be.

Guard them and keep them, Je - sus is call - ing The lambs to his fold.

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C. A. M.

C. AUSTIN MILES.



1. As of old when the hosts of Is - ra - el Were compelled in the wil-der-
2. To and fro as a ship with-out a sail, Not a compass to guide them
3. All the days of their wand'rings they were fed, To the land of the promise



ness, to dwell, Trusting they in their God to lead the way To the
thro' the vale, But the sign of their God was ev - er near, Thus their
they were led; By the hand of the Lord, in guidance sure, They were



CHORUS.



light of per - fect day, }
fainting hearts to cheer. } So the sign of the fire by night. And the
brought to Canaan's shore. }



sign of the cloud by day, Hov'ring o'er, just be-fore, As they journey



on their way, Shall a guide and a leader be, Till the wilderness be past,



The Cloud and Fire—Concluded.

For the Lord our God in his own good time Shall lead to the light at last.

115

The Inner Circle

FLORA KIRKLAND.

W. S. WEEDEN.

1. Have you heard the voice of Je - sus Whisper. "I have chos-en you?"
2. As the first dis - ci-ples fol - lowed, As they went where'er he sent,
3. Or, if he shall choose to send us On some er-rand in his name,
4. Mas-ter, at thy foot-stool kneeling, We, thy chil-dren, humbly wait;

Does he tell you in com-mun - ion What he wish-es you to do?
 So to - day we, too, may fol - low, On his lead-ing still in - tent.
 We can serve him as dis - ci - ples, For our place is just the same.
 Lead us, send us, bless us, use us, Till we en - ter heav-en's gate.

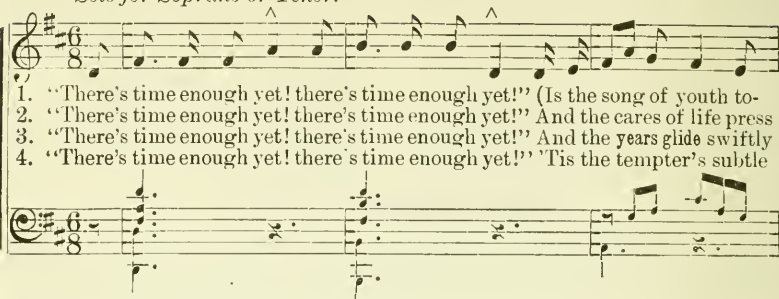
CHORUS.

Are you in the in-ner cir-cle? Have you heard the Mas-ter's call?
 Are you in the in-ner cir - cle? Have y u heard the Master's call?

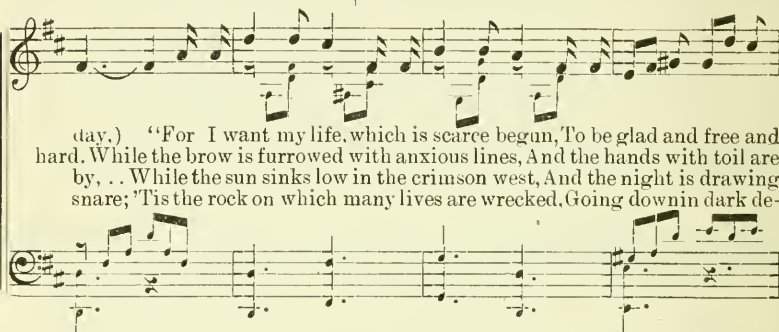
Have you giv'n your life to Je - sus? Is he now your All in all?
 Have you giv'n your life to Je - sus?

C. H. M.

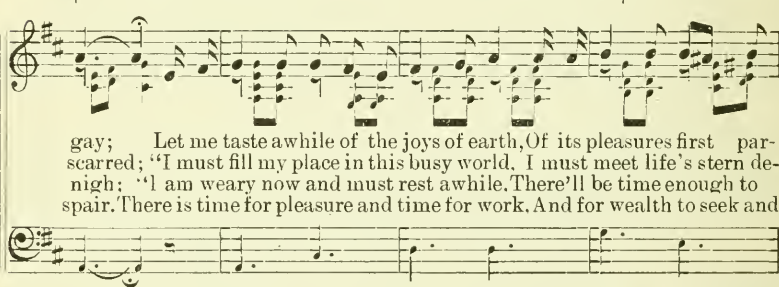
Mrs. C. H. MORRIS.

Solo for Soprano or Tenor.


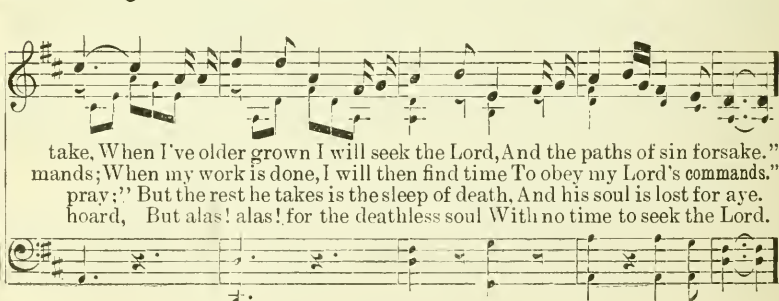
1. "There's time enough yet! there's time enough yet!" (Is the song of youth to-
2. "There's time enough yet! there's time enough yet!" And the cares of life press
3. "There's time enough yet! there's time enough yet!" And the years glide swiftly
4. "There's time enough yet! there's time enough yet!" 'Tis the tempter's subtle



day.) "For I want my life, which is scarce begun, To be glad and free and hard, While the brow is furrowed with anxious lines, And the hands with toil are by, . . . While the sun sinks low in the crimson west, And the night is drawing snare; 'Tis the rock on which many lives are wrecked, Going down in dark de-



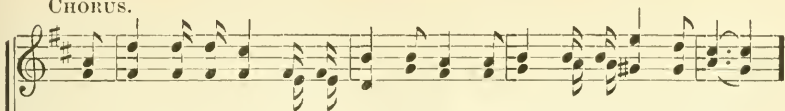
gay; Let me taste awhile of the joys of earth, Of its pleasures first par-scarred; "I must fill my place in this busy world, I must meet life's stern de-nigh; "I am weary now and must rest awhile, There'll be time enough to spair. There is time for pleasure and time for work, And for wealth to seek and



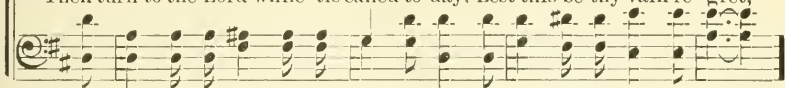
take, When I've older grown I will seek the Lord, And the paths of sin forsake." mands; When my work is done, I will then find time To obey my Lord's commands." pray;" But the rest he takes is the sleep of death, And his soul is lost for aye. hoard, But alas! alas! for the deathless soul With no time to seek the Lord.

There's Time Enough Yet—Concluded.

CHORUS.



Then turn to the Lord while 'tis called to-day, Lest this be thy vain re-gret,



That my soul is lost, and my life is wrecked On the rock of 'time enough yet.'



117

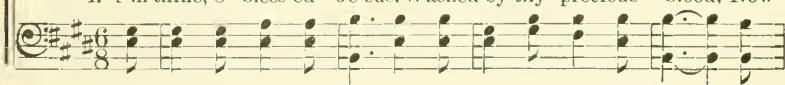
Consecration.

Mrs. MARY D. JAMES.

Mrs. JOS. F. KNAPP.



1. My bod - y, soul, and spir - it, Je - sus, I give to thee, A
2. O Je - sus, might-y Sav - ior, I trust in thy great name, I
3. O let the fire de-scend-ing Just now up - on my soul, Con-
4. I'm thine, O bless-ed Je-sus, Washed by thy precious blood, Now



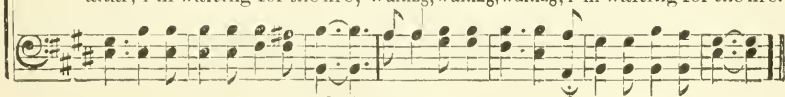
REFRAIN.



con - se-crat - ed off'ring, Thine ev-er-more to be.
look for thy sal - va-tion, Thy promise now I claim.
sume my humble off'ring, And cleanse and make me whole. } My all is on the
seal me by thy Spir-it, A sac - ri-fice to God. }



altar, I'm waiting for the fire; Waiting, waiting, waiting, I'm waiting for the fire.



FANNY J. CROSBY.

CLARISSA H. SPENCER.

1. The Lord is our Shepherd, precious Friend and Guide, We'll trust him ever,
 2. Thro' sun-shine or tem-pest, o-ver land or sea, What-e'er be-falls us,
 3. The Lord is our Keep-er, watch-ing ev-er near, In him con-fid-ing,

trust him ev-er, walk-ing by his side; Be this our en-deav-or, faithful-
 where he calls us, quickly we would be; The toils that a-wait us tho' we
 firm a-biding, wherefore should we fear? We'll cling to the prom-ise left us

ly to show, Where Jesus leads, our will-ing feet be-side him still shall go.
 can-not know, At his command with heart and hand beside him we will go.
 here be-low, And where-so-e'er he lead-eth us be-side him we will go.

CHORUS.

We'll go, we'll go, we'll glad-ly, glad-ly go, Tho' skies are
 We'll go, we'll go, Tho' skies

dark, and chill-y winds may blow, The lost to find, or
 are dark, The lost to find,

Gladly We Will Go—Concluded.

bravely meet the foe; Wherev-er Je-sus calls us, we'll glad-ly, glad-ly go.

119 Nearer, Still Nearer.

C. H. M.

Mrs. C. H. MORRIS.

1. Near-er, still near-er, close to thy heart. Draw me, my Sav-ior, so
2. Near-er, still near-er, noth-ing I bring, Naught as an of-f'ring to
3. Near-er, still near-er; Lord, to be thine, Sin, with its fol-lies, I
4. Near-er, still near-er, while life shall last, Till safe in glo-ry my

pre-cious thou art; Fold me, O fold me close to thy breast, Shel-ter me
Je - sus my King; On - ly my sin-ful, now contrite heart, Grant me the
glad-ly re - sign, All of its pleasures, pomp and its pride; Give me but
an - chor is cast; Thro' end-less a - ges, ev-er to be, Near-er, my

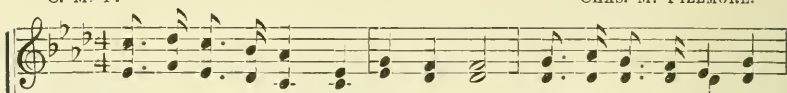
safe in that "Haven of Rest," Shelter me safe in that "Ha-ven of Rest."
cleansing thy blood doth impart, Grant me the cleansing thy blood doth impart.
Je - sus, my Lord cru-ci-fied, Give me but Je-sus, my Lord cru-ci-fied.
Sav-ior, still near-er to thee, Near-er, my Sav-ior, still near-er to thee.

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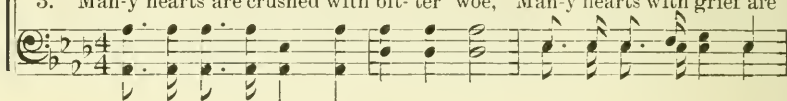
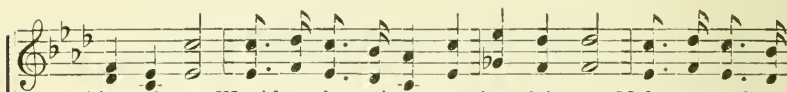
120 Make Some Other Heart Rejoice.

C. M. F.


CHAS. M. FILLMORE.



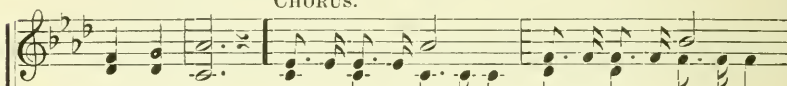
1. Would you know earth's highest hap-pi - ness, Would you know its greatest
 2. Pleas-ant smiles will cheer a droop-ing heart. Kind-ly words re-lieve a
 3. Man-y hearts are crushed with bit-ter woe, Man-y hearts with grief are


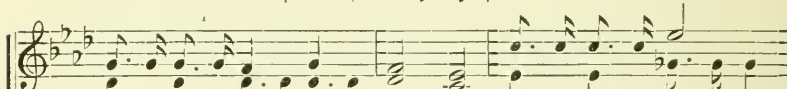
bless ed-ness, Would you know its tru-est joy - ful-ness, Make some oth-er
 bit-ter smart, Helping hands to weakness strength impart, Make some oth-er
 bend-ing low, Man-y hearts need help you can be - stow. Make some oth-er



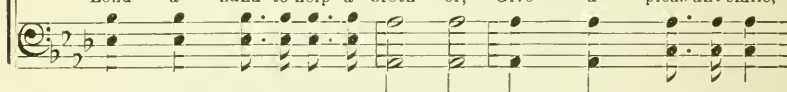
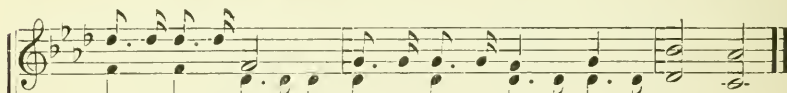
CHORUS.



heart re - joice. Give a pleasant smile, Speak a kindly word.
 Give a pleas-ant smile, Speak a kind-ly word,

Lend a hand to help a broth - er; Give a pleas-ant smile,
 Lend a hand to help a broth - er; Give a pleas-ant smile,

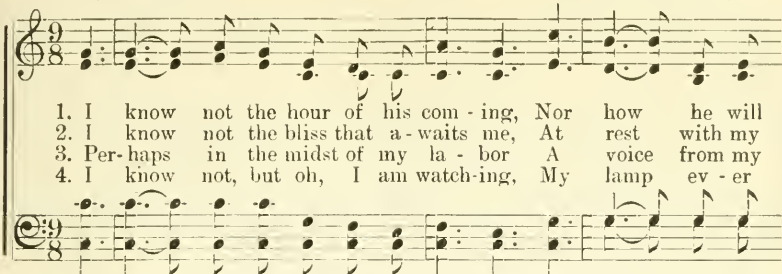
Speak a kindly word, Lend a hand to help an - oth - er.
 Speak a kind-ly word, Lend a hand to help an-oth - er.



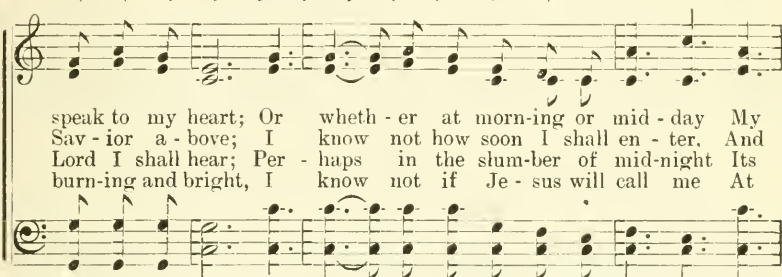
121 Mine Eyes Shall Behold Him.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

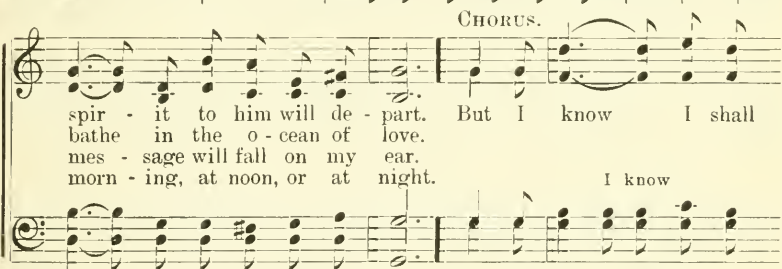


1. I know not the hour of his com - ing, Nor how he will
 2. I know not the bliss that a - waits me, At rest with my
 3. Per - haps in the midst of my la - bor A voice from my
 4. I know not, but oh, I am watch - ing, My lamp ev - er

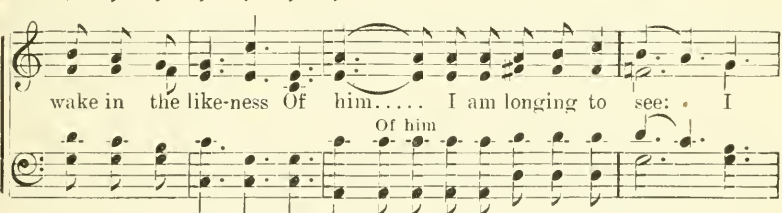


speak to my heart; Or wheth - er at morn - ing or mid - day My
 Sav - ior a - bove; I know not how soon I shall en - ter. And
 Lord I shall hear; Per - haps in the slum - ber of mid - night Its
 burn - ing and bright, I know not if Je - sus will call me At

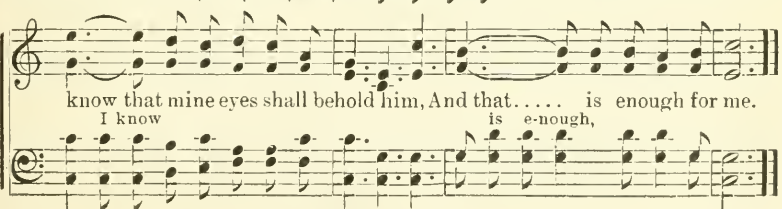
CHORUS.



spir - it to him will de - part. But I know I shall
 bathe in the o - cean of love.
 mes - sage will fall on my ear.
 morn - ing, at noon, or at night. I know



wake in the like - ness Of him. . . . I am longing to see: I
 Of him



know that mine eyes shall behold him, And that. . . . is enough for me.
 I know is e - nough,

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R. C. M.

ROBT. C. MARQUIS.



1. Leaves, on-ly leaves, was the fig-tree's crown, Tho' it promised ripe fruitage as
2. Leaves, on-ly leaves, will the Mas-ter find If perchance he may pass me to-
3. Leaves, on-ly leaves, aft-er years of care, Has God's goodness been wasted on
4. Sheaves, golden sheaves, by the Spirit's pow'r, Will I lay at the Mas-ter's



well; Leaves, withered leaves, ah! so parched and brown. A sad sto-ry of
 day; Leaves, on - ly leaves, and no fruit entwined, Will my Lord be com-
 me; Leaves, on - ly leaves, shall this be my share From God's hand thro' e-
 feet; Sheaves, golden sheaves, in the heav'nly bow'r Shall be waiting my



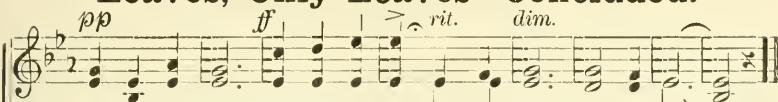
life they tell. Use-less and wast-ed its years have all been,
 pelled to say. Hun-gry and wea-ry he comes to my door,
 ter - ni - ty. Vain-ly he send-eth me blessings each day,
 soul to greet. Humbly and fer-vent-ly, Lord, I be - seech,



Why should it long - er be spared? . . . Leaves, on - ly leaves,
 Will he find fruit, and a - bide? . . . Leaves, on - ly leaves,
 Vain - ly he com - eth to find . . . Leaves, on - ly leaves,
 Give me great pow - er to win . . . Souls, ru - ined souls,
 O my Mas - ter,



Leaves, Only Leaves—Concluded.



leaves, on - ly leaves, Je - sus has passed, and found leaves, on - ly leaves.
 leaves, on - ly leaves, Gath'ring time's past, and I've leaves, on - ly leaves.
 leaves, on - ly leaves, Gath'ring time's past, and I've leaves, on - ly leaves.
 souls, precious souls, Gath'ring time's pass-ing, give souls, oh, give souls.

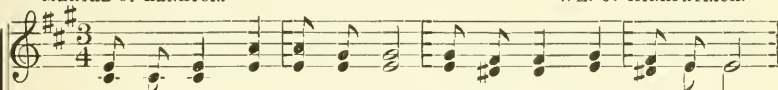


123

I Will Go.

MARTHA J. LANKTON.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



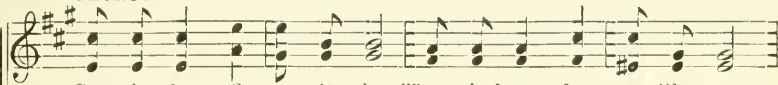
1. I will go, I can - not stay From the arms of love a - way;
2. Tho' I long have tried in vain. Tried to break the tempter's chain,
3. I am lost, and yet I know Earth can nev - er heal my woe;
4. Something whispers in my soul, Tho' my sins like mountains roll,
5. I o - bey the Sav - ior's call. Now to him I yield my all,



O for strength of faith to say, Je - sus died for me.
 Yet to - night I'll try a - gain, Je - sus, help thou me.
 I will rise at once and go, Je - sus died for me.
 Je - sus' blood will make me whole, Je - sus died for me.
 At his feet, where oth - ers fall, There's a place for me.



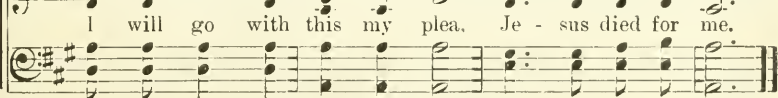
CHORUS.



Can it be, O can it be There is hope for one like me?



rit.
 I will go with this my plea, Je - sus died for me.



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C. H. M.

DUET. *With feeling.*

Mrs. C. H. MORRIS.

1. My stub-born will at last hath yield-ed; I would be
 2. I'm tired of sin, foot-sore and wea-ry, The dark-some
 3. Thy pre-cious will, O con-qu'ring Sav-ior, Doth now em-
 4. Shut in with thee, O Lord, for-ev-er, My way-ward

thine, and thine a-lone; And this the pray'r... my lips are
 path hath drear-y grown, But now a light.... has ris'n to
 brace and com-pass me; All dis-cords hushed... my peace a
 feet no more to roam; What pow'r from thee..... my soul can

Rit.

CHORUS.

bring-ing, Lord, let in me thy will be done.
 cheer me; I find in thee my Star, my Sun. } Sweet will of God, still
 riv-er, My soul, a prisoned bird, set free.
 sev-er? The cen-tre of God's will my home.

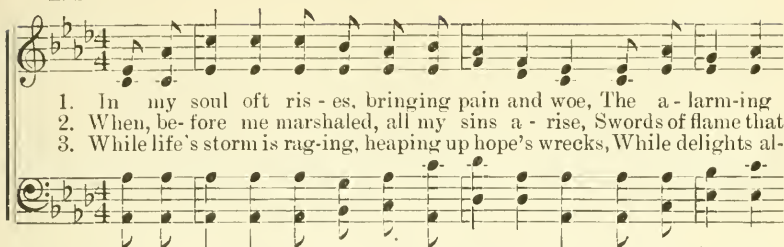
fold me clos-er, Till I am whol-ly lost in thee; Sweet will of

God, still fold me clos-er, Till I am whol-ly lost in thee.

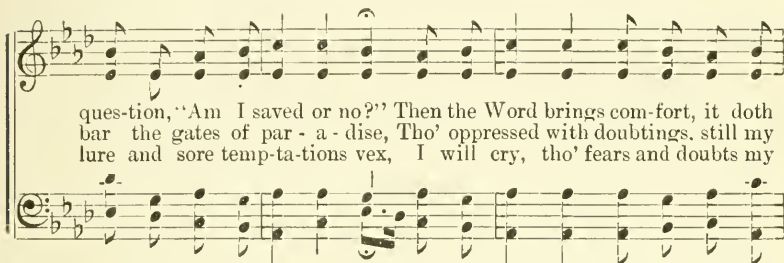
125 Christ, the Rock, Stands Fast.

E. S. L.

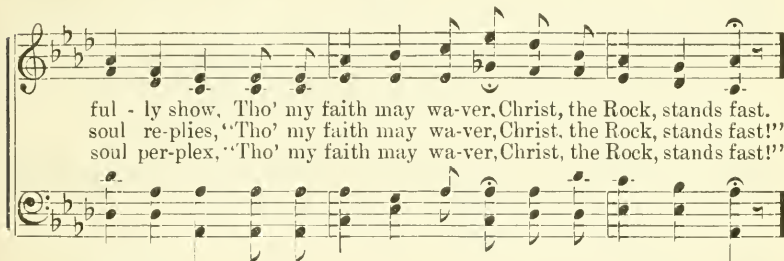
E. S. LORENZ.



1. In my soul oft ris - es, bringing pain and woe, The a - larm - ing
 2. When, be - fore me marshaled, all my sins a - rise, Swords of flame that
 3. While life's storm is rag - ing, heaping up hope's wrecks, While delights al -

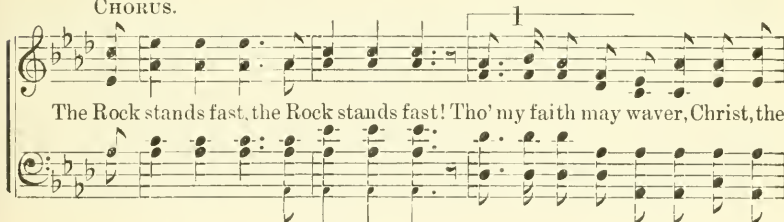


ques - tion, "Am I saved or no?" Then the Word brings com - fort, it doth
 bar the gates of par - a - dise, Tho' oppressed with doubtings, still my
 lure and sore temp - ta - tions vex, I will cry, tho' fears and doubts my

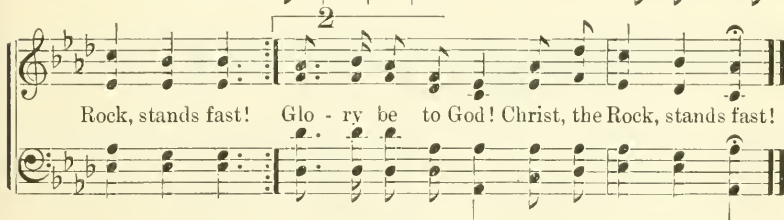


ful - ly show, Tho' my faith may wa - ver, Christ, the Rock, stands fast.
 soul re - plies, "Tho' my faith may wa - ver, Christ, the Rock, stands fast!"
 soul per - plex, "Tho' my faith may wa - ver, Christ, the Rock, stands fast!"

CHORUS.



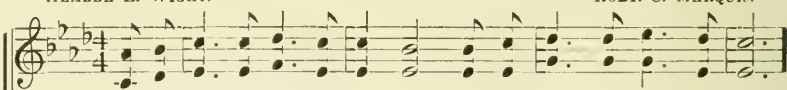
The Rock stands fast, the Rock stands fast! Tho' my faith may waver, Christ, the



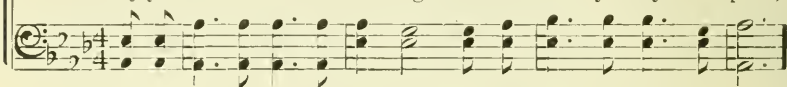
Rock, stands fast! Glo - ry be to God! Christ, the Rock, stands fast!

ALMEDA E. WIGHT.

ROBT. C. MARQUIS.



1. 'Tis a sweet and ten-der sto-ry, How the Fa-ther from a-bove
2. 'Tis the ver-y same old sto-ry That has warmed the cold world's heart
3. Say you not that un-a-vail-ing Seem the words you try to speak;



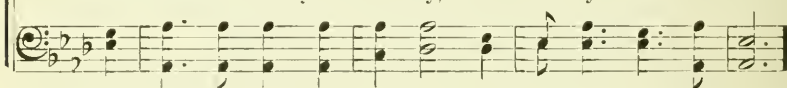
Looked down on his err-ing chil-dren With the pitying eyes of love;
Thro' the centuries that have vanished, But its charm can ne'er de-part;
Trust the Ho-ly Spir-it's unc-tion. It shall strengthen what is weak;



How he sent his well-be-lov-ed, For-give-ness to un-fold;
There are souls that have not heard it, Some hearts so strange-ly cold,
Go ye forth to do his bid-ding; The truth shall make you bold;



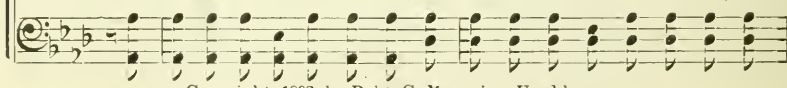
That sweet and ten-der sto-ry, O Chris-tian, must be told.
To these, O fal-t'ring Christian, The sto-ry must be told.
Tho' few shall heed your sto-ry, That sto-ry must be told.



CHORUS.



It must be told. It must be told. The
It must be told, it must be told, It must be told, it must be told, The



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It Must be Told—Concluded.



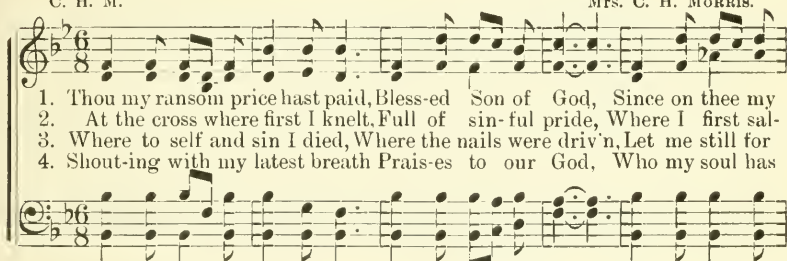
sto-ry must be told; That sweet and ten-der
sto-ry must be sweetly told, be oft-en sweetly told;

sto-ry, O Chris-tian, must be told.
sto-ry, wondrous sto-ry, O Chris-tian, must be oft-en sweetly told.

127 Keep Me Under the Blood.

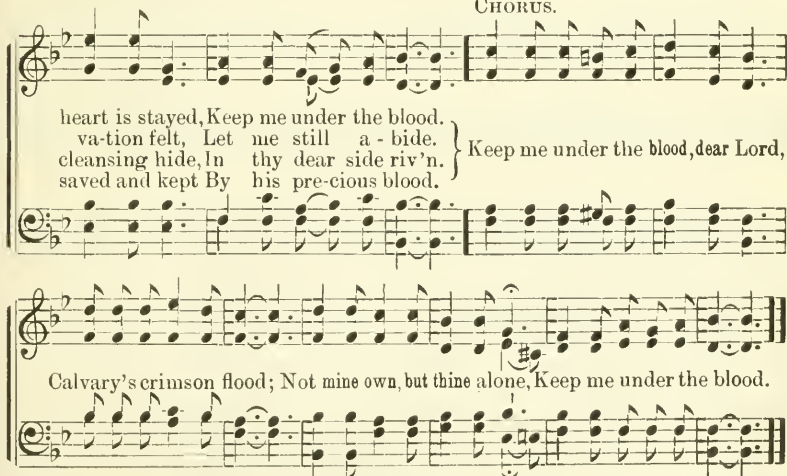
C. H. M.

Mrs. C. H. MORRIS.



1. Thou my ransom price hast paid, Bless-ed Son of God, Since on thee my
2. At the cross where first I knelt, Full of sin-ful pride, Where I first sal-
3. Where to self and sin I died, Where the nails were driv'n, Let me still for
4. Shout-ing with my latest breath Prais-es to our God, Who my soul has

CHORUS.



heart is stayed, Keep me under the blood.
va-tion felt, Let me still a-bide.
cleansing hide, In thy dear side riv'n. } Keep me under the blood, dear Lord,
saved and kept By his pre-cious blood.

Calvary's crimson flood; Not mine own, but thine alone, Keep me under the blood.

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F. E. B.

F. E. BELDEN.

Moderato.

1. Hear the voic - es call-ing o'er the storm-y main; "Send the light,
 2. In our own fair country there are homes of night; "Send the light,
 3. Bring your shining treasure, lay it at the cross; "Send the light,
 "Send the light

CHO.—Tell the man-ger sto-ry which the an-gels sing; "Send the light,

send the light;" There is life for sin-ners thro' the Lamb once slain;
 send the light;" 'Tis the word of Je-sus gives the blind eyes sight;
 send the light;" Find e - ter-nal rich-es for a mo-ment's loss;
 send the light;"

send the light;" Preach a ris-en Sav-ior and a com-ing King;


Fine. CHORUS.

"Send the light, send the light." Send the light a-cross the
 "Send the light, send the light." Send the light to ev'-ry
 "Send the light, send the light." Send the light, the jew-els
 "Send the light, the gospel light." Send the light a -

roll - ing tide, Bless-ed word, "Sal-va-tion free;" Let the
 dark - ened home. Raise the sick and cheer the sad; Gath-er
 must be found, This shall be our glad em-ploy; They shall
 cross the rolling tide, Bless-ed word, "Sal - va-tion free;"

Send the Gospel Light—Concluded.

D. C. Chorus.

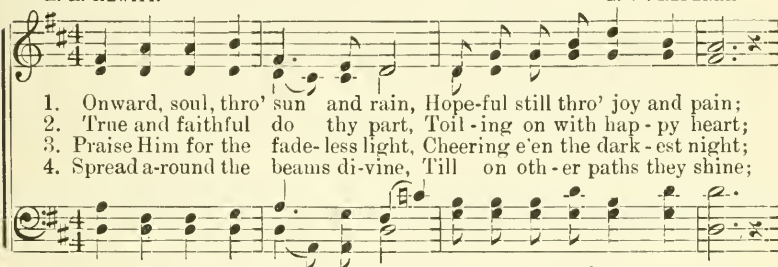


name of Christ, the Cru - ci - fied, Light the world from sea to sea.
 in . . . the homeless ones who roam, Let the poor be fed and clad.
 shine in King Immanuel's crown, We shall share his ho - ly joy.
 Let the name of Christ, the Cru-ci-fied, Light the world from sea to sea.

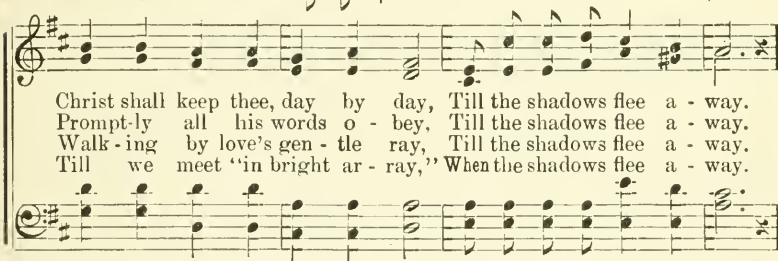
129 Till the Shadows Flee Away.

E. E. HEWITT.

G. W. ELDERKIN.

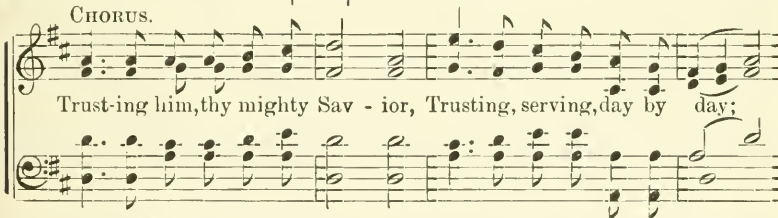


1. Onward, soul, thro' sun and rain, Hope-ful still thro' joy and pain;
 2. True and faithful do thy part, Toil-ing on with hap-py heart;
 3. Praise Him for the fade-less light, Cheering e'en the dark-est night;
 4. Spread a-round the beams di-vine, Till on oth-er paths they shine;

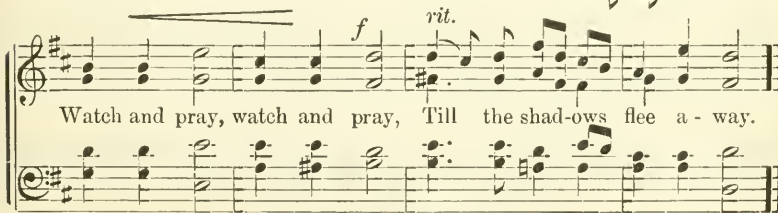


Christ shall keep thee, day by day, Till the shadows flee a - way.
 Prompt-ly all his words o - bey, Till the shadows flee a - way.
 Walk-ing by love's gen - tle ray, Till the shadows flee a - way.
 Till we meet "in bright ar - ray," When the shadows flee a - way.

CHORUS.



Trust-ing him, thy mighty Sav - ior, Trusting, serving, day by day;

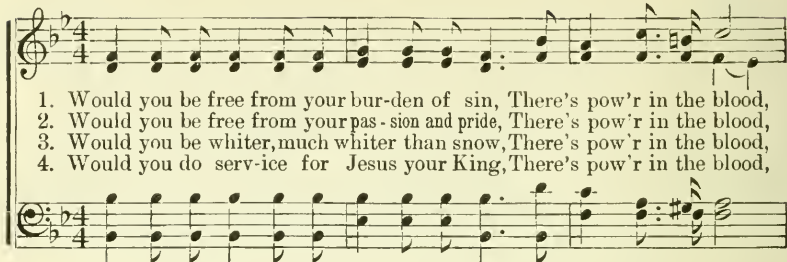


Watch and pray, watch and pray, Till the shad-ows flee a - way.

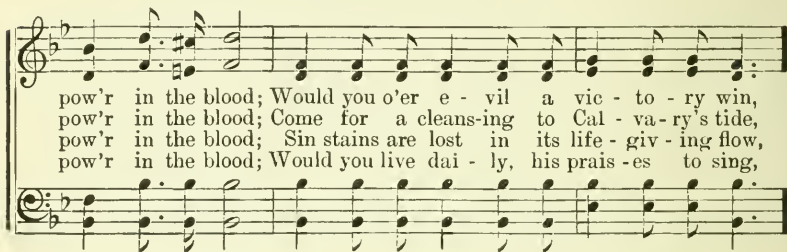
130 There is Power in the Blood.

L. E. J.

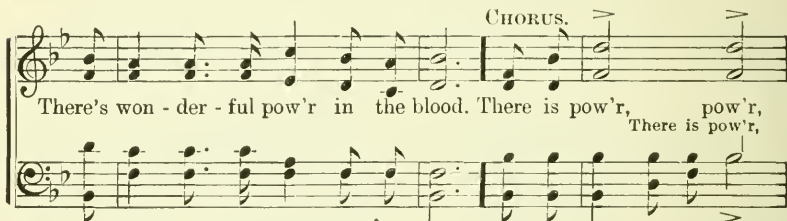
L. E. JONES.



1. Would you be free from your bur-den of sin, There's pow'r in the blood,
2. Would you be free from your pas-sion and pride, There's pow'r in the blood,
3. Would you be whiter, much whiter than snow, There's pow'r in the blood,
4. Would you do serv-ice for Jesus your King, There's pow'r in the blood,

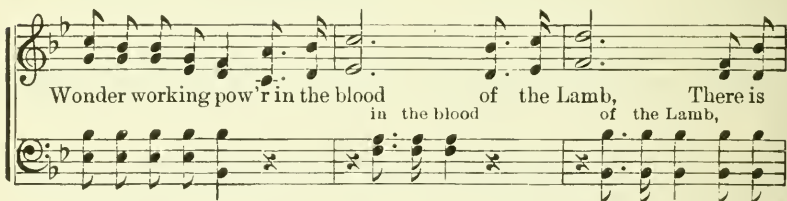


pow'r in the blood; Would you o'er e-vil a vic-to-ry win,
 pow'r in the blood; Come for a cleans-ing to Cal-va-ry's tide,
 pow'r in the blood; Sin stains are lost in its life-giv-ing flow,
 pow'r in the blood; Would you live dai-ly, his prais-es to sing,

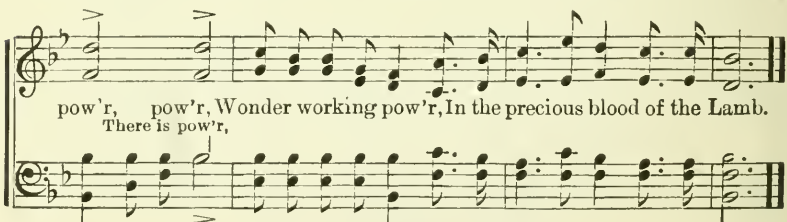


CHORUS.

There's won-der-ful pow'r in the blood. There is pow'r, pow'r,
 There is pow'r,



Wonder working pow'r in the blood of the Lamb, There is
 in the blood of the Lamb,



pow'r, pow'r, Wonder working pow'r, In the precious blood of the Lamb.
 There is pow'r,

Lo! a Mighty Army.

Rev. H. G. JACKSON.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Lo! a might - y ar - my now as - sem - bling, Rally - ing to the
 2. Marshall'd league of ea - ger, youthful sol - diers, Girt with truth they
 3. Fierce and long may be the dire - ful con - flict With the host of

cross, a might - y band, Bold to strive against the pow'rs of e - vil,
 bear the Spirit's sword, Shield of faith and hel - met of sal - va - tion,
 un - be - lief and sin, Fal - ter not, but swift go forth to bat - tle,

CHORUS.

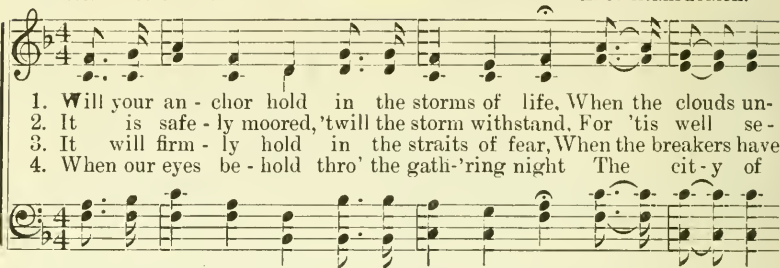
Sworn to do or die at God's command. } For - ward, ye soldiers of Je - sus,
 Read - y, waiting for the Captain's word. } For - ward, ye soldiers of Je - sus,
 Truth and right with God the fight will win. } Forward, forward march, ye sol - diers,

With his banner o'er you, Charge the foe before you; Val - iant - ly fol - low your
 Faith - ful to your calling, Tho' in bat - tle fall - ing, Ye shall with Je - sus vic -
 For - ward for - ward march, ye sol - diers, Forward march, ye soldiers,

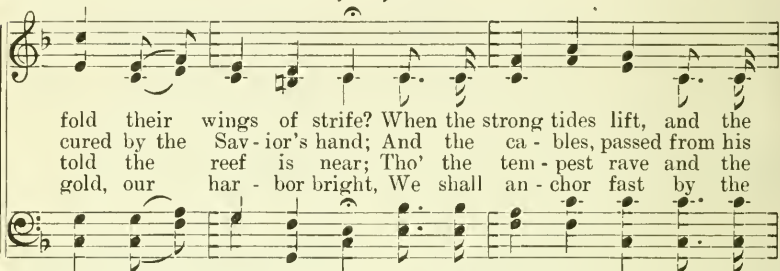
1
 Captain, Till the fight with sin is o'er; :|| torious Reign in glory evermore.
 forward, forward,

PRISCILLA J. OWENS.

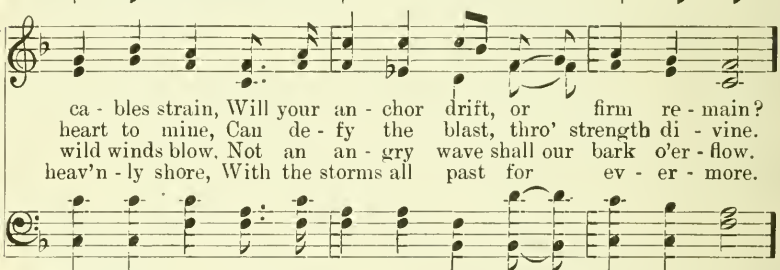
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. Will your an - chor hold in the storms of life, When the clouds un -
 2. It is safe - ly moored, 'twill the storm withstand, For 'tis well se -
 3. It will firm - ly hold in the straits of fear, When the breakers have
 4. When our eyes be - hold thro' the gath - ring night The cit - y of



fold their wings of strife? When the strong tides lift, and the
 cured by the Sav - ior's hand; And the ca - bles, passed from his
 told the reef is near; Tho' the tem - pest rave and the
 gold, our har - bor bright, We shall an - chor fast by the

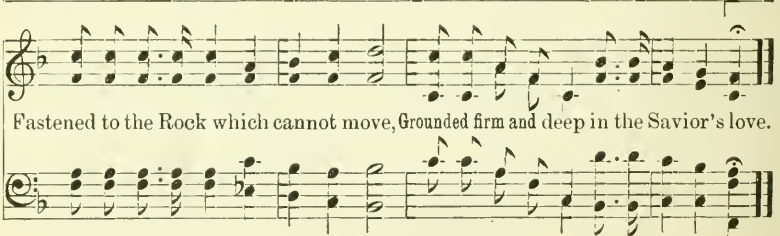


ca - bles strain, Will your an - chor drift, or firm re - main?
 heart to mine, Can de - fy the blast, thro' strength di - vine.
 wild winds blow, Not an an - gry wave shall our bark o'er - flow.
 heav'n - ly shore, With the storms all past for ev - er - more.

REFRAIN.



We have an anchor that keeps the soul Steadfast and sure while the billows roll,

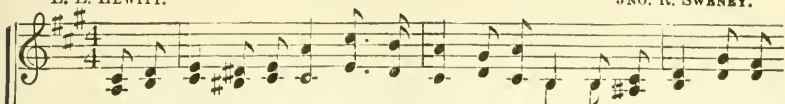


Fastened to the Rock which cannot move, Grounded firm and deep in the Savior's love.

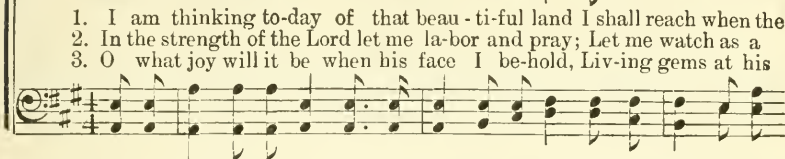

Will There be Any Stars?

E. F. HEWITT.

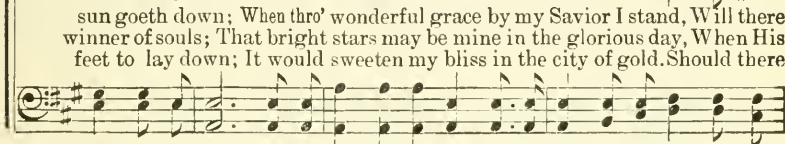
Jno. R. SWENEY.



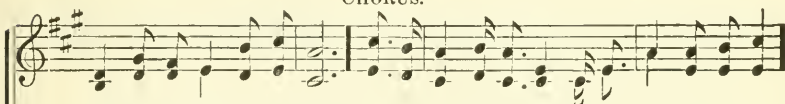
1. I am thinking to-day of that beau-ti-ful land I shall reach when the
 2. In the strength of the Lord let me la-bor and pray; Let me watch as a
 3. O what joy will it be when his face I be-hold, Liv-ing gems at his

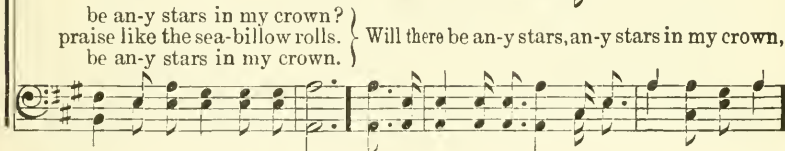

sun goeth down; When thro' wonderful grace by my Savior I stand, Will there
 winner of souls; That bright stars may be mine in the glorious day, When His
 feet to lay down; It would sweeten my bliss in the city of gold. Should there



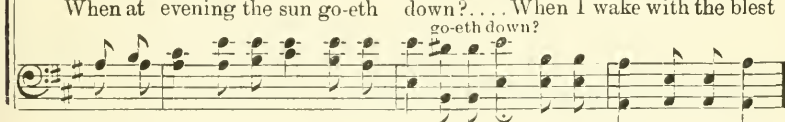
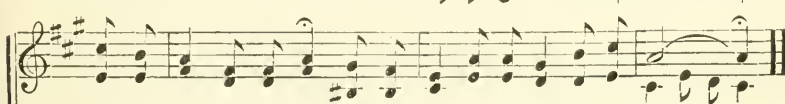
CHORUS.



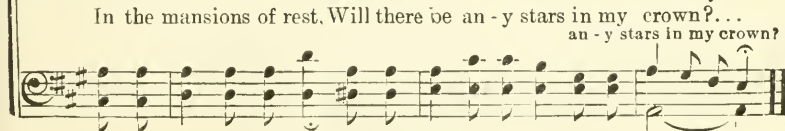
be an-y stars in my crown? }
 praise like the sea-billow rolls. } Will there be an-y stars, an-y stars in my crown,
 be an-y stars in my crown. }

When at evening the sun go-eth down? . . . When I wake with the blest
 go-eth down?

In the mansions of rest. Will there be an-y stars in my crown? . . .
 an-y stars in my crown?



C. H. M.

Mrs. C. H. MORRIS.

1. O - ver the wa - ters gal - lant - ly sail - ing, Rid - eth the good ship,
 2. Broad are her decks and staunch are her timbers, Tem - pest and waves can
 3. Mul - ti - tudes now have reached the blest harbor, Rescued from shipwreck,
 4. Driv - en and tossed on life's troubled wa - ters, Sig - nal to Christ a -

trust - ed and true; Mill - ions on board are ship - ping for glo - ry,
 nev - er o'er - whelm: Built to with - stand the bil - lows and breakers,
 safe on that shore; Still the old ship is gal - lant - ly sail - ing.
 cross o - cean's foam; He is the Cap - tain of our sal - va - tion.

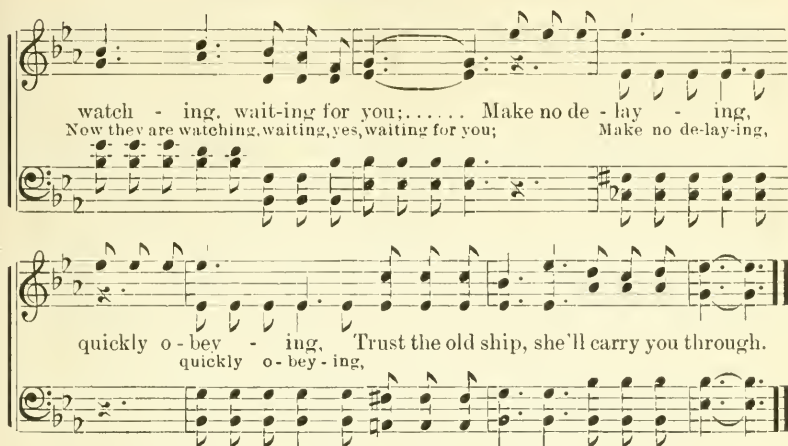
CHORUS.

See they are beck'ning, calling for you.
 Steady the hand that holdeth the helm.
 Bearing her shouting multitudes o'er.
 Read - y to save and pi - lot us home. } Hasten on board the gospel ship

Zi - on, Brave is her Cap - - - tain, trust - y her
 Brave is her Cap - tain, trust - y, yes,

crew, Millions have land - ed safe - ly in glo - ry, Now they are
 trust - y her crew,

The Gospel Ship Zion—Concluded.



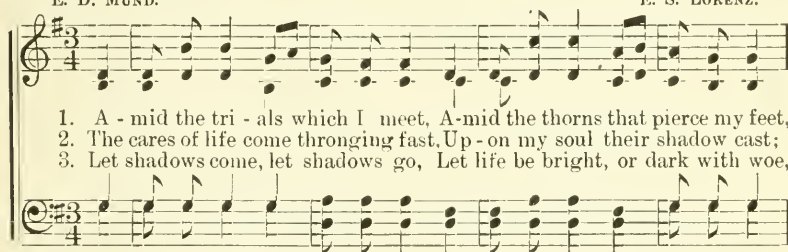
watch - ing, wait-ing for you; Make no de - lay - ing,
Now they are watching, waiting, yes, waiting for you; Make no de-lay-ing,

quickly o - bey - ing, Trust the old ship, she'll carry you through.
quickly o - bey - ing,

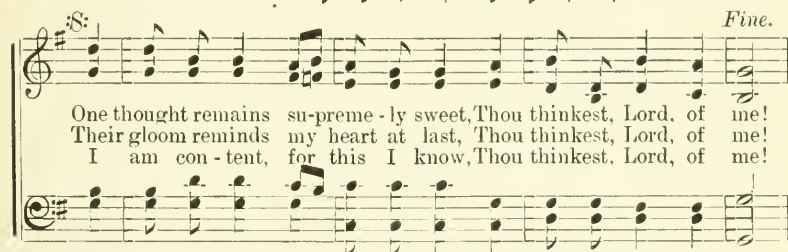
135 Thou Thinkest, Lord, of Me.

E. D. MUND.

E. S. LORENZ.



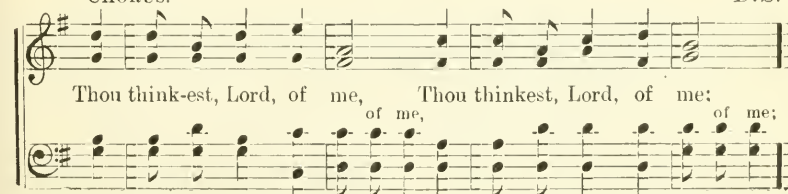
1. A - mid the tri - als which I meet, A-mid the thorns that pierce my feet,
2. The cares of life come thronging fast, Up - on my soul their shadow cast;
3. Let shadows come, let shadows go, Let life be bright, or dark with woe,



Fine.

One thought remains su-preme - ly sweet, Thou thinkest, Lord, of me!
Their gloom reminds my heart at last, Thou thinkest, Lord, of me!
I am con - tent, for this I know, Thou thinkest, Lord, of me!

D. S.—What need I fear when thou art near, And think-est, Lord, of me?
CHORUS. D. S.

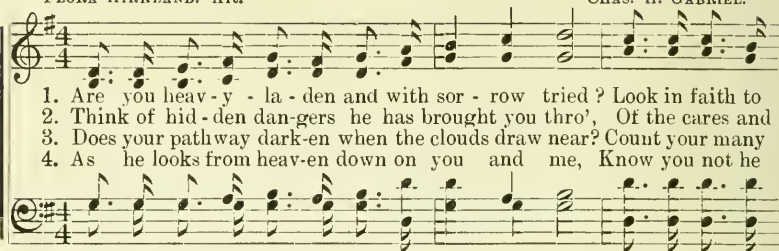


Thou think-est, Lord, of me, Thou thinkest, Lord, of me;
of me, of me;

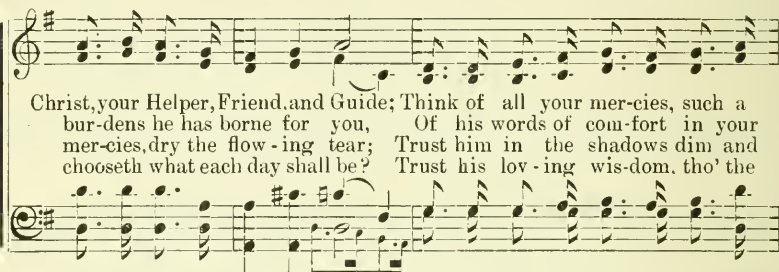
Copyright, 1885, by E. S. Lorenz. Used by per,

FLORA KIRKLAND. Alt.

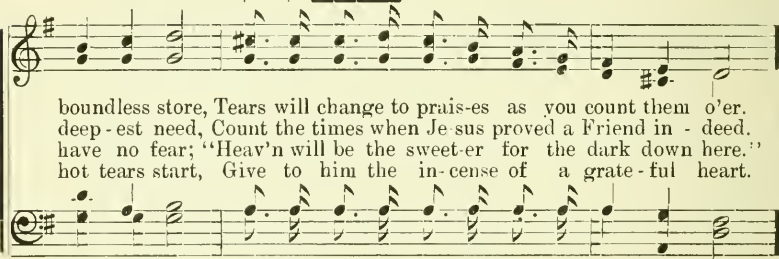
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



1. Are you heav-y - la - den and with sor - row tried? Look in faith to
 2. Think of hid - den dan - gers he has brought you thro', Of the cares and
 3. Does your pathway dark-en when the clouds draw near? Count your many
 4. As he looks from heav-en down on you and me, Know you not he

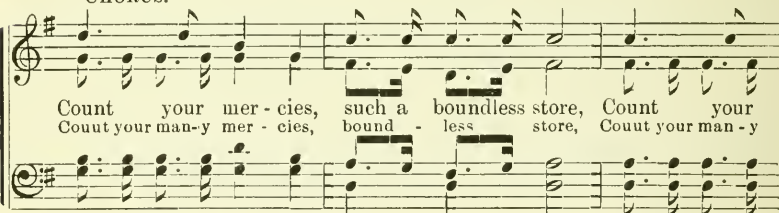


Christ, your Helper, Friend, and Guide; Think of all your mer-cies, such a
 bur-dens he has borne for you, Of his words of com-fort in your
 mer-cies, dry the flow-ing tear; Trust him in the shadows dim and
 chooseth what each day shall be? Trust his lov-ing wis-dom, tho' the



boundless store, Tears will change to prais-es as you count them o'er.
 deep-est need, Count the times when Je sus proved a Friend in - deed.
 have no fear; "Heav'n will be the sweet-er for the dark down here."
 hot tears start, Give to him the in-cense of a grate-ful heart.

CHORUS.



Count your mer-cies, such a boundless store, Count your
 Count your man-y mer-cies, bound-less store, Count your man-y



mer-cies, pressed and run-ning o'er; All your mer-cies,
 mer-cies, run-ning o'er; All your mer-cies, count them

Count Your Mercies—Concluded.

count them o'er and o'er, Lost in love and wonder at the boundless store.
o'er and o'er,

137 Tell Me More about Jesus!

E. S. L.

E. S. LORENZ.

1. The mes-sage blest a - gain re - peat, Its promise sure, its comfort sweet;
2. My bur - den sore has rolled a - way, From Christ no more my heart would stray,
3. When doubts and fears my faith perplex, When sin allures, and trials vex,
4. Whate'er my lot, if good or ill, If strong in soul, or weak in will,

His grace a-bound-ing, love com-plete, Tell me more a-bout Je - sus!
But help I need from day to day, Tell me more a-bout Je - sus!
When all my strength temptation wrecks, Tell me more a-bout Je - sus!
In life or death my pleading still, Tell me more a-bout Je - sus!

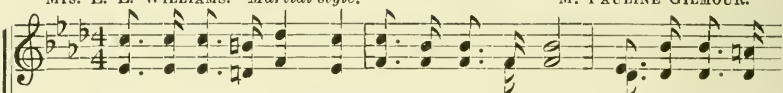
CHORUS.

Tell me more a bout Je - sus! Tell me more a-bout Je - sus!

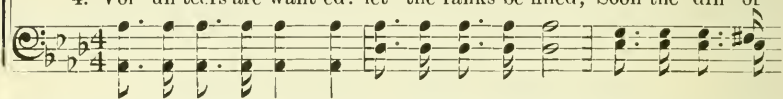
He is my song, my Help-er strong; Tell me more a-bout Je - sus!

Mrs. E. E. WILLIAMS. *Martial style.*

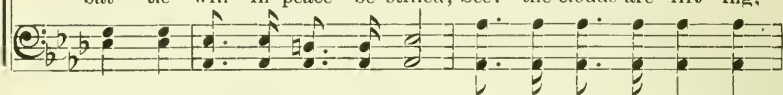
M. PAULINE GILMOUR.



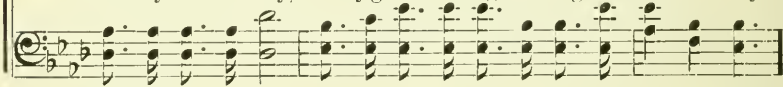
1. Vol - un - teers are want - ed! hear the stir - ring call. O be swift to
2. Vol - un - teers are want - ed! val - iant men and true, In the ranks, my
3. Vol - un - teers are want - ed! on the bat - tle - plain Sol - diers brave are
4. Vol - un - teers are want - ed! let the ranks be filled; Soon the din of



an - swer, comrades, one and all; Gird - ing on your ar - mor,
 broth - er, there is room for you: Christ is the Com - mand - er.
 fall - ing, ne'er to fight a - gain; Who will take their plac - es
 bat - tle will in peace be stilled; See! the clouds are lift - ing,



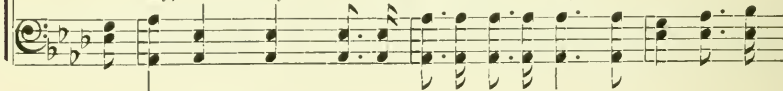
haste to march a - way. For the Lord is call - ing, "To the front to - day!"
 let us all o - bey When he gives the or - der, "To the front to - day!"
 in the dead - ly fray? Who will march with Jesus to the front to - day?
 soon they'll clear away, Glo - ry gilds the heights along the front to - day.



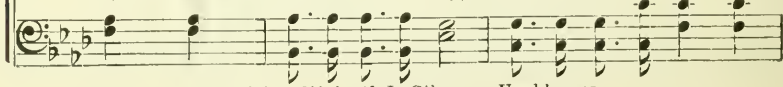
CHORUS.



A - way to the bat - tle - field, a - way, a - way! The King calls for
 A - way, a - way to the bat - tle - field, a - way!



sol - diers in his ranks to - day; Hear the bu - gle call - ing,
 sol - diers in his ranks to - day;



Volunteers, to the Front!—Concluded.

in - to line be fall-ing, Forth to the bat-tle-field, a-way, a-way!

139

I Am Resolved.

PALMER HARTSOUGH.

J. H. FILLMORE.

1. I am resolved no long-er to lin-ger, Charmed by the world's delight;
2. I am resolved to go to the Sav-ior, Leav-ing my sin and strife;
3. I am resolved to fol-low the Sav-ior, Faith-ful and true each day,
4. I am resolved to en-ter the kingdom, Leav-ing the paths of sin;

Things that are higher, things that are no-ble, These have allured my sight.
 He is the true one, he is the just one, He hath the words of life.
 Heed what he say-eth, do what he will-eth, He is the liv-ing way.
 Friends may oppose me, foes may be-set me, Still will I en-ter in.

CHORUS.

I will has-ten to him, Has-ten so glad and free,
 I will has-ten, has-ten to him, Has-ten so glad and free, Has-ten glad and

Je - sus, great-est, high-est, I will come to thee.
 free, Je - sus, Je - sus,

W. L. T.

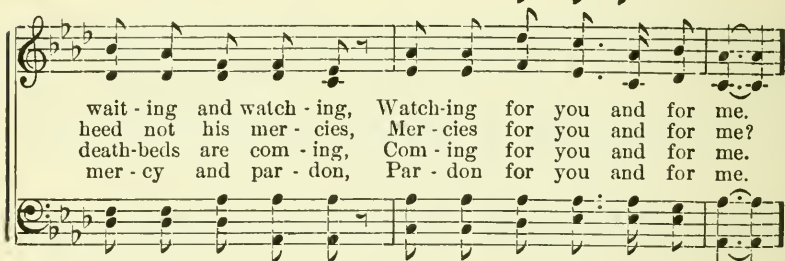
WILL L. THOMPSON.

Very Slow. pp

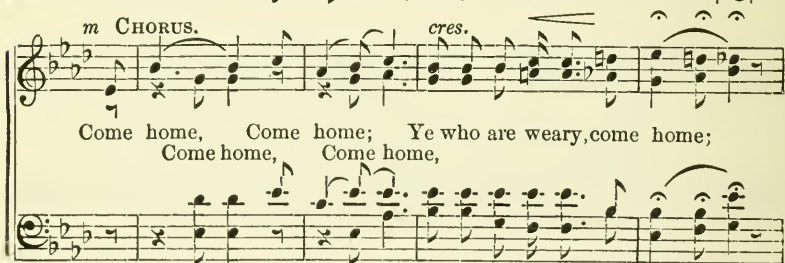

1. Soft - ly and ten - der - ly Je - sus is call - ing,
 2. Why should we tar - ry when Je - sus is plead - ing,
 3. Time is now fleet - ing, the mo - ments are pass - ing,
 4. Oh, for the won - der - ful love he has prom - ised,



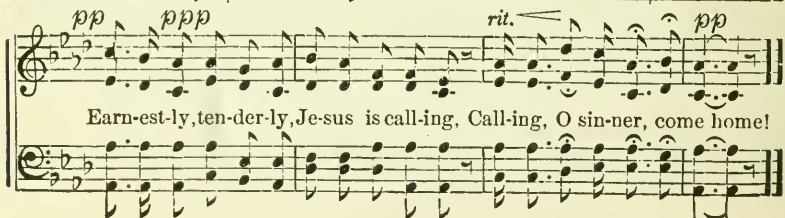
m
 Call - ing for you and for me; See at the por - tals he's
 Plead - ing for you and for me; Why should we linger and
 Pass - ing from you and from me; Shad - ows are gath - er - ing,
 Prom - ised for you and for me; Tho' we have sinned he has



wait - ing and watch - ing, Watch - ing for you and for me.
 heed not his mer - cies, Mer - cies for you and for me?
 death - beds are com - ing, Com - ing for you and for me.
 mer - cy and par - don, Par - don for you and for me.



m CHORUS. *cres.*
 Come home, Come home; Ye who are weary, come home;
 Come home, Come home,

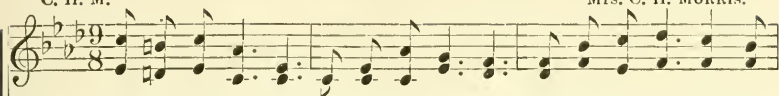


pp *ppp* *rit.* *pp*
 Earn - est - ly, ten - der - ly, Je - sus is call - ing, Call - ing, O sin - ner, come home!

141 Have Ye Received the Holy Ghost?

C. H. M.

Mrs. C. H. MORRIS.



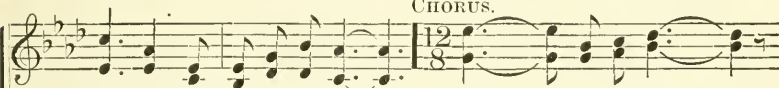
1. Ye are the tem-ples, Je-sus hath spo-ken, Temples of God's ho - ly
2. He who has pardoned sure-ly will cleanse thee, All of the dross of thy
3. Showers of mer - cy, ful-ness of bless-ing, Ev - er the Spir - it's in-
4. Weary of wand'ring, come in-to Ca-naan, Feast on the ful - ness and



Spir-it di-vine; Have ye received Him, bidden Him enter. Make His a-nature re-fine; Cleansed from all sin, His Spirit will en-ter, Fill you and dwelling at - tend; 'Tis the enduement, pow-er for service, Fruits for your fat of the land; Feed on the manna, dwell in the sunshine. Led by His



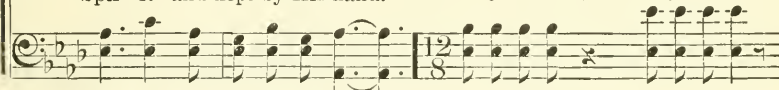
CHORUS.



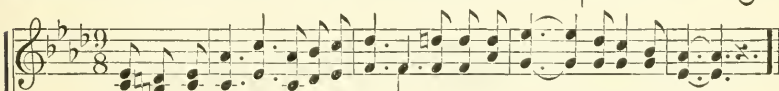
bode in that poor heart of thine?
thrill you with pow-er di - vine.
la - bor He sure-ly will send.
Spir - it and kept by His hand.

Have ... ye re - ceived,...

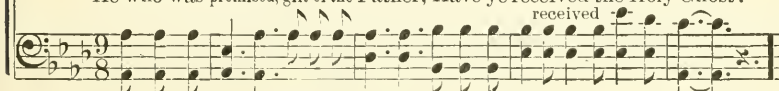
Have ye received, have ye received,



since ye be - lieved, The bless - ed Ho - ly Ghost?.....
since ye believed, since ye believed, blessed, blessed Ho - ly, blessed Holy Ghost?



He who was promised, gift of the Father, Have ye received the Holy Ghost?

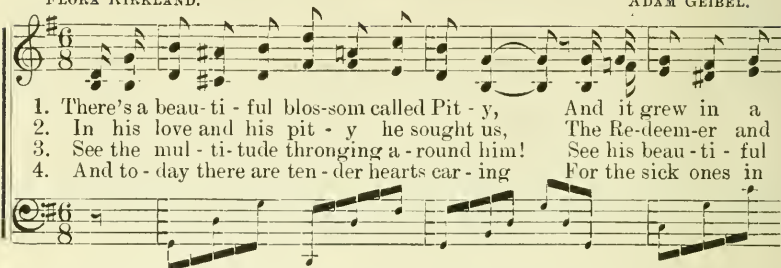


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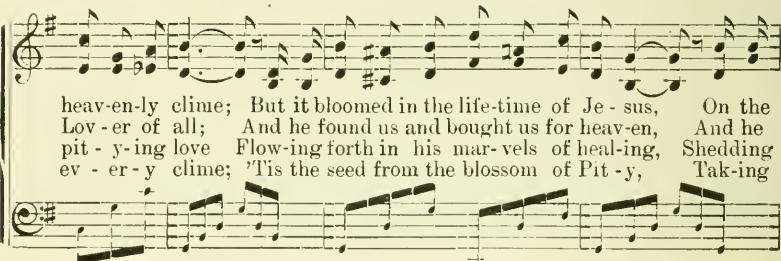
142 O Beautiful Blossom of Pity.

FLORA KIRKLAND.

ADAM GEIBEL.

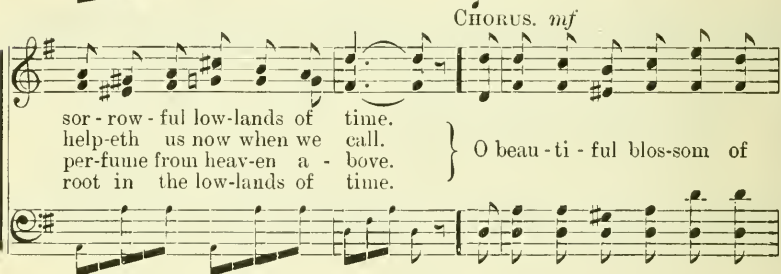


1. There's a beau-ti - ful blos-som called Pit - y, And it grew in a
 2. In his love and his pit - y he sought us, The Re-deem-er and
 3. See the mul - ti-tude thronging a-round him! See his beau-ti - ful
 4. And to-day there are ten-der hearts car-ing For the sick ones in



heav-en-ly clime; But it bloomed in the life-time of Je - sus, On the
 Lov-er of all; And he found us and bought us for heav-en, And he
 pit - y-ing love Flow-ing forth in his mar-vels of heal-ing, Shedding
 ev - er - y clime; 'Tis the seed from the blossom of Pit - y, Tak-ing

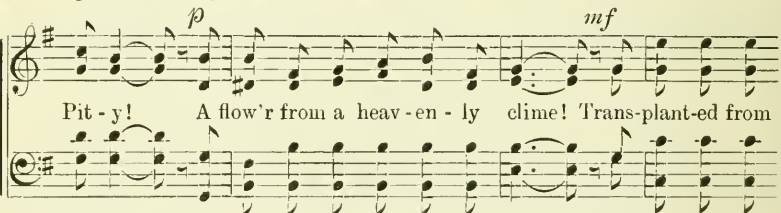
CHORUS. *mf*



sor-row-ful low-lands of time.
 help-eth us now when we call.
 per-fume from heav-en a-bove.
 root in the low-lands of time.

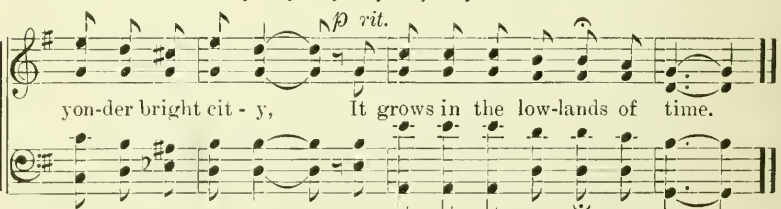
} O beau-ti - ful blos-som of

p *mf*



Pit - y! A flow'r from a heav-en - ly clime! Trans-plant-ed from

p rit.

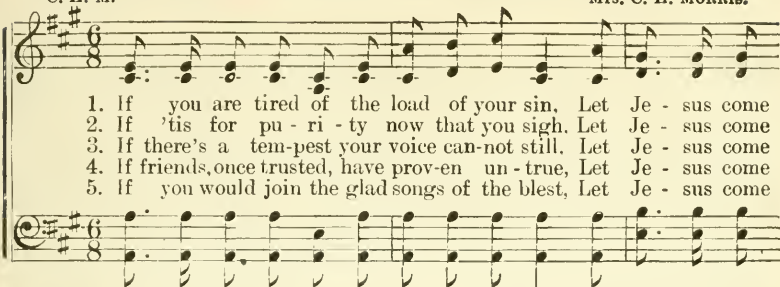


yon-der bright cit - y, It grows in the low-lands of time.

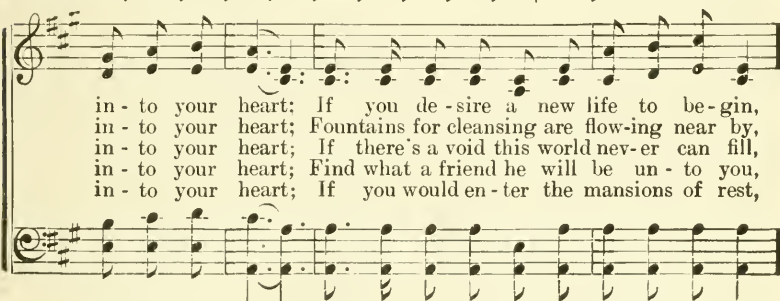
143 Let Jesus Come Into Your Heart.

C. H. M.

Mrs. C. H. MORRIS.

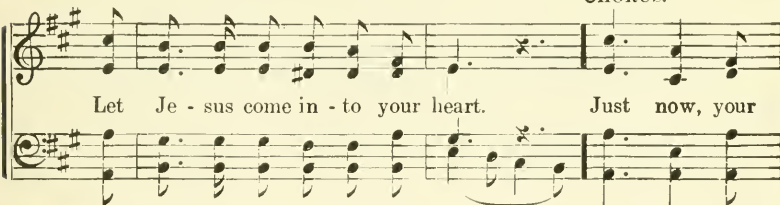


1. If you are tired of the load of your sin, Let Je - sus come
 2. If 'tis for pu - ri - ty now that you sigh, Let Je - sus come
 3. If there's a tem-pest your voice can-not still, Let Je - sus come
 4. If friends, once trusted, have prov-en un - true, Let Je - sus come
 5. If you would join the glad songs of the blest, Let Je - sus come

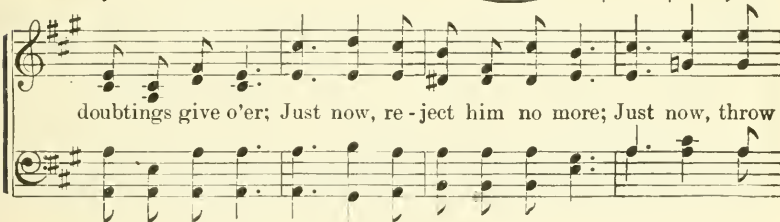


in - to your heart; If you de - sire a new life to be - gin,
 in - to your heart; Fountains for cleansing are flow - ing near by,
 in - to your heart; If there's a void this world nev - er can fill,
 in - to your heart; Find what a friend he will be un - to you,
 in - to your heart; If you would en - ter the mansions of rest,

CHORUS.



Let Je - sus come in - to your heart. Just now, your



doubtings give o'er; Just now, re - ject him no more; Just now, throw



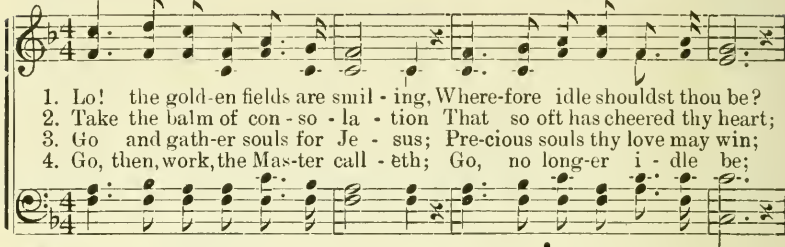
o - pen the door; Let Je - sus come in - to your heart.

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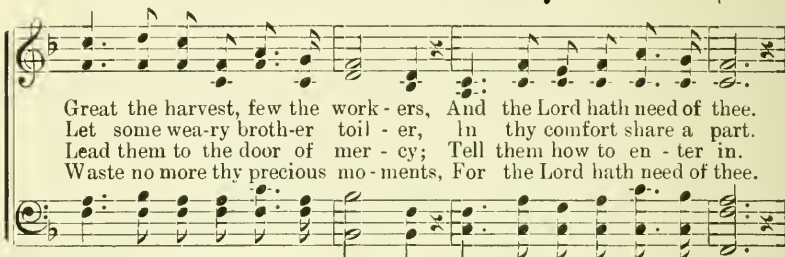
144 Lo! the Golden Fields Are Smiling.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

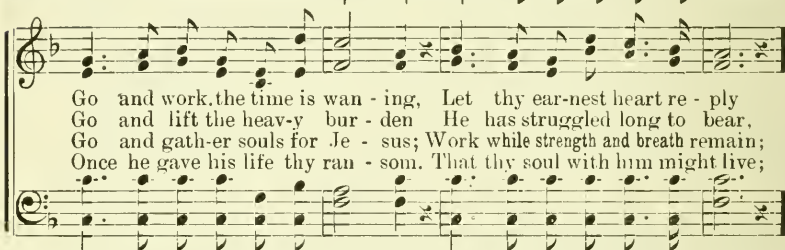
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



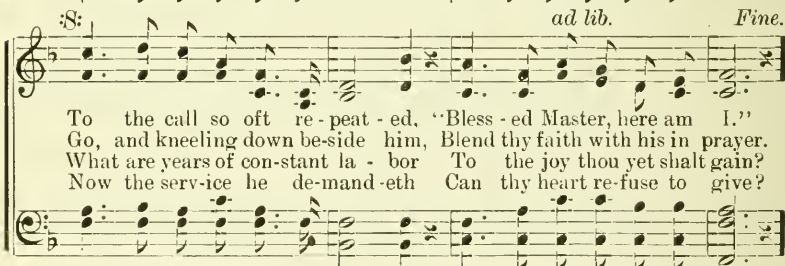
1. Lo! the gold-en fields are smil-ing, Where-fore idle shouldst thou be?
 2. Take the balm of con-so-la-tion That so oft has cheered thy heart;
 3. Go and gath-er souls for Je-sus; Pre-cious souls thy love may win;
 4. Go, then, work, the Mas-ter call-eth; Go, no long-er i-dle be;



Great the harvest, few the work-ers, And the Lord hath need of thee.
 Let some wea-ry broth-er toil-er, In thy comfort share a part.
 Lead them to the door of mer-cy; Tell them how to en-ter in.
 Waste no more thy precious mo-ments, For the Lord hath need of thee.



Go and work, the time is wan-ing, Let thy ear-nest heart re-ply
 Go and lift the heav-y bur-den He has struggled long to bear,
 Go and gath-er souls for Je-sus; Work while strength and breath remain;
 Once he gave his life thy ran-som. That thy soul with him might live;

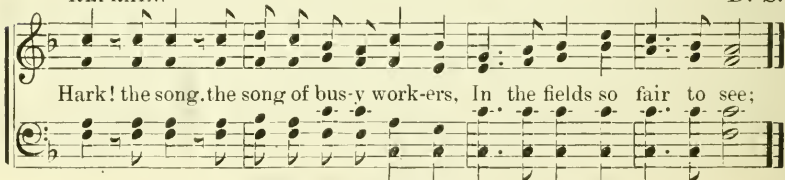


To the call so oft re-peat-ed, "Bless-ed Master, here am I."
 Go, and kneeling down be-side him, Blend thy faith with his in prayer.
 What are years of con-stant la-bor To the joy thou yet shalt gain?
 Now the serv-ice he de-mand-eth Can thy heart re-fuse to give?

D. S.—Go and fill thy place a-mong them, For the Lord hath need of thee.

REFRAIN.

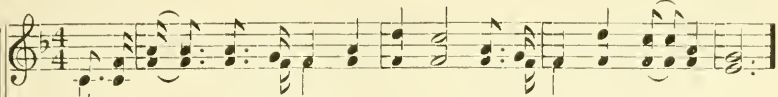
D. S.



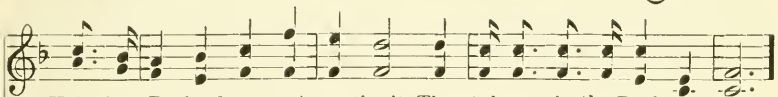
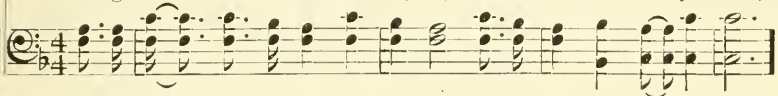
Hark! the song, the song of bus-y work-ers, In the fields so fair to see;

F. A. G.

F. A. GRAVES.



1. O my brother, do you know the Sav-ior, Who is wondrous kind and true?
2. Have you "tasted that the Lord is gracious"? Has your heart been made anew?
3. Do you pray un - to God the Father, "What wilt thou have me to do?"
4. Then go out thro' the streets and byways, Preach the word to many or few;



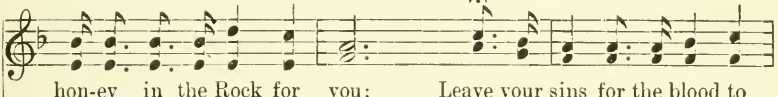
He's the "Rock of your sal - vation", There's honey in the Rock for you.
 Are you drinking from Life's fountain? There's honey in the Rock for you.
 Nev - er fear he'll sure - ly an - swer, There's honey in the Rock for you.
 Say to ev - 'ry fall - en broth - er, There's honey in the Rock for you.



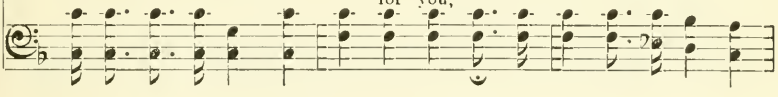
CHORUS.



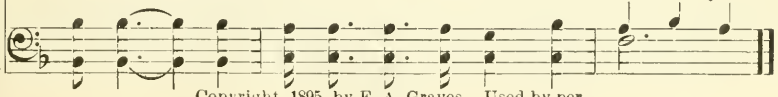
O there's hon - ey in the Rock, my broth - er, There's
 my broth - er,



hon - ey in the Rock for you; Leave your sins for the blood to
 for you;

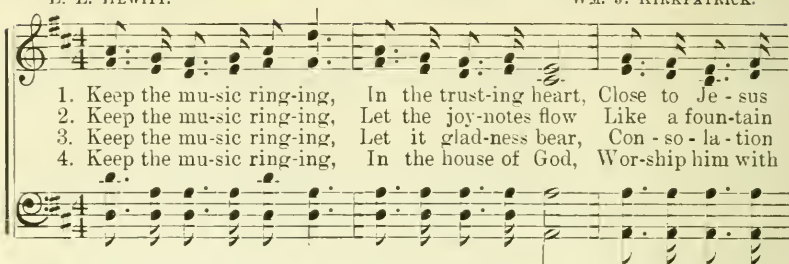


cov - er, There's hon - ey in the Rock for you.
 for you.



E. E. HEWITT.

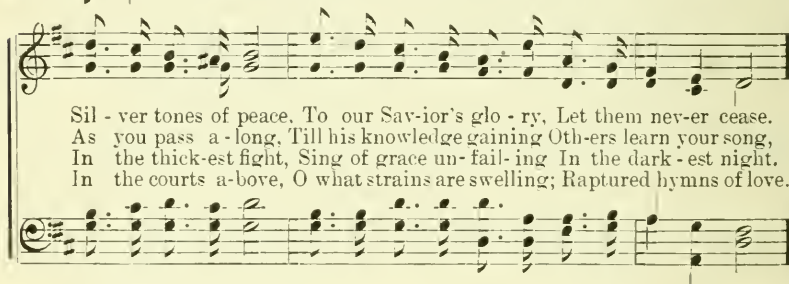
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. Keep the mu-sic ring-ing, In the trust-ing heart, Close to Je-sus
 2. Keep the mu-sic ring-ing, Let the joy-notes flow Like a foun-tain
 3. Keep the mu-sic ring-ing, Let it glad-ness bear, Con-so-la-tion
 4. Keep the mu-sic ring-ing, In the house of God, Wor-ship him with

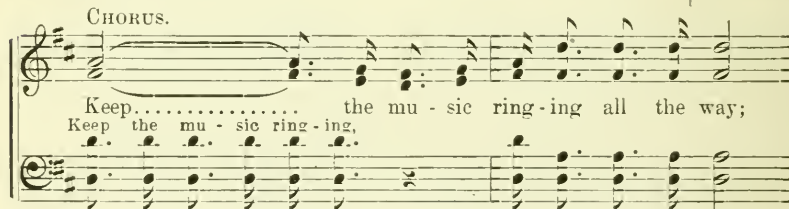


cling-ing, Praise will ne'er de-part: Chim-ing with life's sto-ry,
 springing, Lit with heav'n-ly glow; Sing his love con-strain-ing,
 bring-ing In a world of care; Sing of help a-vail-ing
 sing-ing, Tell his love a-broad! In his ho-ly dwell-ing,

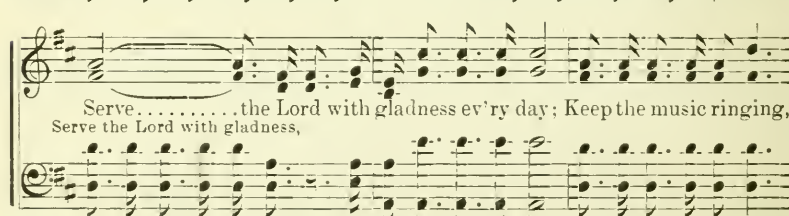


Sil-ver tones of peace, To our Sav-ior's glo-ry, Let them nev-er cease.
 As you pass a-long, Till his knowledge gaining Oth-ers learn your song,
 In the thick-est fight, Sing of grace un-fail-ing In the dark-est night.
 In the courts a-bove, O what strains are swelling; Raptured hymns of love.

CHORUS.



Keep..... the mu-sic ring-ing all the way;
 Keep the mu-sic ring-ing.



Serve..... the Lord with gladness ev'ry day; Keep the music ringing,
 Serve the Lord with gladness,

Keep the Music Ringing—Concluded.

Keep the mu-sic ring-ing, Keep the mu-sic ring-ing all the way.....
ring-ing.... ring-ing all the way.

147

Higher Ground.

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. I'm pressing on the upward way, New heights I'm gaining ev'ry day;
2. My heart has no de-sire to stay Where doubts arise and fears dismay;
3. I want to live a-bove the world, Tho' Sa-tan's darts at me are hurled;
4. I want to scale the utmost height, And catch a gleam of glo-ry bright;

Still pray-ing as I on-ward bound, "Lord, plant my feet on higher ground."
Tho' some may dwell where these abound, My prayer, my aim is higher ground.
For faith has caught the joyful sound, The song of saints on higher ground.
But still I'll pray till heav'n I've found, "Lord, lead me on to higher ground."

CHORUS.

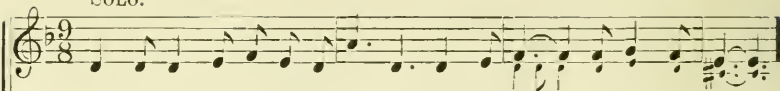
Lord, lift me up and let me stand, By faith, on heav-en's ta-ble-land;

A higher plane than I have found, Lord, plant my feet on higher ground.

Mrs. C. H. M.

Mrs. C. H. MORRIS.

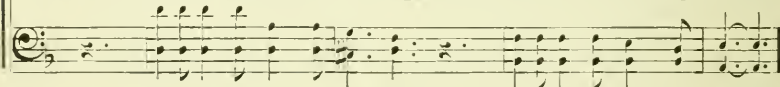
SOLO.



1. Who is this that cometh from Edom, Crim-son-red his garments dyed,
2. Who is this, despised and re-ject-ed, Who the wine-press trod a - lone?
3. Who is this with bearing so king-ly, And a crown his brow a - dorns.
4. Who is this on Calvary's mountain, Dy-ing there such shameful death?



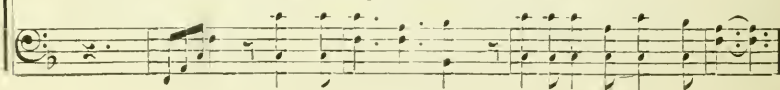
In his hands are cru-el nail-prints, And a spear-wound in his side?
 Who is this, by all for-sak-en, Left to com-fort there are none?
 Not of gold and gems be-fit-ting, But of mock-ing, cru-el thorns?
 Who for his tormentors pray-ing, With his last ex-pir-ing breath?



Say, who is this "Man of Sorrows?" Why is he thus pierced and scarred?
 Who is this, oppressed, af-flict-ed, Yet no mur-mur ev-er heard;
 Why with man-y stripes thus beaten? Why thus scourged and spit up-on?
 Who is this, that earth should tremble And the sun in darkness hide,



Who with face and form so king-ly? Why his beau-teous vis-age marred?
 As a lamb led to the slaughter, Yet he an-swers not a word?
 Why his an-guish in the gar-den, Kneeling, pray-ing all a-lone?
 Rocks be- rent and graves be opened, When he bowed his head and died?



Who Is This?—Concluded.

CHORUS.

It is Christ, the King of glo-ry. Who his life a ran-som gave,
 It is Christ, the King, the King of glory, Who his life, his life a ransom gave,

Bow before him, and adore him, Jesus Christ the mighty. to save. . .
 the mighty, the mighty to save.

149 God Will Take Care Of Me.

E. E. HEWITT.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. God will take care of me; Here will I rest, Trust-ing his
 2. God will take care of me. Hush-ing my fear; When dan-gers
 3. God will take care of me, Hold-ing the helm; Storms that may

prom-ise true, Safe on his breast. Change-ful may be my lot,
 'round I see, His voice I hear; Then let my soul be brave.
 sweep the sea Will not o'er-whelm. Soon, ev-'ry bil-low passed,

His mer-cy chang-eth not; No child of his for-got, In Je-sus, blest.
 High tho' the wind and wave. Greater his pow'r to save, Ten-der-ly near.
 I shall my an-chor cast, Safe, safe at home at last. In joy's bright realm.

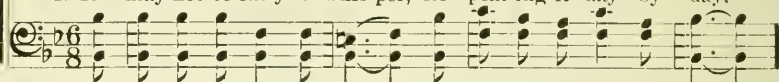
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JENNIE E. HUSSEY.

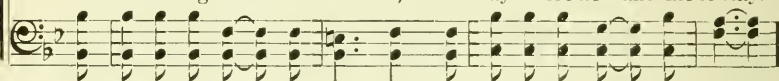
C. AUSTIN MILES.



1. In low-ly and hid-den plac-es, A-way from the crowd and crush,
2. The place where he put and keeps us, The place which he knows is best,
3. We'll gain, in each qui-et hour, New strength for the coming strife;
4. It may not be eas-y to whis-per, Re-peat-ing it day by day.



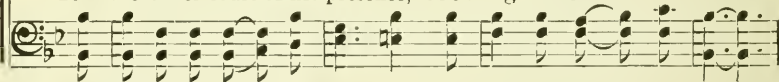
Each fill-ing our hum-ble spac-es, Shut in from the ac-tive rush—
 Where, in qui-et-ness and as-sur-ance, He bids us to tar-ry and rest.
 If we wait the promised pow-er, 'Twill deepen our Christian life.
 Instead of 'I'll go where he sends me,' 'I'll stay where he wants me to stay.'



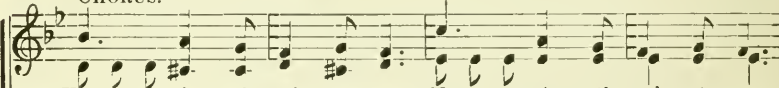
We're waiting and watching, and praying For his kingdom soon to come,
 For nev-er a "blast of hur-ry" Has the pow'r to touch us there,
 The en-e-my's wiles shall nev-er Find us faint-ing nor dis-mayed,
 The door of his love will o-pen, And from out the shadows dim.



While here we are quiet-ly stay-ing Till Je-sus calls "Come home."
 And nev-er an an-xious wor-ry Shall line our brows with care.
 For he giv-eth quietness ev-er; Who, then, shall make a-fraid?
 To the inner court of his presence, The King will call us to him.



CHORUS.



He giv-eth qui-et-ness, He giv-eth qui-et-ness.
 He ev-er He ev-er



He Giveth Quietness—Concluded.

He giv-eth qui-et-ness, And who then shall make a - fraid?
He ev-er a-fraid?

151 Grander Than Ocean's Story.

W. F. S.

W. F. SHERWIN.

1. Grand-er than o-cean's sto-ry. Or songs of for-est trees—
2. Dear-er than an-y lov-ings. The tru-est friends be-stow;
3. Rich-er than all earth's treas-ure. The wealth my soul re-ceives;

Pur-er than breath of morn-ing, Or ev'-ning's gen-tle breeze—
Strong-er than all the year-nings. A moth-er's heart can know;
Bright-er than roy-al jew-els, The crown that Je-sus gives;

Cleat-er than mountain ech-oes Ring out from peaks a-bove—
Deep-er than earth's founda-tions, And far a-bove all thought;
Won-drous the con-de-scen-sion, And grace be-yond de-gree!

Rolls on the glo-rious an-them Of God's e-ter-nal love.
Broad-er than heav'n's high arch-es—The love that Christ has brought.
I would be ev-er sing-ing The love of Christ to me.

1. My heart was not right In my dear Savior's sight, I knew not the
 2. My soul was distressed. With its sor-row oppressed, Till Je - sus my
 3. I walk in the light Of his presence so bright, His love makes my
 4. And there ev - er - more I'll my Sav - ior a - dore, Give praise to his

peace all sub-lime; I came to his side, And his blood was ap - plied,
 Sav - ior I found; But now he's my theme. While his word keeps me clean,
 heav-en be - low; I'll sing of his grace Till I see his dear face,
 pow - er di - vine; I'll fall at his feet And the sto - ry re - peat,

CHORUS.

Hal - le - lu - jah! I know he is mine.
 Hal - le - lu - jah! his grace doth a - bound. I know..... he is
 With the dear ones washed whiter than snow. Je - sus is mine,
 Hal - le - lu - jah! I know he is mine.

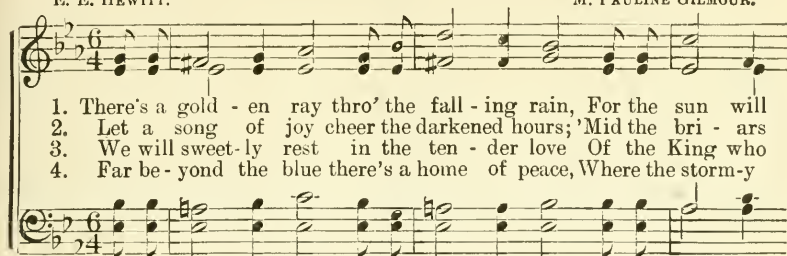
mine..... Yes, I know..... he is mine: I'll
 yes, he is mine, Je - sus is mine, yes, he is mine;

doubt..... him no long - er, I know..... he is mine.
 Doubt him no more, doubt him no long-er, I know the dear Savior is mine.

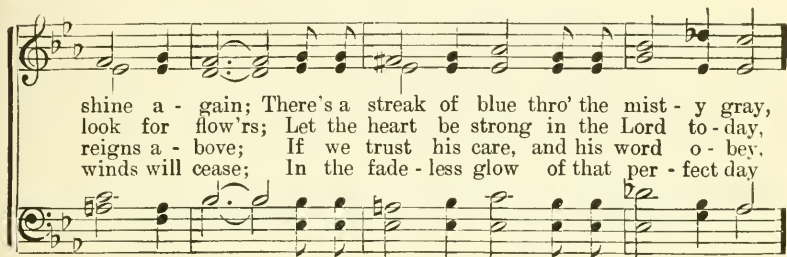
153 The Clouds Will Clear Away.

E. E. HEWITT.

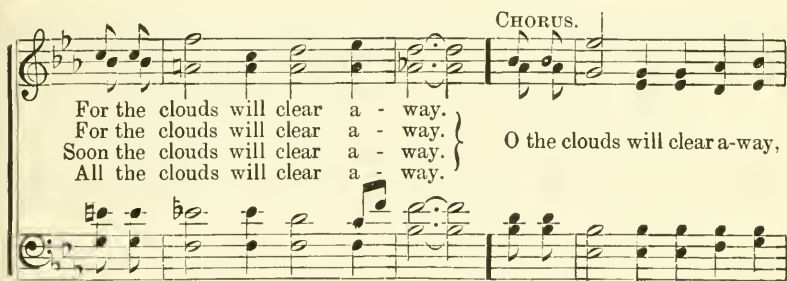
M. PAULINE GILMOUR.



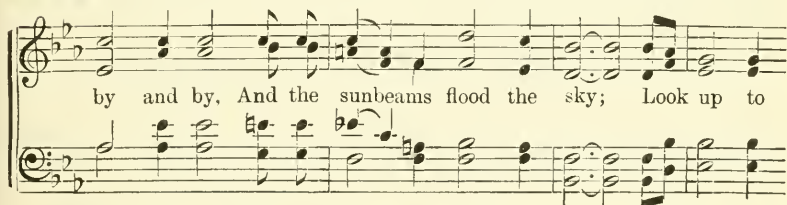
1. There's a gold - en ray thro' the fall - ing rain, For the sun will
 2. Let a song of joy cheer the darkened hours; 'Mid the bri - ars
 3. We will sweet-ly rest in the ten - der love Of the King who
 4. Far be - yond the blue there's a home of peace, Where the storm-y



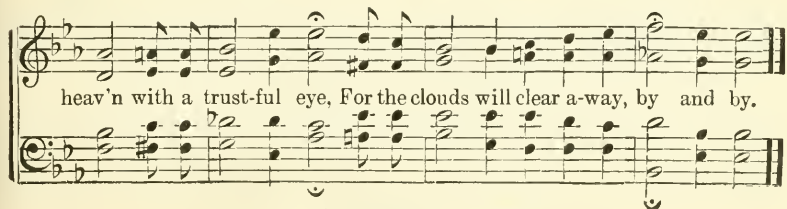
shine a - gain; There's a streak of blue thro' the mist - y gray,
 look for flow'rs; Let the heart be strong in the Lord to - day,
 reigns a - bove; If we trust his care, and his word o - bey,
 winds will cease; In the fade - less glow of that per - fect day



CHORUS.
 For the clouds will clear a - way.
 For the clouds will clear a - way. } O the clouds will clear a-way,
 Soon the clouds will clear a - way.
 All the clouds will clear a - way.



by and by, And the sunbeams flood the sky; Look up to



heav'n with a trust-ful eye, For the clouds will clear a-way, by and by.

JESSIE BROWN POUNDS.

W. E. M. HACKLEMAN.

Slowly, with expression.

1. You are drift-ing far from shore, leaning on an i - dle oar, You are
 2. Lights upon the home-land shore give you warn-ing o'er and o'er, You are
 3. Voices from the home-land shore fainter grow as they im-plore, You are

drifting, slowly drifting, drifting down; You are drifting with the tide to the
 drifting, slowly drifting, drifting down; Soon beyond the harbor bar will your
 drifting, slowly drifting, drifting down. O my brother, do not wait, heed them

rit. ad lib.

o - cean wild and wide, You are drifting, slowly drifting, drifting down.
 boat be car - ried far, You are drifting, slowly drifting, drifting down.
 ere it be too late, Ere for - ev - er you have drift-ed, drift-ed down.

CHORUS. *rit.* *a tempo.* *rit.* *a tempo.*

You are drift - ing down, drift - ing down To the
 You are drift-ing, slow-ly drift-ing, you are slow-ly drifting down

rit. *a tempo.*

dark and aw-ful sea; You are drift - ing down From a Father's loving care,
 You are drifting, slowly drifting.

Drifting Down—Concluded.

To the blackness of despair, You are drifting, slowly drifting, drifting down.
drifting down.

155

O to Be More Tender.

E. E. HEWITT.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

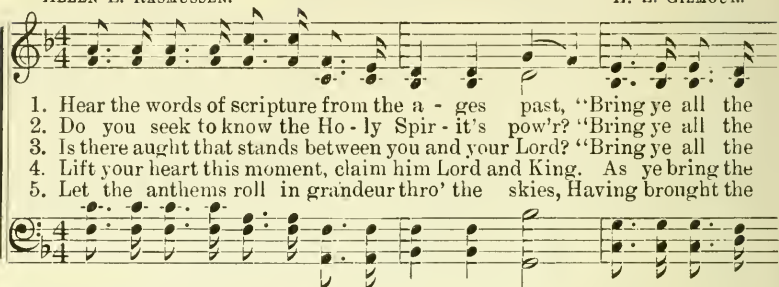
1. O to be more ten - der, Mer - ci - ful and kind,
2. O to be more no - ble, Scorn - ing all that's wrong,
3. O to be more hum - ble, Like our low - ly King.

Grate - ful for the bless - ings We may dai - ly find;
Pure and glad and truth - ful, Fill - ing life with song;
Cast - ing care up - on him, Rest - ing 'neath his wing;

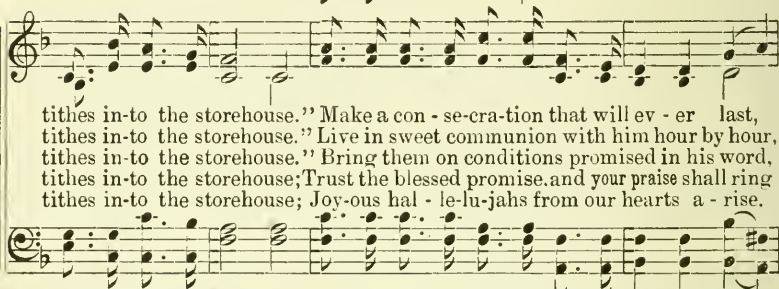
Sow - ing all a - round us Pre - cious seeds of love,
Trust - ful toward our Fa - ther, Toward our neigh - bor, too,
O to be more ho - ly, Grow - ing in his grace,

Bring - ing un - to oth - ers Sun - beams from a - bove.
See - ing thro' the shad - ows Gleams of shin - ing blue,
Till, be - yond the riv - er, We be - hold his face!

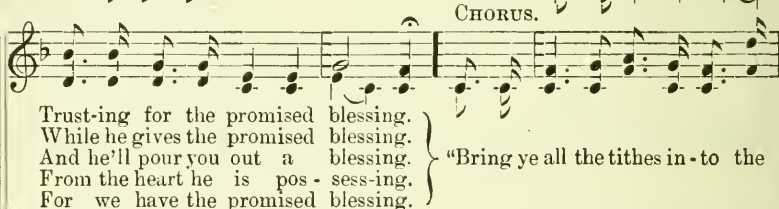
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1. Hear the words of scripture from the a - ges past, "Bring ye all the
 2. Do you seek to know the Ho - ly Spir - it's pow'r? "Bring ye all the
 3. Is there aught that stands between you and your Lord? "Bring ye all the
 4. Lift your heart this moment, claim him Lord and King. As ye bring the
 5. Let the anthems roll in grandeur thro' the skies, Having brought the



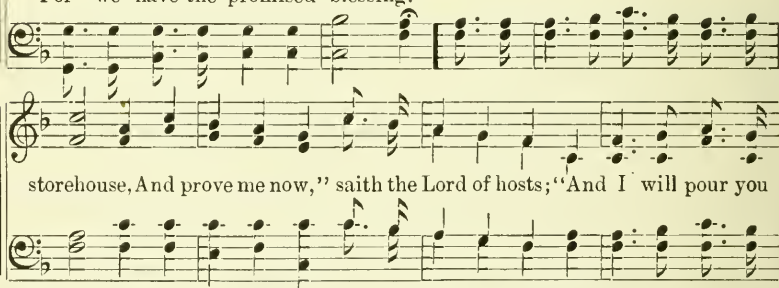
tithes in-to the storehouse." Make a con - se-cra-tion that will ev - er last,
 tithes in-to the storehouse." Live in sweet communion with him hour by hour,
 tithes in-to the storehouse." Bring them on conditions promised in his word,
 tithes in-to the storehouse; Trust the blessed promise, and your praise shall ring
 tithes in-to the storehouse; Joy-ous hal - le-lu-jahs from our hearts a - rise.



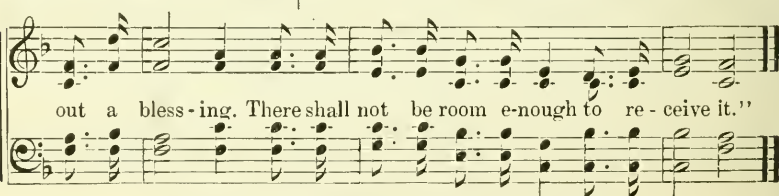
CHORUS.

Trust-ing for the promised blessing.
 While he gives the promised blessing.
 And he'll pour you out a blessing.
 From the heart he is pos - sess-ing.
 For we have the promised blessing.

"Bring ye all the tithes in - to the



storehouse, And prove me now," saith the Lord of hosts; "And I will pour you

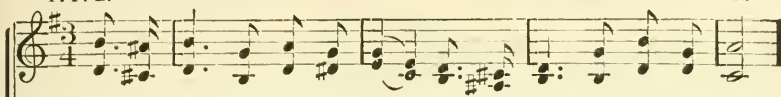


out a bless-ing. There shall not be room e-nough to re - ceive it."

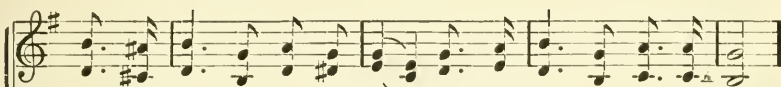
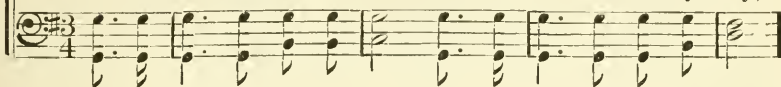
157 Blessed Jesus, Keep Me White.

P. P. B.

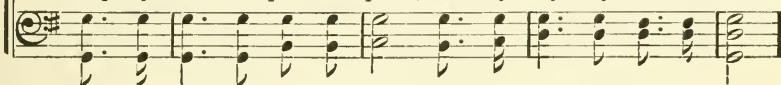
P. P. BILHORN.



1. Bless-ed Je - sus Thou art, mine, All I have is whol-ly Thine;
2. I am safe with-in the fold, All my cares on Thee are roll'd;
3. Pre-cious Je - sus, day by day, Keep me in the ho - ly way;

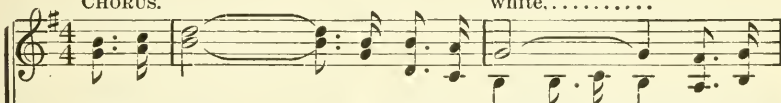


Thou dost dwell with-in my heart, Make me clean in ev-'ry part.
I en-joy the sweet-est rest, For I'm lean-ing on Thy breast.
Keep my mind in per-fect peace, Ev-'ry day my faith in-crease.

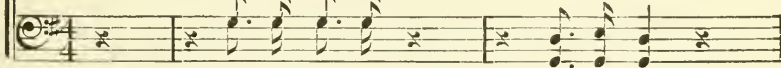


CHORUS.

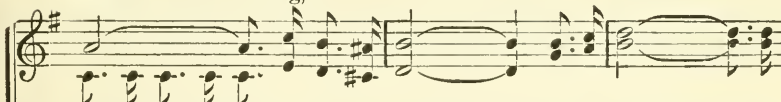
white.....



Bless-ed Je - - - sus, keep me white, keep me white, Keep me
Bless-ed Je - sus, keep me white,



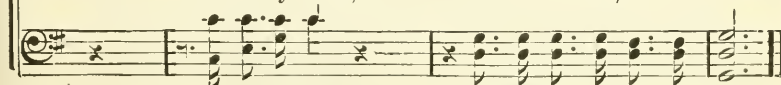
walk - - - ing,



walking, keep me walking in the light,..... All I have..... is
Keep me walking in the light, All I have



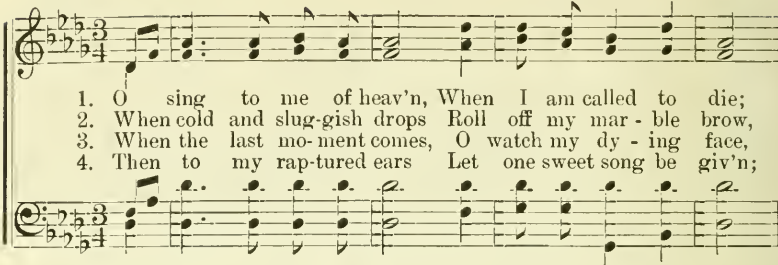
whol-ly Thine,..... Bless-ed Je - - - sus, Thou art mine.
is wholly Thine, Bless-ed Je - sus,



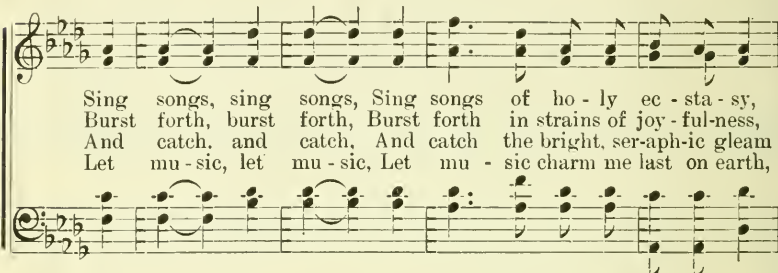
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T. W. S.

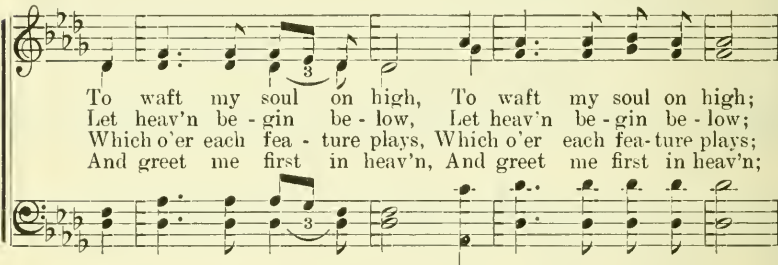
Arr. by G. W. ELDERKIN.



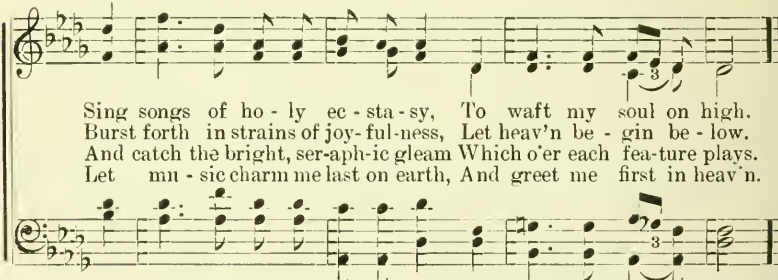
1. O sing to me of heav'n, When I am called to die;
 2. When cold and slug-gish drops Roll off my mar-ble brow,
 3. When the last mo-ment comes, O watch my dy-ing face,
 4. Then to my rap-tured ears Let one sweet song be giv'n;



Sing songs, sing songs, Sing songs of ho-ly ec-sta-sy,
 Burst forth, burst forth, Burst forth in strains of joy-ful-ness,
 And catch, and catch, And catch the bright, ser-aph-ic gleam
 Let mu-sic, let mu-sic, Let mu-sic charm me last on earth,



To waft my soul on high, To waft my soul on high;
 Let heav'n be-gin be-low, Let heav'n be-gin be-low;
 Which o'er each fea-ture plays, Which o'er each fea-ture plays;
 And greet me first in heav'n, And greet me first in heav'n;



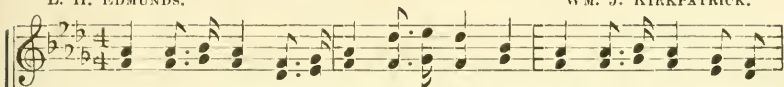
Sing songs of ho-ly ec-sta-sy, To waft my soul on high.
 Burst forth in strains of joy-ful-ness, Let heav'n be-gin be-low.
 And catch the bright, ser-aph-ic gleam Which o'er each fea-ture plays.
 Let mu-sic charm me last on earth, And greet me first in heav'n.

5 Then close my sightless eyes,
 And lay me down to rest.
 And clasp my pale and icy hands,
 Upon my lifeless breast.

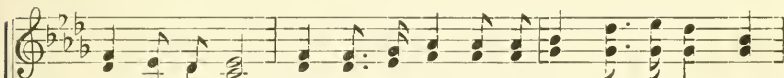
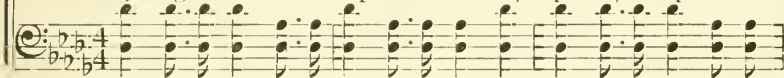
6 Then round my senseless clay
 Assemble those I love,
 And sing of heav'n, delightful heav'n,
 My glorious home above.

L. H. EDMUNDS.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. Try - ing to walk in the steps of the Sav-ior, Try - ing to fol - low our
2. Pressing more closely to him who is lead-ing, When we are tempted to
3. Walking in footsteps of gen-tle forbearance, Footsteps of faithfulness,
4. Try - ing to walk in the steps of the Sav-ior, Upward, still upward we'll



Sav - ior and King; Shap-ing our lives by his bless - ed ex-am - ple,
 turn from the way; Trust-ing the arm that is strong to de-fend us,
 mer - cy, and love; Look-ing to him for the grace free - ly prom-ised,
 fol - low our Guide; When we shall see him, "the King in his beau - ty,"



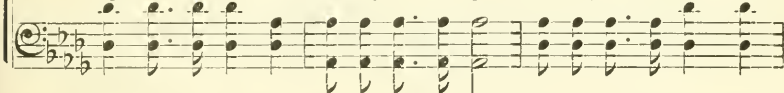
CHORUS.



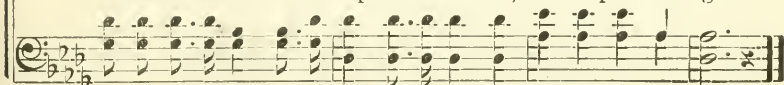
Happy, how happy the songs that we bring. }
 Happy, how happy our praises each day. } How beautiful to walk in the
 Happy, how happy our jour-ney a-bove.
 Happy, how happy our place at his side.



steps of the Sav-ior, Stepping in the light, stepping in the light; How



beau-ti-ful to walk in the steps of the Sav-ior, Led in paths of light.



160 Let the Blessed Sunlight In.

A. F. M.

A. F. MYERS.

Not too fast.

1. Would you al-ways cheer-ful be? Let the bless-ed sun-light in;
 2. Would you brighten drear-y days? Let the bless-ed sun-light in;
 3. Would you ease a burdened heart? Let the bless-ed sun-light in;
 4. Would you speed the truth a-broad? Let the bless-ed sun-light in;

Would you bid the dark-ness flee? Let the bless-ed sun-light in.
 Would you fill your heart with praise? Let the bless-ed sun-light in.
 Would you joy and strength im-part? Let the bless-ed sun-light in.
 Would you bring the world to God? Let the bless-ed sun-light in.

CHORUS.

Let the bless-ed sun-light, sun-light in, Let the bless-ed
 Let the bless-ed sun-light in, Let the bless-ed

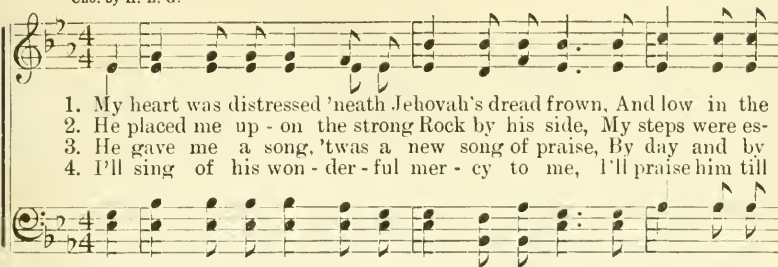
sun-light in; Would you nev-er wea-ry When the days are
 sun-light, sun-light in;

Repeat softly.
 drear-y? Let the bless-ed sun-light in.
 sun-light in.

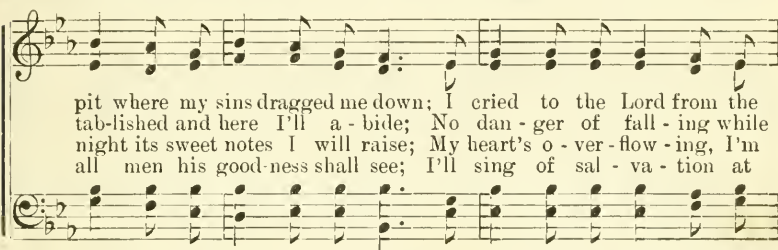
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Rev. H. J. ZELLEY.
Cho. by H. L. G.

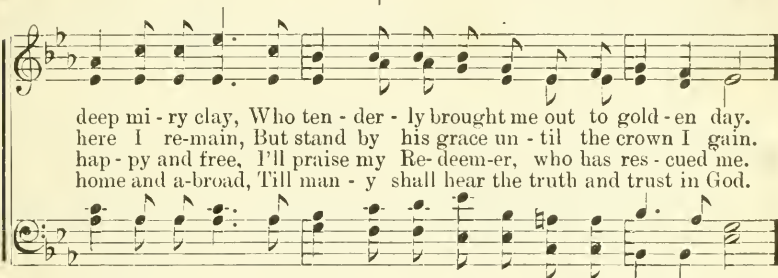
H. L. GILMOUR.



1. My heart was distressed 'neath Jehovah's dread frown, And low in the
2. He placed me up - on the strong Rock by his side, My steps were es-
3. He gave me a song, 'twas a new song of praise, By day and by
4. I'll sing of his won - der - ful mer - cy to me, I'll praise him till

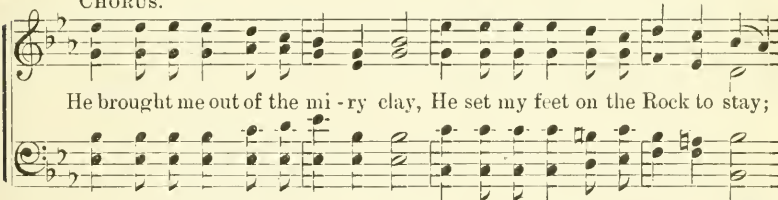


pit where my sins dragged me down; I cried to the Lord from the
tab - lished and here I'll a - bide; No dan - ger of fall - ing while
night its sweet notes I will raise; My heart's o - ver - flow - ing, I'm
all men his good - ness shall see; I'll sing of sal - va - tion at

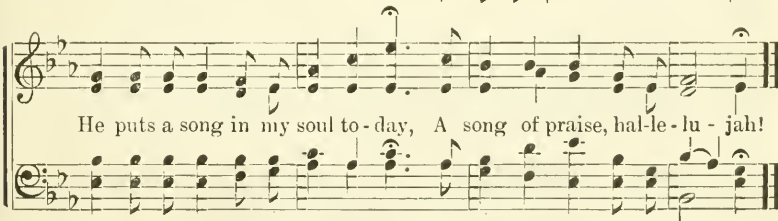


deep mi - ry clay, Who ten - der - ly brought me out to gold - en day.
here I re - main, But stand by his grace un - til the crown I gain.
hap - py and free, I'll praise my Re - deem - er, who has res - cued me.
home and a - broad, Till man - y shall hear the truth and trust in God.

CHORUS.



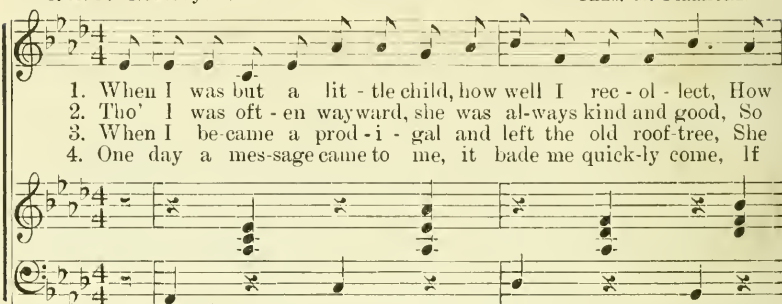
He brought me out of the mi - ry clay, He set my feet on the Rock to stay;



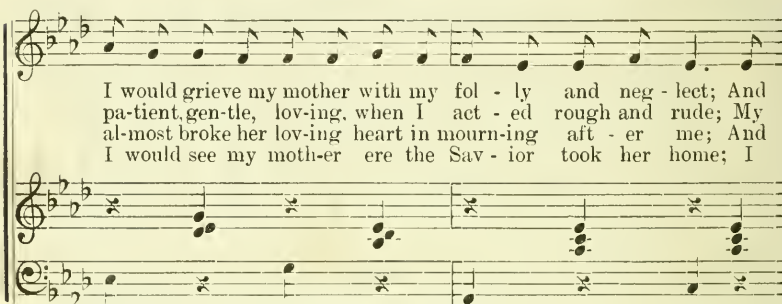
He puts a song in my soul to - day, A song of praise, hal - le - lu - jah!

C. M. F. *Not too fast.*

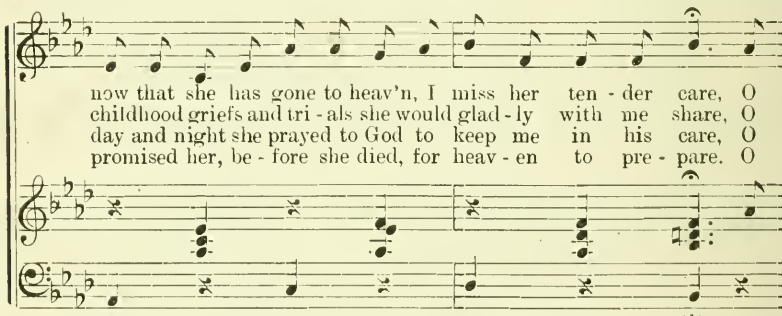
CHAS. M. FILLMORE.



1. When I was but a lit - tle child, how well I rec - ol - lect, How
 2. Tho' I was oft - en wayward, she was al - ways kind and good, So
 3. When I be - came a prod - i - gal and left the old roof - tree, She
 4. One day a mes - sage came to me, it bade me quick - ly come, If

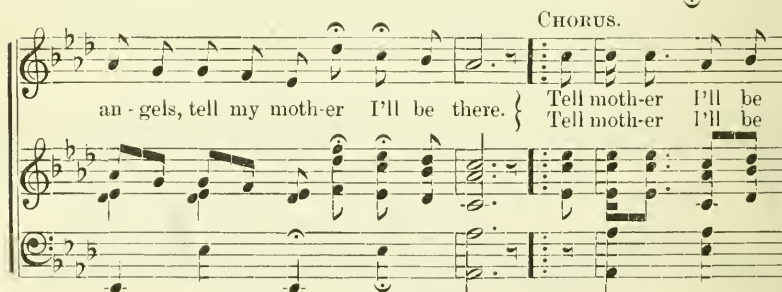


I would grieve my mother with my fol - ly and neg - lect; And
 pa - tient, gen - tle, lov - ing, when I act - ed rough and rude; My
 al - most broke her lov - ing heart in mourn - ing aft - er me; And
 I would see my moth - er ere the Sav - ior took her home; I



now that she has gone to heav'n, I miss her ten - der care, O
 childhood griefs and tri - als she would glad - ly with me share, O
 day and night she prayed to God to keep me in his care, O
 promised her, be - fore she died, for heav - en to pre - pare. O

CHORUS.



an - gels, tell my moth - er I'll be there. } Tell moth - er I'll be
 Tell moth - er I'll be

Tell Mother I'll Be There—Concluded.

there, in an-swer to her pray'r, This mes-sage, guar-dian
there, heav'n's joys with her to share, Yes, tell my dar-ling

an-gels, to her bear;... moth-er I'll be there.

The musical score is written for three parts: Treble, Alto, and Bass. It features a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a 2/2 time signature. The melody is simple and hymn-like, with a repeat sign and a second ending marked with a '2'.

163

No Shadows Yonder.

H. BONAR.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. No shadows yonder! All light and song! Each day I wander, And say, "how long
2. No weeping yonder! All fled away! While here I wander, Each wea-ry day,
3. No partings yonder! Nor time nor space! Hearts ne'er shall sunder, In that blest place;
4. None wanting yonder! Bought by the Lamb! No more to wander; Crown, robe, and palm;

Shall time me sunder From that dear throng? Shall time me sunder From that dear throng?"
And sadly ponder My long, long stay! And sadly ponder My long, long stay!
Dearer and fonder, Saved by his grace; Dearer and fonder, Saved by his grace.
Loud as night's thunder, Chant heav'n's glad psalm; Loud as night's thunder, Chant heav'n's glad psalm.

The musical score is written for three parts: Treble, Alto, and Bass. It features a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a 4/4 time signature. The melody is simple and hymn-like, with a repeat sign and a second ending marked with a '2'.

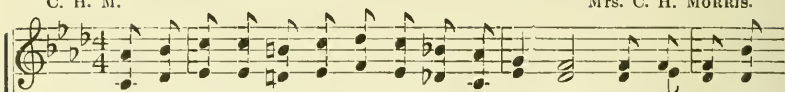
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(165)

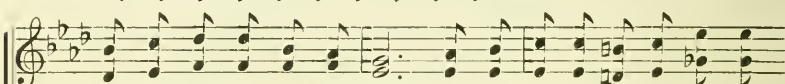
164 Growing Brighter Every Day.

C. H. M.

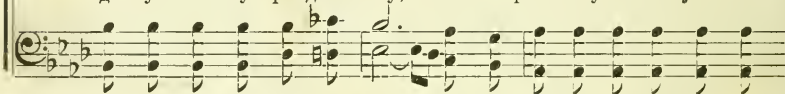
Mrs. C. H. MORRIS.



1. I can ne'er forget the day when Je-sus saved me, Speaking pardon
2. What he gave me in that hour was but a fore-taste Of the ful-ness
3. In his pastures green and large I'm ever feed-ing, And my thirst is
4. I am rest-ing on the won-der-ful as-sur-ance, While so crowned with



to my guilt-y, sin-sick soul, Or the bless-ed words of com-fort
of his bless-ing yet in store; And the sun-light of his pres-ence
quenched where liv-ing wa-ters flow, While from 'grace to grace,' the Spirit
glo-ry is my pil-grim way, That the path-way of the just still



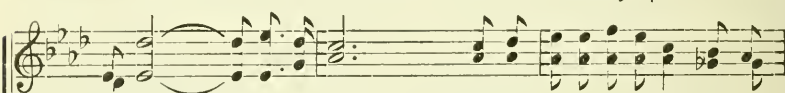
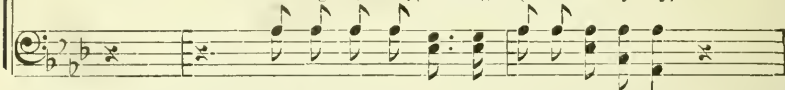
there he gave me, "Go in peace, thy faith hath saved and made thee whole."
grow-eth brighter, Day by day his grace a-bound-eth more and more.
still is lead-ing, And from "glo-ry un-to glo-ry" here be-low.
brighter grow-eth, "Shin-ing more and more un-to the per-fect day.



CHORUS.



Grow-ing bright-er..... ev-'ry day..... Grow-ing
Grow-ing bright-er, grow-ing bright-er ev-'ry day,



bet-ter..... all the way; Let the hallelujahs roll, Je-sus
Growing better, growing better all the way;



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Growing Brighter Every Day—Concluded.

sweet-ly saves my soul, And my way is growing brighter ev'ry day.
ev'ry day.

165

Save One.

E. E. HEWITT.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Out in the breakers are per-ish-ing souls, Save one, save one;
2. Out in the darkness of sin's aw-ful night, Save one, save one;
3. Out on the mountain so sad-ly a-stray, Save one, save one;
4. Loved ones or strangers, whoe'er they may be. Save one, save one;

Out where the cur-rent of sin mad-ly rolls, Save one, save one.
Tell them of Je-sus, and lead to the light, Save one, save one.
From the sweet home-land so far, far a-way, Save one, save one.
Go in his Spir-it who saves you and me, Save one, save one.

CHORUS.

Pit-y the per-ish-ing, La-bor and pray; Hast-en to res-cue them,

Save one today, Then in your heart will be heaven begun, Save one, save one.

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E. E. HEWITT.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. Come while God is call-ing, hear his word to - day, Peace thro' the
 2. Sink the past for - ev - er 'neath the cleansing tide. Peace thro' the
 3. Bless - ing free and boundless flow-ing from a - bove. Peace thro' the
 4. Tell the joy - ful sto - ry ev - 'ry - where you go, Peace thro' the

blood of the cross; Take the gift he of-fers, come without de - lay,
 blood of the cross; Let the Ho - ly Spir - it in your heart a - bide,
 blood of the cross; Ev - er - last - ing mer - cy, ev - er - last - ing love,
 blood of the cross: Till the wide world over, ransomed souls shall know,

CHORUS.

Peace thro' the blood of the cross. Peace, wonderful
 Peace, wonderful peace!

peace! Peace, wonderful peace!
 peace, wonderful peace! Peace, wonderful peace! peace, wonderful peace!

Peace thro' the blood of the cross; Peace thro' the blood of the cross.

"Give Me Thy Heart."

E. E. HEWITT.

A. F. BOURNE.

1. "Give me thy heart," says the Father a - bove, No gift so pre-cious to
 2. "Give me thy heart," says the Savior of men, Call-ing in mer-cy a-
 3. "Give me thy heart," says the Spir-it di-vine, All that thou hast to my

him as our love; Soft - ly he whis-pers, wher-ev - er thou art,
 gain and a - gain: "Turn now from sin, and from e - vil de - part,
 keep-ing re - sign; Grace more a - bound-ing is mine to im-part,

CHORUS.

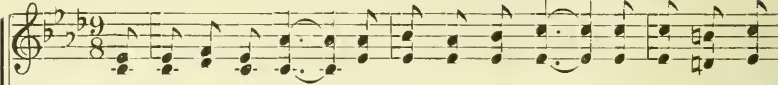
"Grate-ful - ly trust me, and give me thy heart." }
 Have I not died for thee? give me thy heart." } "Give me thy heart,
 Make full sur - ren - der, and give me thy heart." }

p
 give me thy heart." Hear the soft whisper, wherever thou art; From this dark

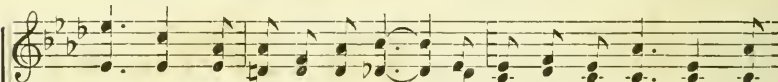
Rit.
 world he would draw thee a - part, Speaking so tenderly, "Give me thy heart."

E. E. HEWITT.

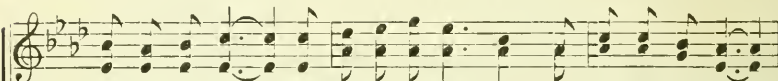
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



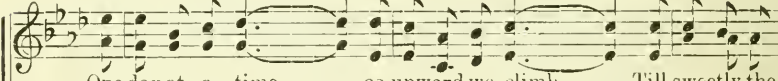
1. One day at a time to car - ry the cross, To bear it for
 2. One day at a time, a du - ty for each. Some lives we may
 3. One day at a time; the promise is sweet, His grace is suf -
 4. One day at a time new les - sons to learn; The hand sore - ly




Je - sus thro' per - il and loss, To win liv - ing jew - els to
 sweet - en, some hearts we may reach; And no bet - ter bless - ing the
 fi - cient for tri - als we meet; Tho' stormy the weath - er, tho'
 wound - ed the pag - es will turn, He'll show us rich treas - ure, much



wear in the crown The Master will give, when the cross is laid down.
 moments can bring Than off - ring us serv - ice for Je - sus our King.
 thorn - y the way, He still will ap - por - tion thy strength as thy day.
 more than we ask, We'll break in - to song in the midst of the task.

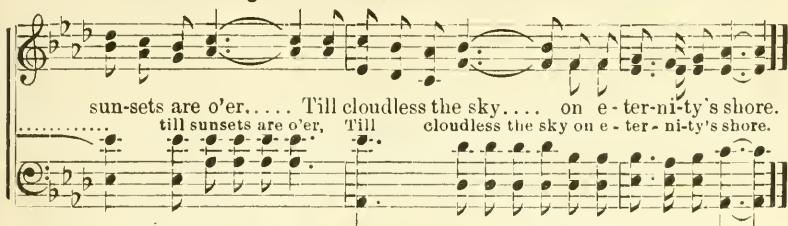
CHORUS. *A little faster.*


One day at a time..... as upward we climb..... Till sweetly the
 One day..... at a time as up - ward we climb, Till sweetly the



bells ring the vesper chime;..... One day at a time,..... till
 bells ring the ves - per chime, the ves - per chime; One day, one day at a time,

One Day at a Time—Concluded.

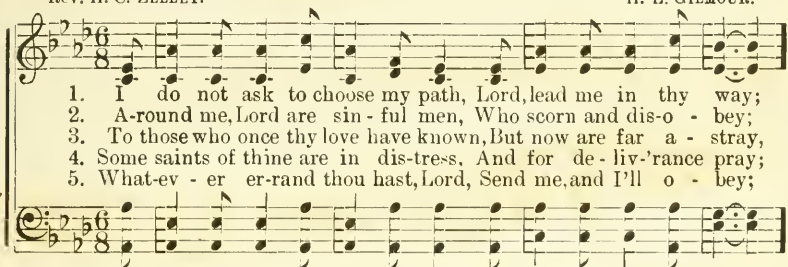


sun-sets are o'er.... Till cloudless the sky.... on e-ter-ni-ty's shore.
till sunsets are o'er, Till cloudless the sky on e-ter-ni-ty's shore.

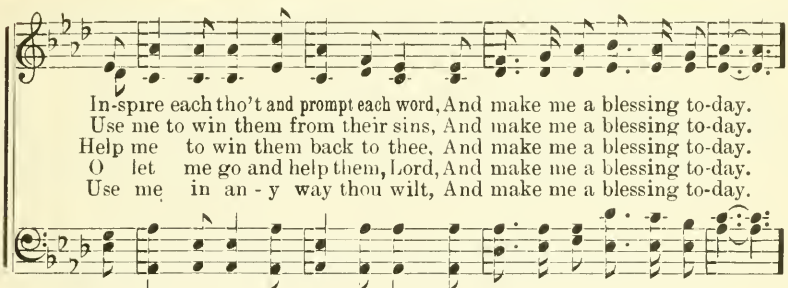
169 Make Me a Blessing To-day.

Rev. H. C. ZELLEY.

H. L. GILMOUR.

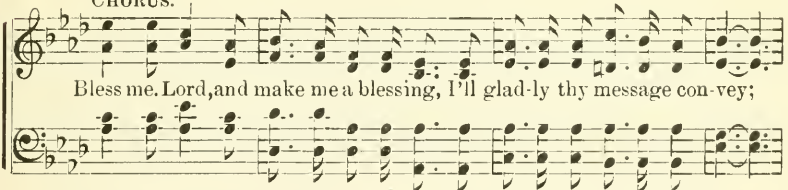


1. I do not ask to choose my path, Lord, lead me in thy way;
2. A-round me, Lord are sin-ful men, Who scorn and dis-o-bey;
3. To those who once thy love have known, But now are far a-stray,
4. Some saints of thine are in dis-tress, And for de-liv'-rance pray;
5. What-ev-er er-rand thou hast, Lord, Send me, and I'll o-bey;

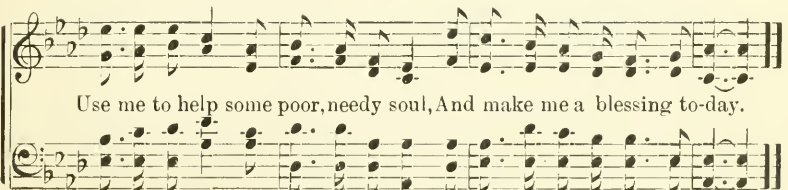


In-spire each tho't and prompt each word, And make me a blessing to-day.
Use me to win them from their sins, And make me a blessing to-day.
Help me to win them back to thee, And make me a blessing to-day.
O let me go and help them, Lord, And make me a blessing to-day.
Use me in an-y way thou wilt, And make me a blessing to-day.

CHORUS.



Bless me, Lord, and make me a blessing, I'll glad-ly thy message con-vey;

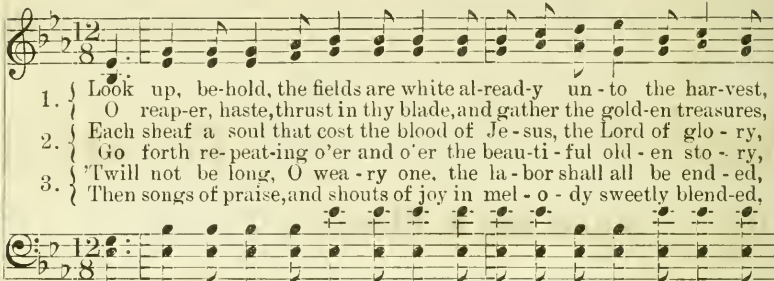


Use me to help some poor, needy soul, And make me a blessing to-day.

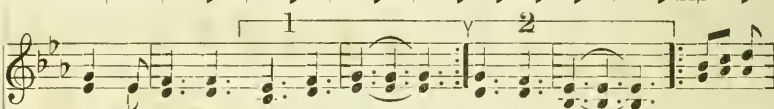
170 The Reaping-Time Has Come.

E. E. W.

Mrs. E. E. WILLIAMS. Arr. by H. L. G.



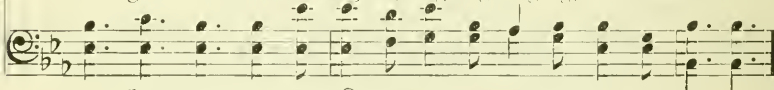
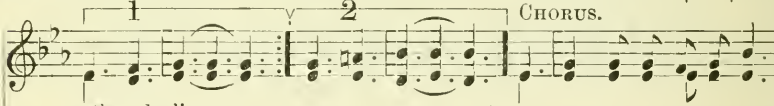
1. Look up, be-hold, the fields are white al-read-y un-to the har-vest,
 O reap-er, haste, thrust in thy blade, and gather the gold-en treasures,
 2. Each sheaf a soul that cost the blood of Je-sus, the Lord of glo-ry,
 Go forth re-peat-ing o'er and o'er the beau-ti-ful old-en sto-ry,
 3. 'Twill not be long, O wea-ry one, the la-bor shall all be end-ed,
 Then songs of praise, and shouts of joy in mel-o-dy sweetly blend-ed,



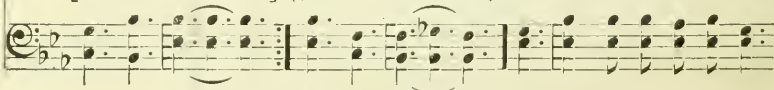
Lo, the reaping time has come!
 For the fi-nal [Omit.] har-vest-home! { 'Tis the
 To their res-cue haste a-way! { While for
 Work while still 'tis [Omit.] called to-day! { For on
 And the rest-ing time shall come; { And to
 Shall resound thro' [Omit.] heav-en's dome! { And the




Lord's own grain, and 'tis fall-ing, fall-ing, fall-ing, Shall it there un-
 work-ers still he is call-ing, call-ing, call-ing, And the e-ven-
 ev-'ry hand they are dy-ing, dy-ing, dy-ing, While the blessed
 us the Mas-ter is cry-ing, cry-ing, cry-ing, 'Go and reap my
 glad joy-bells shall be ring-ing, ring-ing, ringing, O'er a world re-
 an-gel-choirs shall be sing-ing, sing-ing, singing, As the sheaves are

gathered lie,....
 [Omit.] tide is nigh?
 Spir-it grieves!
 [Omit.] gold-en sheaves!" } O broth-er, hasten a-way,
 deemed from sin!
 [Omit.] garnered in!.... }



The Reaping-time Has Come—Concluded.

to the har - vest, Ere the shades of evening fall!..... Go and
 to the har-vest quick a-way, Ere the shades of eve-ning fall, Ere the shades of eve-ning fall! Go and

reap..... gold-en sheaves, For there's work enough for all.....
 reap, go and reap golden sheaves, golden sheaves, For there's work enough, there's work enough for all, for all.

171

Even Me.

Mrs. ELIZ. CODNER.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. { Lord, I hear of show'rs of blessing Thou art scatt'ring full and free— }
 { Show'rs, the thirsty land re-fresh-ing; Let some droppings fall on me— }

E - ven me, E - ven me, Let thy bless - ing fall on me.

2 Pass me not, O gracious Father!
 Sinful though my heart may be;
 Thou might'st leave me, but the rather
 Let thy mercy fall on me—
 Even me, etc.

3 Pass me not, O tender Savior!
 Let me love and cling to thee;
 I am longing for thy favor;
 Whilst thou'rt calling, O call me—
 Even me, etc.

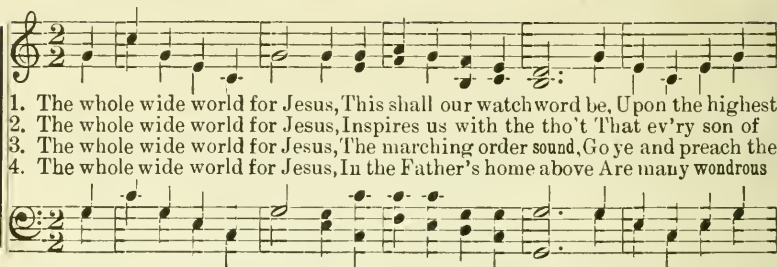
4 Pass me not, O mighty Spirit!
 Thou canst make the blind to see;
 Witnesser of Jesus' merit,
 Speak the word of power to me—
 Even me, etc.

5 Love of God, so pure and changeless;
 Blood of Christ, so rich and free;
 Grace of God, so strong and boundless;
 Magnify them all in me.—
 Even me, etc.

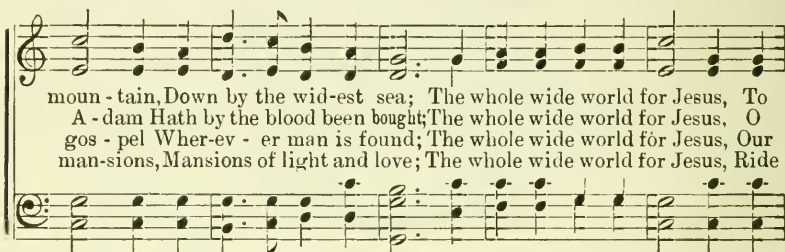
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Rev. J. DEMSTER HAMMOND.

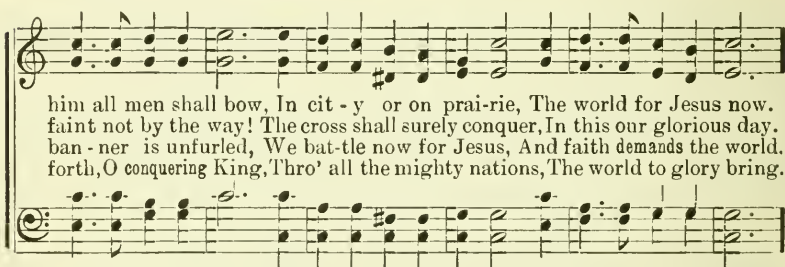
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. The whole wide world for Jesus, This shall our watchword be, Upon the highest
 2. The whole wide world for Jesus, Inspires us with the tho't That ev'ry son of
 3. The whole wide world for Jesus, The marching order sound, Goye and preach the
 4. The whole wide world for Jesus, In the Father's home above Are many wondrous

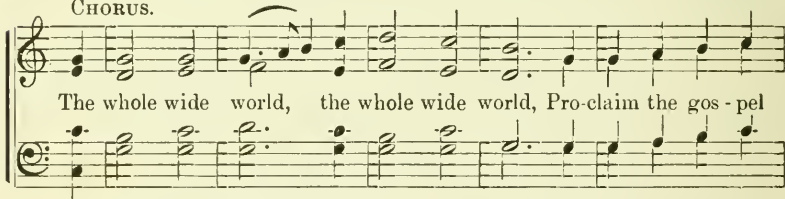


moun - tain, Down by the wid - est sea; The whole wide world for Jesus, To
 A - dam Hath by the blood been bought; The whole wide world for Jesus, O
 gos - pel Wher - ev - er man is found; The whole wide world for Jesus, Our
 man - sions, Mansions of light and love; The whole wide world for Jesus, Ride

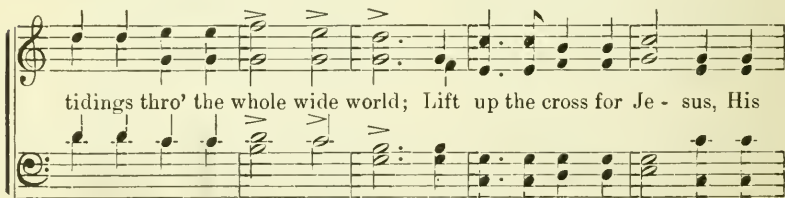


him all men shall bow, In cit - y or on prai - rie, The world for Jesus now.
 faint not by the way! The cross shall surely conquer, In this our glorious day.
 ban - ner is unfurled, We bat - tle now for Jesus, And faith demands the world.
 forth, O conquering King, Thro' all the mighty nations, The world to glory bring.

CHORUS.



The whole wide world, the whole wide world, Pro - claim the gos - pel



tidings thro' the whole wide world; Lift up the cross for Je - sus, His

The Whole Wide World—Concluded.

ban - ner be un-furled, Till ev-'ry tongue confess him thro' the whole wide world.

173 Holy Spirit from Above.

H. R. P.

H. R. PALMER.

1. Ho - ly Spir - it from a - bove, Fill our hearts with thy pure love;
 2. Take our sin - ful thoughts a-way; Lead, oh, lead us lest we stray;
 3. With the al - tar's sa - cred Fire, Touch our lips, our hearts in-spire;
 4. Bless-ed source of heav'n-ly light, Now dis-perse the gloom of night;

Oh, in - spire us with thy zeal; May each soul thy pres-ence feel.
 Ho - ly Spir - it, faithful Guide, May each soul in thee a-bide.
 Oh, il - lume us by thy grace; In each soul thy im - age trace.
 In our hearts for - ev - er shine; Fill each soul with joy di-vine.

f CHÓRUS. *Don't hurry.*

Ho-ly Spirit from thy throne above, Fill us with the Savior's dying love;

Now descend up-on us, Heav'nly Dove; Come, thou blessed Com-fort - er.

L. E. J.

L. E. JONES.

1. There's a precious fountain, flowing deep and wide. There is perfect cleansing
 2. We are living safe beneath the fountain's flow, Free from sinful dross, with
 3. From the bonds of sin the Lord hath brought release. Bade our cry of mourning
 4. From our hearts the praise of Jesus Christ we sing, By our service we will

in its crimson tide; Un-der-neath its cur-rent we would e'er a-bide,
 raiment white as snow; We've a hand to guide us, as we on-ward go,
 ev-er-more to cease; W-are filled each moment with his bless-ed peace,
 crown him Lord and King, To his feet an of-fer-ing of love we bring,

CHORUS.

Walk-ing in the light of God. If we walk in the light, as

he is in the light, we have fel-low-ship one with an-oth-er, and the

blood of Je-sus Christ his Son cleans-eth us from all sin.

LANTA WILSON SMITH.

G. W. ELDERKIN.



1. Be - yond our dear - est dreams of joy, A fair - er vi - sion glows,
2. There toil and grief are nev - er known, Nor sor - row's bit - ter tear;
3. The sweet - est mu - sic earth has known, The faint - est type must be
4. Our mu - sic thrills with hid - den tears, Ce - les - tial songs are glad;
5. E - ter - nal glo - ries, ev - er new, Sweep o'er that re - gion blest;



We see by faith that home of bliss Our Fa - ther's love be - stows.
 No pain nor death can en - ter there, The fu - ture holds no fear.
 Of songs that float from an - gel choirs A - cross the crys - tal sea.
 The har - mo - ny of gold - en harps Holds not a ca - dence sad.
 And he is true who prom - ised us This land of joy and rest.



CHORUS.



Eye..... hath not seen,..... Ear..... hath not
 Eye hath not seen, Eye hath not seen, Ear hath not heard,



heard,..... Nei - ther hath it en - tered in - to the heart of
 Ear hath not heard,



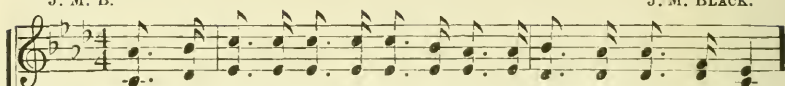
man. The things which God hath prepared for them that love him.



176 When the Roll is Called Up Yonder.

J. M. B.

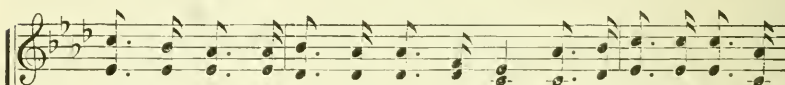
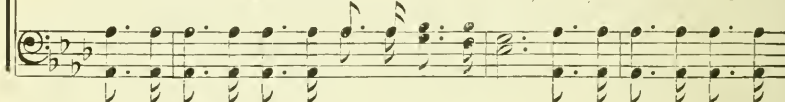
J. M. BLACK.



1. When the trumpet of the Lord shall sound, and time shall be no more,
2. On that bright and cloudless morning, when the dead in Christ shall rise,
3. Let us la - bor for the Mas - ter from the dawn till set - ting sun,



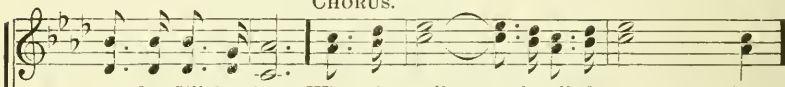
And the morning breaks, eternal, bright and fair; When the saved of earth shall
And the glo - ry of his resurrection share: When his chosen ones shall
Let us talk of all his wondrous love and care, Then, when all of life is



gath - er o - ver on the oth - er shore, And the roll is called up
gath - er to their home be - yond the skies. And the roll is called up
o - ver, and our work on earth is done. And the roll is called up



CHORUS.



you - der, I'll be there. When the roll is called up yon - der,
When the roll is called up yonder, I'll be there,



When the roll is called up yon - - - der. When the
When the roll is called up yon - der, I'll be there,



When the Roll is Called—Concluded.

roll is called up yonder, When the roll is called up yonder, I'll be there.
When the roll is called up yonder,

177 Never Alone is the Christian.

R. W. RAYMOND.

FRED. SILCHER

1. Far out on the des-o-late bil-low, The sail-or sails the sea,
2. Far down in the earth's dark bos-om, The mi-ner mines the ore;
3. Forth in-to the dread-ful bat-tle The stead-fast sol-dier goes,
4. Lord, grant as we sail life's o-cean, Or delve in its mines of woe,

A-lone with the night and the temp-est, Where countless dan-gers be,
Death lurks in the dark be-hind him, And hides in the rock be-fore.
No friend when he lies a-dy-ing His eyes to ten-der-ly close.
Or fight in its ter-ri-ble con-flict, This com-fort all to know:

CHORUS.

- 1-3. Yet, nev-er a-lone is the Chris-tian, Who lives by faith and pray'r;
- 4.v. That nev-er, etc.

For God is a friend un-fail-ing, And God is ev-ry-where.

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LANTA WILSON SMITH.

G. W. ELDERKIN.

1. Thro' all my life the hand of God has led me, His lov - ing
 2. No chill - ing doubt has made the shad - ows deep - er. And, look - ing
 3. When cru - el sin as - sailed me with temp - ta - tion, And e - vil
 4. There is no joy so full of ho - ly rap - ture, As that which

care has compassed all my way; Thro' sunny days, or hours of dread and
 back, his faithfulness I see; The pass - ing years re - veal his love and
 fore - es sought to win my soul, In my dis - tress I claimed his love and
 seals a pardon full and free; That joy the Sav - ior grants to all who

dan - ger, In his strong arms I've rest - ed day by day.
 wis - dom; No word has failed that he has prom - ised me.
 mer - cy, The Great Phy - si - cian came and made me whole.
 seek him; No word has failed that he has prom - ised me.

CHORUS. *mf*

O who can tell what joy a - waits the faith - ful, Un - meas - ured

glo - ry fills e - ter - ni - ty. We prove the past, and trust the com - ing

No Word Has Failed—Concluded.

fu - ture, No word shall fail that he has prom - ised me.

f *p rit.*

179 God be With You.

J. E. RANKIN, D. D.

W. G. TOMER. By per.

1. God be with you till we meet a-gain, By his counsels guide, uphold you.
2. God be with you till we meet a-gain, Neath his wings securely hide you.
3. God be with you till we meet a-gain, When life's perils thick confound you,
4. God be with you till we meet a-gain, Keep love's banner floating o'er you,

With his sheep se - cure - ly fold you, God be with you till we meet again.
 Dai - ly man - na still pro - vide you, God be with you till we meet again.
 Put his arms un - fail - ing round you, God be with you till we meet again.
 Smite death's threat'ning wave before you, God be with you till we meet again.

CHORUS.

Till we meet, till we meet, Till we meet at Je - sus' feet;
 Till we meet, till we meet a - gain, Till we meet at Je - sus' feet, till we meet;

Till we meet, till we meet, God be with you till we meet again.
 Till we meet, till we meet again,

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L. E. J.

L. E. JONES.

1. In ten - der com - pas - sion and won - der - ful love, The
 2. His arm is a - bund - ant - ly a - ble to save, His
 3. No need have I ev - er to troub - le my breast, Or

Fa - ther looks down from on high; He know - eth the ra - ven hath
 eye is a guide to my feet; Since love sought and found me, I
 fear what the mor - row may bring; The heart of the Fa - ther is

need of its food, And hear - eth in mer - cy its cry....
 con - stant - ly dwell With him in com - pan - ion - ship sweet...
 plan - ning my way, And I am the child of a King...

CHORUS.

The ra - ven he feed - eth, then why should I fear, To the heart of the

Fa - ther his chil - dren are dear; So, if the way dark - ens or

The Raven He Feedeth—Concluded.



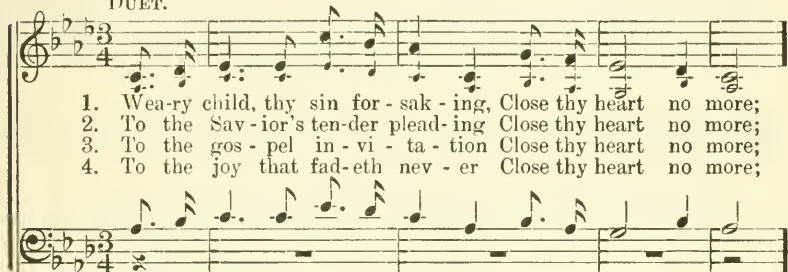
storms gath-er o'er, I'll sim-ply look upward and trust him the more.

181 Close Thy Heart No More.

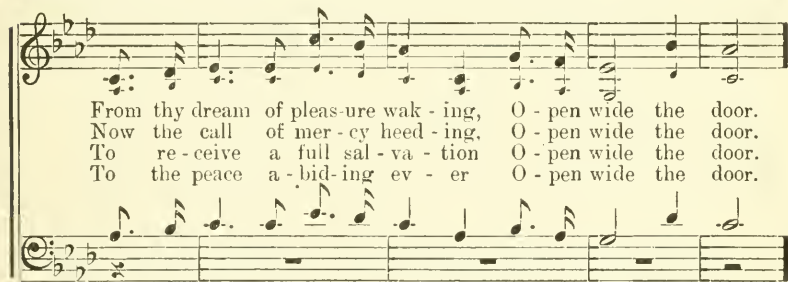
FANNY J. CROSBY.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

DUET.

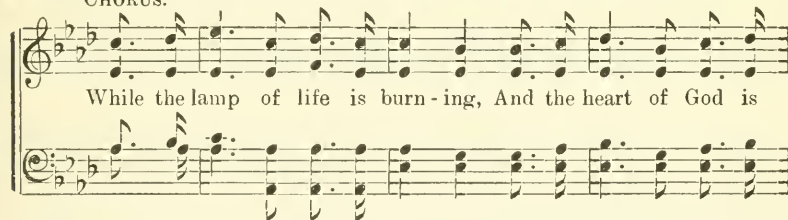


1. Wea-ry child, thy sin for-sak-ing, Close thy heart no more;
2. To the Sav-ior's ten-der plead-ing Close thy heart no more;
3. To the gos-pel in-vi-ta-tion Close thy heart no more;
4. To the joy that fad-eth nev-er Close thy heart no more;

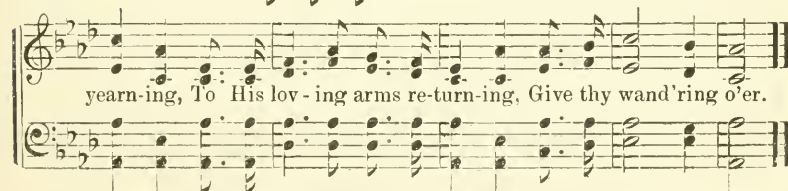


From thy dream of pleas-ure wak-ing, O - pen wide the door.
 Now the call of mer-cy heed-ing, O - pen wide the door.
 To re-ceive a full sal-va-tion O - pen wide the door.
 To the peace a-bid-ing ev-er O - pen wide the door.

CHORUS.



While the lamp of life is burn-ing, And the heart of God is



yearn-ing, To His lov-ing arms re-turn-ing, Give thy wand'ring o'er.

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R. HEBER.

HENRY S. CUTLER.

1. The Son of God goes forth to war, A king-ly crown to gain;
 2. The mar-tyr first, whose ea-gle eye Could pierce beyond the grave.
 3. A glo-rious band, the cho-sen few On whom the Spir-it came,
 4. A no-ble ar-my,—men and boys, The ma-tron and the maid;

His blood-red ban-ner streams a-far: Who fol-lows in his train?
 Who saw his Mas-ter in the sky, And called on him to save;
 Twelve valiant saints, their hope they knew, And mocked the cross and flame:
 A-round the Sav-ior's throne re-joice, In robes of light ar-rayed:

Who best can drink his cup of woe. Tri-um-phantly o-ver pain;
 Like him, with par-don on his tongue In midst of mor-tal pain,
 They met the ty-rant's brandished steel, The li-on's go-ry mane;
 They climbed the steep as-cent of heav'n Thro' per-il, toil, and pain:

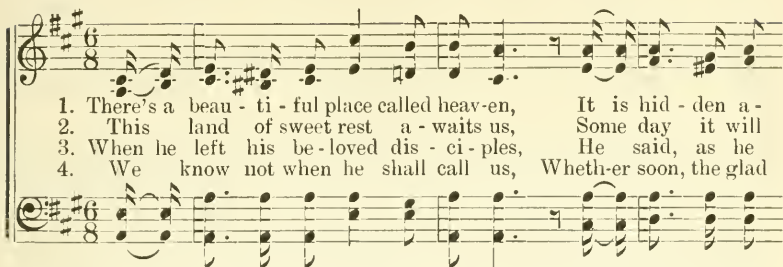
Who pa-tient bears his cross be-low,—He fol-lows in his train.
 He prayed for them that did the wrong: Who fol-lows in his train?
 They bowed their necks the death to feel; Who fol-lows in their train?
 O God, to us may grace be giv'n To fol-low in their train.

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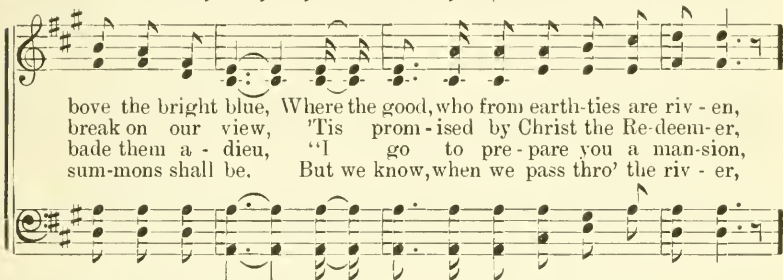
Above the Bright Blue.

C. E. P. Alt.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

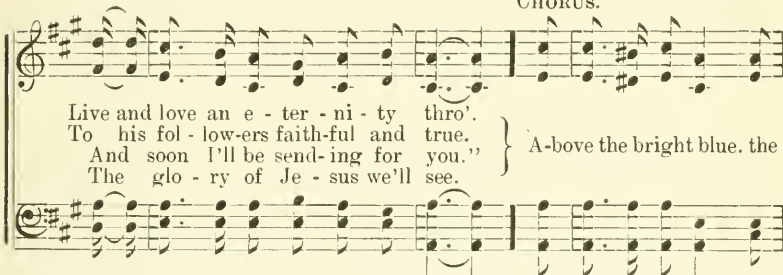


1. There's a beau - ti - ful place called heav-en, It is hid - den a -
 2. This land of sweet rest a - waits us, Some day it will
 3. When he left his be - loved dis - ci - ples, He said, as he
 4. We know not when he shall call us, Wheth - er soon, the glad

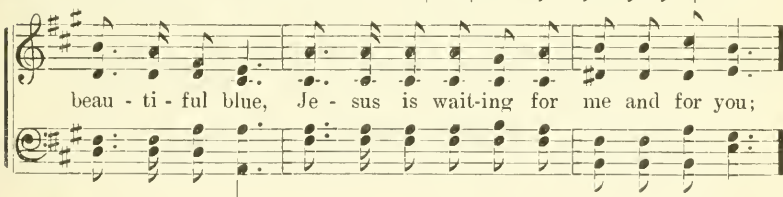


bove the bright blue, Where the good, who from earth - ties are riv - en,
 break on our view, 'Tis prom - ised by Christ the Re - deem - er,
 bade them a - dieu, 'I go to pre - pare you a man - sion,
 sum - mons shall be. But we know, when we pass thro' the riv - er,

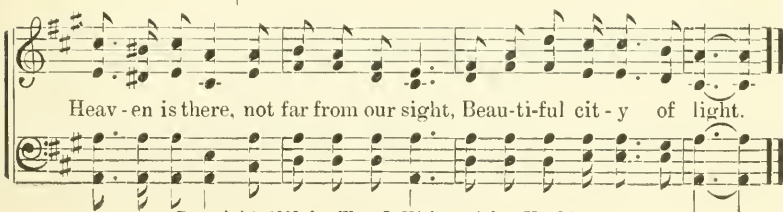
CHORUS.



Live and love an e - ter - ni - ty thro'.
 To his fol - low - ers faith - ful and true.
 And soon I'll be send - ing for you."
 The glo - ry of Je - sus we'll see. } A - bove the bright blue, the



beau - ti - ful blue, Je - sus is wait - ing for me and for you;

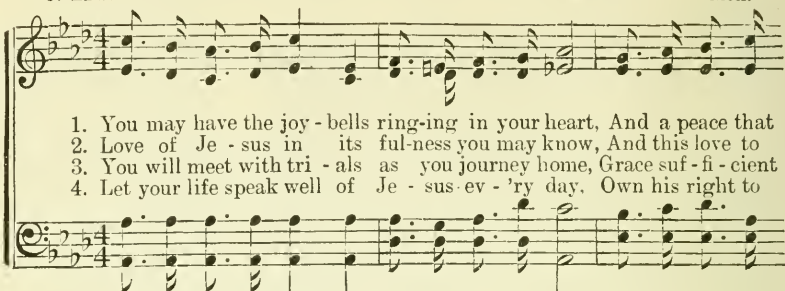


Heav - en is there, not far from our sight, Beau - ti - ful cit - y of light.

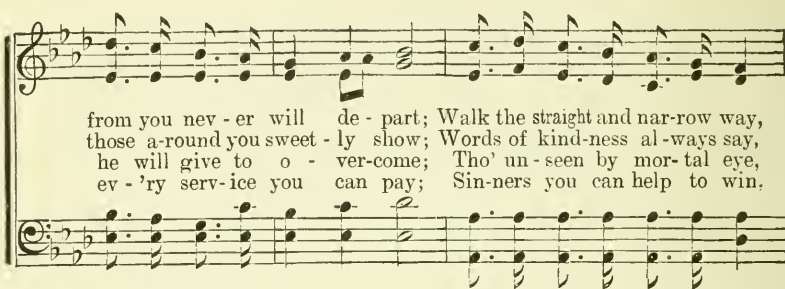
184 You May Have the Joy-Bells.

J. EDW. RUARK.

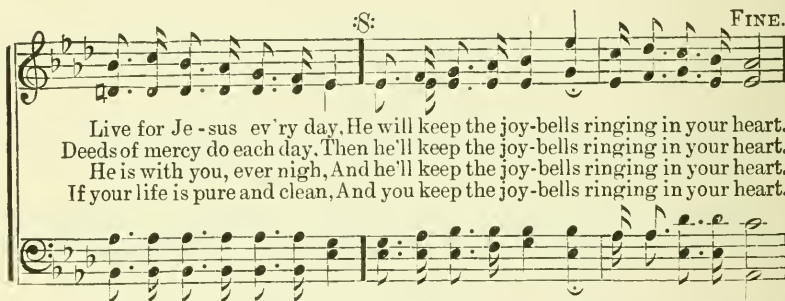
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. You may have the joy - bells ring-ing in your heart, And a peace that
 2. Love of Je - sus in its ful-ness you may know, And this love to
 3. You will meet with tri - als as you journey home, Grace suf-fi-cient
 4. Let your life speak well of Je - sus-ev-'ry day. Own his right to



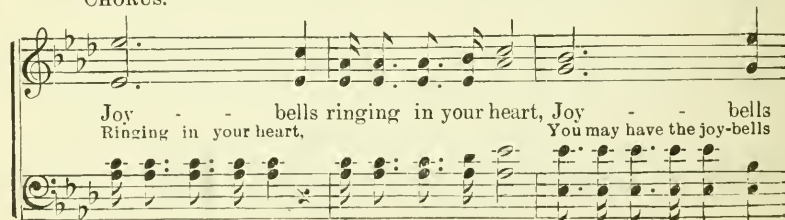
from you nev - er will de - part; Walk the straight and nar-row way,
 those a-round you sweet - ly show; Words of kind-ness al-ways say,
 he will give to o - ver-come; Tho' un - seen by mor-tal eye,
 ev - 'ry serv-ice you can pay; Sin-ners you can help to win,



Live for Je - sus ev'ry day, He will keep the joy-bells ringing in your heart.
 Deeds of mercy do each day, Then he'll keep the joy-bells ringing in your heart.
 He is with you, ever nigh, And he'll keep the joy-bells ringing in your heart.
 If your life is pure and clean, And you keep the joy-bells ringing in your heart.

D. S.—He will keep the joy-bells ringing in your heart.

CHORUS.



Joy - - bells ringing in your heart, Joy - - bells
 Ringing in your heart, You may have the joy-bells

You May Have the Joy-Bells—Concluded.

D. S.

ringing in your heart; Take the Savior here below, With you ev'rywhere you go;

185 Rescue the Perishing.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE.

1. Res - cue the per-ish-ing, Care for the dy-ing, Snatch them in pit - y from
2. Tho' they are slighting him, Still he is waiting, Wait-ing the pen - i - tent
3. Down in the human heart. Crushed by the tempter, Feelings lie bur-ied that
4. Res - cue the per-ish-ing, Du - ty de-mands it; Strength for thy la-bor the

sin and the grave; Weep o'er the err-ing ones, Lift up the fall - en,
child to re - ceive. Plead with them earnest-ly, Plead with them gen - tly;
grace can re - store: Touched by a lov-ing heart, Wak - ened by kind - ness,
Lord will pro-vide. Back to the nar-row way Pa - tient-ly win them;

CHORUS.

Tell them of Je - sus, the might-y to save.
He will for-give if they on - ly be-lieve. } Res-cue the per-ish-ing,
Chords that were bro-ken will vi-brate once more.
Tell the poor wand'rer a Sav - ior has died.

Care for the dy - ing: Je - sus is mer-ci-ful, Je - sus will save.

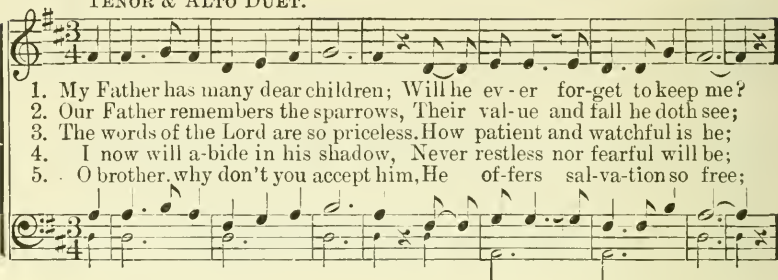
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186 He'll Never Forget to Keep Me.

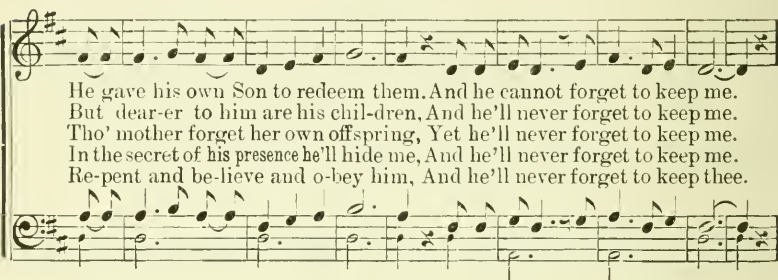
F. A. G.

F. A. GRAVES.

TENOR & ALTO DUET.



1. My Father has many dear children; Will he ev - er for-get to keep me?
2. Our Father remembers the sparrows, Their val - ue and fall he doth see;
3. The words of the Lord are so priceless. How patient and watchful is he;
4. I now will a-bide in his shadow, Never restless nor fearful will be;
5. O brother, why don't you accept him, He of-fers sal - va - tion so free;

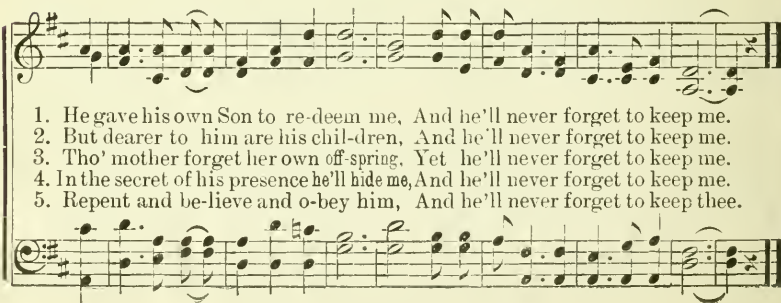


He gave his own Son to redeem them. And he cannot forget to keep me.
 But dear-er to him are his chil-dren, And he'll never forget to keep me.
 Tho' mother forget her own offspring, Yet he'll never forget to keep me.
 In the secret of his presence he'll hide me, And he'll never forget to keep me.
 Re-pent and be-lieve and o-bey him, And he'll never forget to keep thee.

CHORUS.



He'll never for-get to keep me. He'll never for-get to keep me; (keep me;)
 5th v. He'll never for-get to keep thee, He'll never for-get to keep thee; (keep thee:)
 keep me.
 keep thee,



1. He gave his own Son to re-deem me, And he'll never forget to keep me.
2. But dearer to him are his chil-dren, And he'll never forget to keep me.
3. Tho' mother forget her own off-spring, Yet he'll never forget to keep me.
4. In the secret of his presence he'll hide me, And he'll never forget to keep me.
5. Repent and be-lieve and o-bey him, And he'll never forget to keep thee.

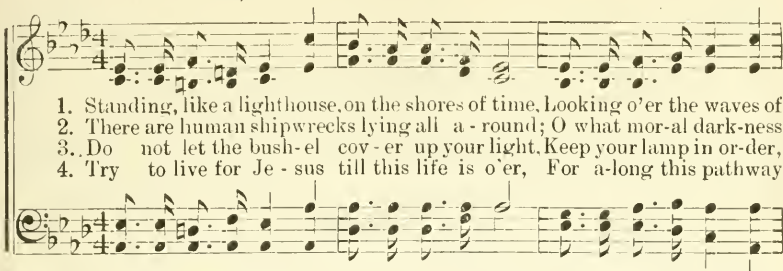
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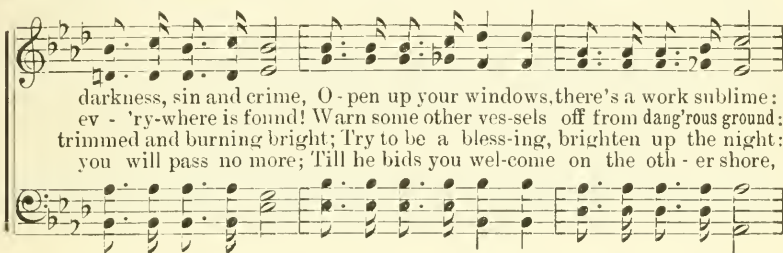
187 Let the Gospel Light Shine Out.

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR.

ADAM GEIBEL.



1. Standing, like a lighthouse, on the shores of time, Looking o'er the waves of
 2. There are human shipwrecks lying all a-round; O what mor-al dark-ness
 3. Do not let the bush-el cov-er up your light, Keep your lamp in or-der,
 4. Try to live for Je-sus till this life is o'er, For a-long this pathway

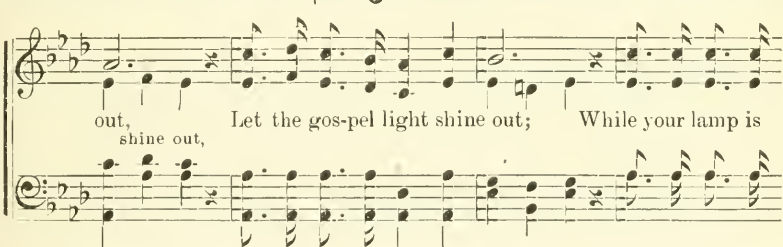


darkness, sin and crime, O - pen up your windows, there's a work sublime:
 ev - 'ry-where is found! Warn some other ves-sels off from dang'rous ground:
 trimmed and burning bright; Try to be a bless-ing, brighten up the night:
 you will pass no more; Till he bids you wel-come on the oth-er shore,

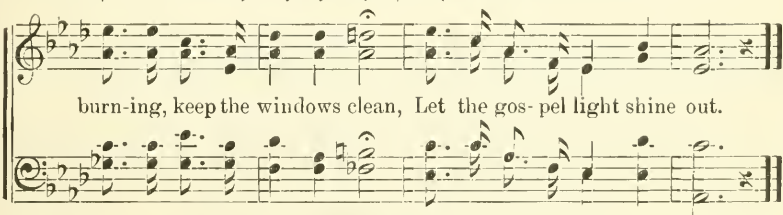


CHORUS.

Let the gos-pel light shine out, Let the gos-pel light shine



out, shine out, Let the gos-pel light shine out; While your lamp is



burn-ing, keep the windows clean, Let the gos-pel light shine out.

Mrs. L. PAULINE GILMOUR.

H. L. GILMOUR.

1. All na-ture is sleep-ing, the world's wrapped in death; E'en the winds in their
 2. How sad-ly they gath-er in dark-ness and gloom, For he whom they
 3. But hark! now while sitting in si-lence and fears, The sound of glad
 4. He's ris-en! he's ris-en! hear the women's glad cry; He's ris-en! he's

sigh-ing have hushed their sad breath; For the God who had made them lies
 loved is now locked in the tomb; They wait in that chamber, they
 voi - ces breaks forth on their ears, 'Tis the wo-men whose love led them
 ris - en! no more will he die; Go forth, glad e - van - gel, go

still in death's sleep, And his heart-broken fol-l'wers can but tremble and weep.
 know not for what, How burdened their hearts are, how hard seems their lot.
 forth in the night. And Je - sus now bids them to haste with the light.
 forth in your might. The Sav-ior has called you, O haste with the light.

CHORUS. *Vivace.*

O sing it! O shout it! this wondrous re-frain, Our Lord is tri-

um-phunt, the Lamb that was slain, He the vic-t'ry has won o-ver

The Easter Dawn—Concluded.

ritard.

death and the grave, Henceforth and for-ev-er the might-y to save.

189

I Will Arise.

E. E. HEWITT.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. "I will a-rise and go to my Father;" Long have I wandered far from his face;
 2. "I will a-rise and go to my Father;" Bowed with contrition, burdened with care;
 3. "I will a-rise and go to my Father;" Tattered and bruised, and weary of heart;
 4. "I will a-rise and go to my Father;" Surely he's watching, calling for me;

Humbly confessing all my transgressions, Now will I seek his pardoning grace.
 At the King's table, spread by his bounty. Is there not bread enough and to spare?
 He the best robe will bring for my wearing, Riches of bless-ing free-ly im-part.
 Looking in love from heaven's bright windows, Ev'ry re-turning footstep he'll see.

CHORUS.
 "I will a-rise and go to my Father;" From the far country, stormy and wild;

"I will a-rise and go to my Father;" He will receive his pen-i-tent child.

May be sung as a Duet and Chorus.

1. Lone-ly? no, not lone-ly While Je-sus standeth by; His presence al-ways
2. Wea-ry? no, not wea-ry While leaning on his breast; My soul hath full en-
3. Waiting? oh, yes, waiting; He bade me watch and wait; I on - ly won-der

cheers me; I know that he is nigh. Friendless? no, not friendless, For Je-sus joy-ment, 'Tis his e-ter-nal rest. Help-less? yes, so help-less; But I am oft-en, What makes my Lord so late. Joy - ful? yes, so joy-ful; With joy too

is my Friend; I change, but he re-main-eth The same un-to the end.
leaning hard On the mighty arm of Je-sus, And he is keeping guard.
deep for words; A precious, sure foundation; The joy that is my Lord's.

CHORUS.

No, never a - lone, no, nev-er a - lone; . . . He has promised never to
No, no, nev-er a-lone, no, no, nev-er a-lone,

leave me, Nev - er to leave me a - lone; Nev-er to leave me a - lone.

W. A. SPENCER, D. D.

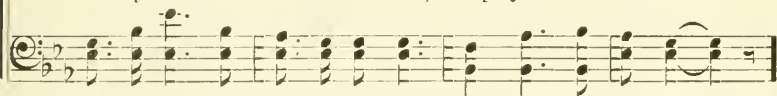
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. Brother, for Christ's kingdom sighing, Help a lit-tle, help a lit-tle;
2. Is thy cup made sad by tri-al? Help a lit-tle, help a lit-tle;
3. Tho' no wealth to thee is giv-en. Help a lit-tle, help a lit-tle;
4. Let us live for one an-oth-er, Help a lit-tle, help a lit-tle;
5. Tho' thy life is pressed with sor-row, Help a lit-tle, help a lit-tle;



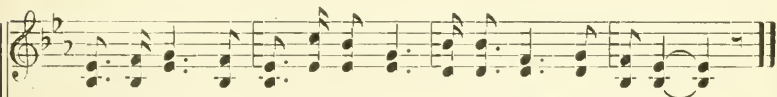
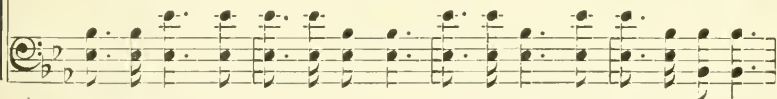
Help to save the mil-lions dy-ing, Help just a lit - tle.
 Sweet-en it with self - de - ni - al, Help just a lit - tle.
 Sac - ri - fice is gold in heav-en, Help just a lit - tle.
 Help to lift each fal - len broth-er, Help just a lit - tle.
 Brave-ly look tow'rd God's to-mor-row, Help just a lit - tle.



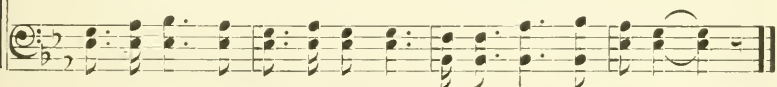
CHORUS.



O the wrongs that we may righten, O the hearts that we may lighten!



O the skies that we may brighten! Help-ing just a lit - tle.



LANTA WILSON SMITH.

G. W. ELDERKIN.



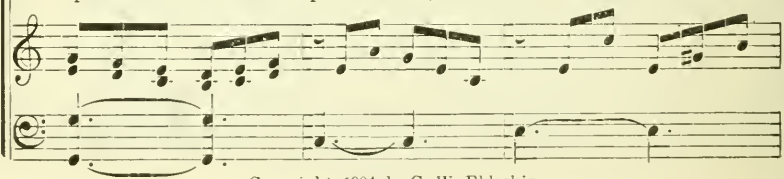
1. I know that a - far in God's boundless realm, Perhaps 'mid the star-ry
2. That beau-ti - ful cit - y with jas - per walls, Ne'er clo ses its pearl-y
3. The longings of life shall be sat - is - fied, The fet - ters of earth be



spa - ces. Lies the prom-ised home of the saints redeemed, Re-
por - tals. And the heal - ing pow'r of its ho - ly Light Sweeps
bro - ken, And the words im-pris-oned with - in the soul, With



plete with ce - les - tial gra - ces; In dreams I have walked on the
o - ver the blest im - mor - tals; There sor - row and tears shall be
rap - ture shall then be spo - ken; The mu - sic that sor - row hath



That Beautiful City—Concluded.

streets of gold, As I sought for my own fair dwell - ing, And
wiped a - way, In the dawn of an end - less morn - ing, Our
hushed a-while, And the si - lence of life's sad sto - ry, Shall

cres. *f rit.*

voi-ces I knew and loved of old, I've heard in the mu - sic swell - ing.
triumphs of faith like stars shall shine Bright crowns for the soul's a - dorn - ing.
leap in - to songs of per - fect joy, At-tuned to e - ter - nal glo - ry.

cres. *f rit.*

f CHORUS.

That beautiful cit-y is home to me, Each day it is growing dear-er; And

voices that call from beyond the sea Are drawing me near-er and near-er.

PRISCILLA J. OWENS.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. We have heard a joy - ful sound, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;
 2. Waft it on the roll - ing tide, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;
 3. Sing a - bove the bat - tle's strife, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;
 4. Give the winds a might - y voice, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;

Spread the glad - ness all a - round, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;
 Tell to sin - ners, far and wide, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;
 By his death and end - less life, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;
 Let the na - tions now re - joice, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;

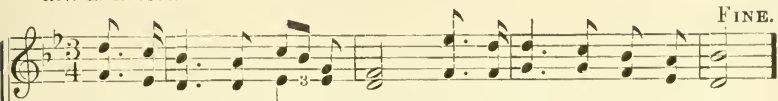
Bear the news to ev - 'ry land, Climb the steeps and cross the waves,
 Sing, ye is - lands of the sea, Ech - o back, ye o - cean caves,
 Sing it soft - ly thro' the gloom, When the heart for mer - cy craves,
 Shout sal - va - tion full and free, High - est hill and deep - est caves,

On - ward, 'tis our Lord's command, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves.
 Earth shall keep her Ju - bi - lee, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves.
 Sing in tri - umph o'er the tomb, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves.
 This our song of vic - to - ry, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves.

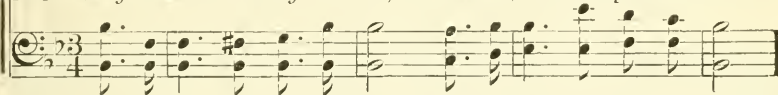
Rev. E. HOPPER

J. E. GOULD.

FINE.



1. Je - sus, Sav - ior, pi - lot me O - ver life's tem-pes-tuous sea;
D.C.—Chart and compass come from thee: Je - sus, Sav - ior, pi - lot me.
 2. As a moth - er stills her child, Thou canst hush the o - cean wild;
D.C.—Wondrous Sov'reign of the sea, Je - sus, Sav - ior, pi - lot me.
 3. When at last I reach the shore, And the fear - ful break - ers roar
D.C.—May I hear thee say to me, "Fear not, I will pi - lot thee."



D. C.



Unknown waves be - fore me roll, Hid - ing rock and treach'rous shoal:
 Boist'rous waves o - bey thy will, When thou say'st to them "Be still!"
 'Twixt me and the peace - ful rest, Then, while lean - ing on thy breast,

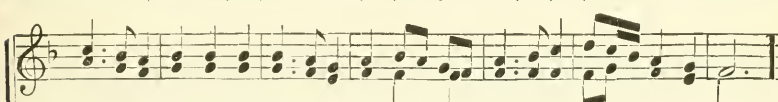


S. F. SMITH.

HENRY CAREY.



1. My country! 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty, Of thee I sing: Land where my
 2. My na - tive country, thee - Land of the no - ble, free - Thy name I love; I love thy
 3. Let music swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees Sweet freedom's song; Let mor - tal
 4. Our fathers' God! to thee, Author of lib - er - ty, To thee we sing: Long may our



fathers died! Land of the pilgrims' pride! From ev'ry mountain side Let freedom ring!
 rocks and rills, Thy woods and templed hills, My heart with rapture thrills Like that above.
 tongues awake; Let all that breathe partake; Let rocks their silence break - The sound prolong.
 land be bright With freedom's holy light; Pro - tect us by thy might, Great God, our King!



1. I am com-ing to the cross; I am poor, and weak, and blind;
 2. Long my heart has sighed for thee; Long has e-vil dwelt with-in;
 3. Here, I give my all to thee, Friends and time and earth-ly store;

CHO.—I am trust-ing, Lord, in thee, Dear Lamb of Cal-va-ry;

D. C. for Chorus.

I am count-ing all but dross; I shall full sal-va-tion find.
 Je-sus sweet-ly speaks to me.—“I will cleanse you from all sin.”
 Soul and bod-y thine to be—Whol-ly thine for-ev-er-more.

Hum-bly at thy cross I bow; Save me, Je-sus, save me now.

4 In the promises I trust;
 In the cleansing blood confide;
 I am prostrate in the dust;
 I with Christ am crucified.

5 Jesus comes, he fills my soul!
 Perfected in love I am;
 I am every whit made whole;
 Glory, glory to the Lamb!

THOS. MOORE.

SAMUEL WEBBE.

1. Come, ye dis-con-so-late, wher-e'er ye lan-guish; Come to the
 2. Joy of the des-o-late, light of the stray-ing, Hope of the
 3. Here see the bread of life; see wa-ters flow-ing Forth from the

mer-cy-seat, fer-vent-ly kneel; Here bring your wounded hearts,
 pen-i-tent, fade-less and pure; Here speaks the Com-fort-er,
 throne of God, pure from a-bove; Come to the feast of love,

Come, Ye Disconsolate—Concluded.

here tell your an-guish; Earth has no sor-row that heav'n can-not heal.
 ten - der - ly say - ing, "Earth has no sor-row that heav'n can-not cure."
 come, ev - er know-ing, Earth has no sor-row but heav'n can re-move.

198

Love Divine.

CHARLES WESLEY.

JOHN ZUNDEL.

1. Love di-vine, all love ex-cel-ling, Joy of heav'n, to earth come down!

Fix in us thy hum-ble dwelling; All thy faith-ful mer-cies crown.

D. S.—Vis-it us with thy sal-va-tion; En-ter ev-'ry trembling heart.

D. S.
 Je-sus, thou art all com-pas-sion, Pure, un-bound-ed love thou art;

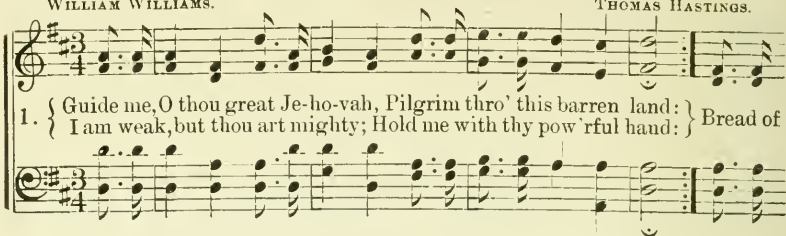
- 2 Breathe, O breathe thy loving Spirit
 Into every troubled breast!
 Let us all in thee inherit.
 Let us find that second rest.
 Take away our bent to sinning;
 Alpha and Omega be;
 End of faith, as its beginning,
 Set our hearts at liberty.
- 3 Come, almighty to deliver.
 Let us all thy life receive:
 Suddenly return, and never.
 Never more thy temples leave:

- Thou we would be always blessing,
 Serve thee as thy hosts above;
 Pray, and praise thee without ceasing,
 Glory in thy perfect love.
- 4 Finish then thy new creation,
 Pure and spotless let us be;
 Let us see thy great salvation,
 Perfectly restored in thee:
 Changed from glory into glory,
 Till in heaven we take our place,
 Till we cast our crowns before thee,
 Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

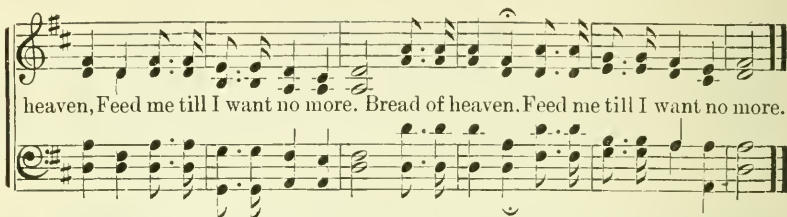
199 Guide Me, O Thou Great Jehovah.

WILLIAM WILLIAMS.

THOMAS HASTINGS.



1. { Guide me, O thou great Je-ho-vah, Pilgrim thro' this barren land: } Bread of
 { I am weak, but thou art mighty; Hold me with thy pow' rful hand: }



heaven, Feed me till I want no more. Bread of heaven. Feed me till I want no more.

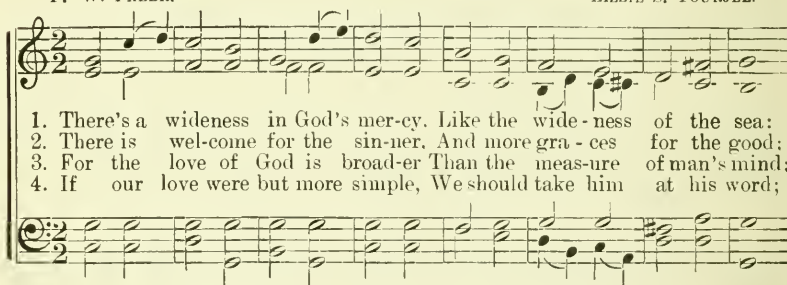
2 Open now the crystal fountain.
 Whence the healing waters flow;
 Let the fiery, cloudy pillar,
 Lead me all my journey through:
 Strong Deliverer.
 Be thou still my strength and shield.

3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
 Bid my anxious fears subside;
 Bear me through the swelling current;
 Land me safe on Canaan's side:
 Songs of praises
 I will ever give to thee.

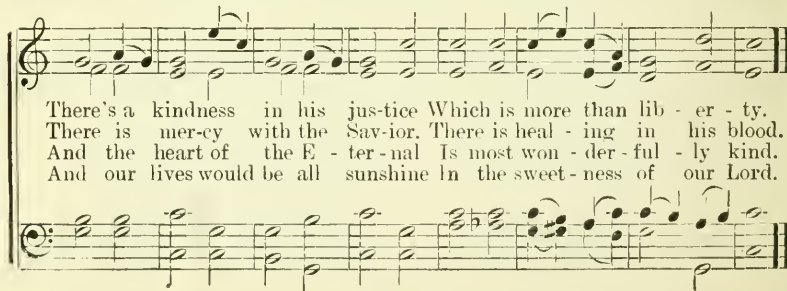
200 There's a Wideness in God's Mercy.

F. W. FABER.

LIZZIE S. TOURJEE.



1. There's a widenness in God's mer-cy. Like the wide-ness of the sea:
 2. There is wel-come for the sin-ner. And more gra-ces for the good;
 3. For the love of God is broad-er Than the meas-ure of man's mind;
 4. If our love were but more simple, We should take him at his word;



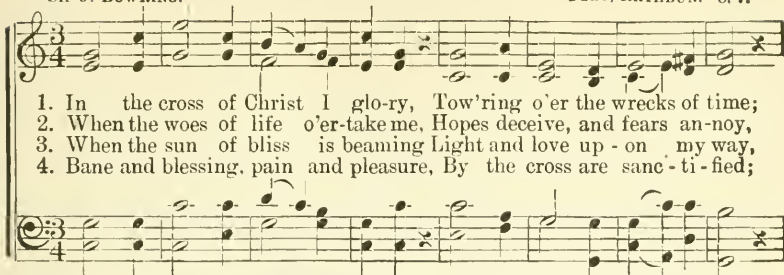
There's a kindness in his jus-tice Which is more than lib-er-ty.
 There is mer-cy with the Sav-ior. There is heal-ing in his blood.
 And the heart of the E-ter-nal Is most won-der-ful-ly kind.
 And our lives would be all sunshine In the sweet-ness of our Lord.

201

In the Cross of Christ.

Sir J. BOWRING.

TUNE, RATHBUN. 8, 7.



All the light of sa - cred sto-ry Gathers 'round its head sub-lime.
 Nev - er shall the cross for-sake me; Lo! it glows with peace and joy.
 From the cross the radiance streaming Adds more lus-tre to the day.
 Peace is there that knows no measure, Joys that thro' all time a-bide.

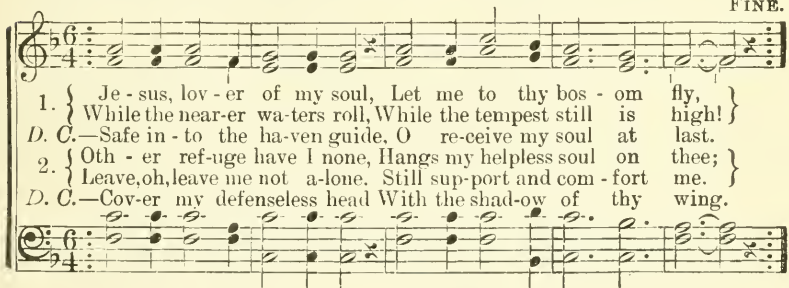
202

Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

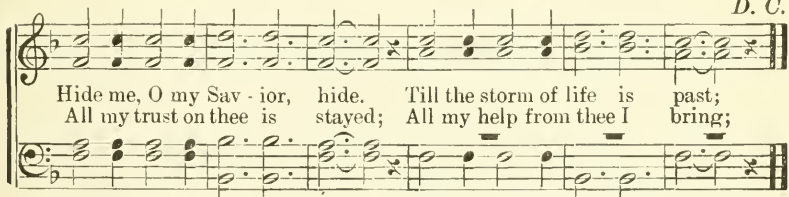
CHARLES WESLEY.

S. B. MARSH.

FINE.



D. C.



Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
 More than all in thee I find;
 Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
 Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
 Just and holy is thy name,
 I am all unrighteousness;
 False and full of sin I am.
 Thou art full of truth and grace.

4 Plenteous grace with thee is found,
 Grace to cover all my sin:
 Let the healing streams abound:
 Make and keep me pure within.
 Thou of life the fountain art,
 Freely let me take of thee:
 Spring thou up within my heart,
 Rise to all eternity.

FINE.

1. { Come, ye sin-ners, poor and need-y, Weak and wounded, sick and sore; }
 { Je - sus read-y stands to save you, Full of pit - y, love, and pow'r. }
 2. { Now, ye need-y, come and welcome, God's free bounty glo - ri - fy; }
 { True be - lief and true re - pent-ance, Ev-ry grace that brings you nigh. }

D. C.—Glo - ry, hon - or, and sal - va-tion, Christ the Lord is come to reign.

CHORUS.

D. C.

Turn to the Lord, and seek sal - va-tion, Sound the praise of his dear name;

3 Let not conscience make you linger,
 Nor of fitness fondly dream;
 All the fitness he requireth
 Is to feel our need of him.

4 Come, ye weary, heavy-laden,
 Bruised and mangled by the fall,
 If you tarry till you're better,
 You will never come at all.

A. M. TOPLADY.

FINE.

1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me. Let me hide my-self in thee:
*D. C.—*Be of sin the doub-le cure. Save from wrath and make me pure.

D. C.

Let the wa - ter and the blood, From thy wounded side which flowed,

2 Could my tears forever flow,
 Could my zeal no languor know,
 These for sin could not atone,
 Thou must save, and thou alone:
 In my hand no price I bring,
 Simply to thy cross I cling.

3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
 When my eyes shall close in death,
 When I rise to worlds unknown,
 And behold thee on thy throne,
 Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
 Let me hide myself in thee.

205 Holy Spirit, Faithful Guide.

M. M. W.

MARCUS M. WELLS.
FINE.

1. { Ho - ly Spir - it, faith-ful Guide, Ev - er near the Christian's side, }
Gen - tly lead us by the hand, Pil-grims in a des - ert land; }
2. { Ev - er pres - ent, tru - est Friend, Ev - er near thine aid to lend, }
Leave us not to doubt and fear, Grop - ing on in dark - ness here; }
3. { When our days of toil shall cease, Wait - ing still for sweet re - lease, }
Noth - ing left but heav'n and pray'r, Trusting that our names are there, }

D. C. - *Whis - per soft - ly, "Wand' rer, come, Fol - low me, I'll guide thee home."*

D. C.

Wea - ry souls for - e'er re - joice While they hear that sweet - est voice,
When the storms are rag - ing sore, Hearts grow faint, and hopes give o'er,
Wad - ing deep the dis - mal flood, Plead - ing naught but Je - sus' blood,

206 Walk in the Light.

BERNARD BARTON.

HAYDN.

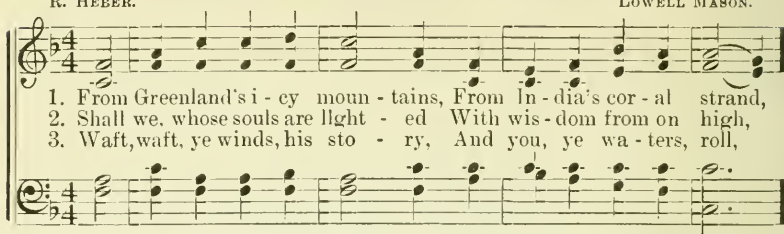
1. Walk in the light! so shalt thou know That fel - low - ship of love,
2. Walk in the light! and thou shalt find Thy heart made tru - ly his,
3. Walk in the light! and thou shalt own Thy darkness passed a - way,
4. Walk in the light! and e'en the tomb No fear - ful shade shall wear;

His Spir - it on - ly can be - stow, Who reigns in light a - bove.
Who dwells in cloudless light enshrined, In whom no darkness is.
Be - cause that light hath on thee shone In which is per - fect day.
Glo - ry shall chase a - way its gloom, For Christ hath conquered there.

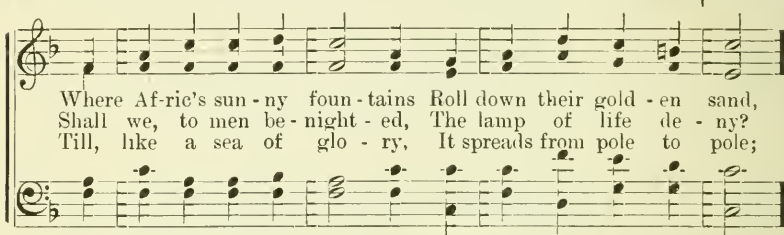
207 From Greenland's Icy Mountains.

R. HEBER.

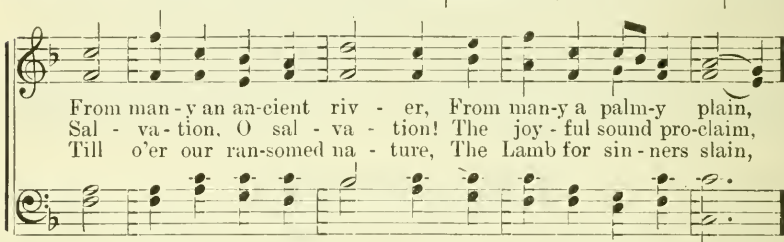
LOWELL MASON.



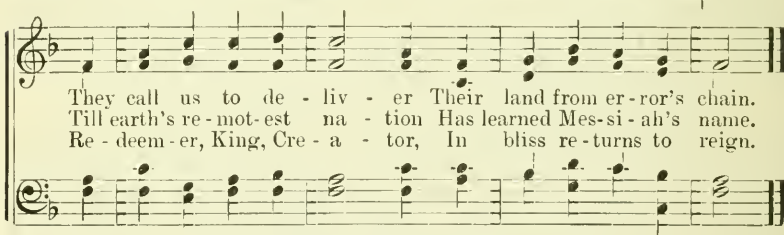
1. From Greenland's i - cy moun - tains, From In - dia's cor - al strand,
2. Shall we, whose souls are lght - ed With wis - dom from on high,
3. Waft, waft, ye winds, his sto - ry, And you, ye wa - ters, roll,



Where Af - ric's sun - ny foun - tains Roll down their gold - en sand,
Shall we, to men be - night - ed, The lamp of life de - ny?
Till, like a sea of glo - ry, It spreads from pole to pole;



From man - y an an - cient riv - er, From man - y a palm - y plain,
Sal - va - tion. O sal - va - tion! The joy - ful sound pro - claim,
Till o'er our ran - somed na - ture, The Lamb for sin - ners slain,

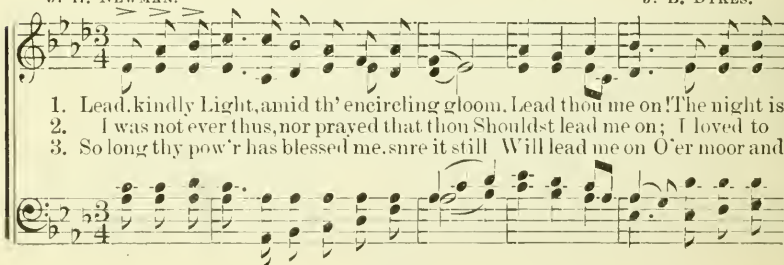


They call us to de - liv - er Their land from er - ror's chain.
Till earth's re - mot - est na - tion Has learned Mes - si - ah's name.
Re - deem - er, King, Cre - a - tor, In bliss re - turns to reign.

208 Lead, Kindly Light.

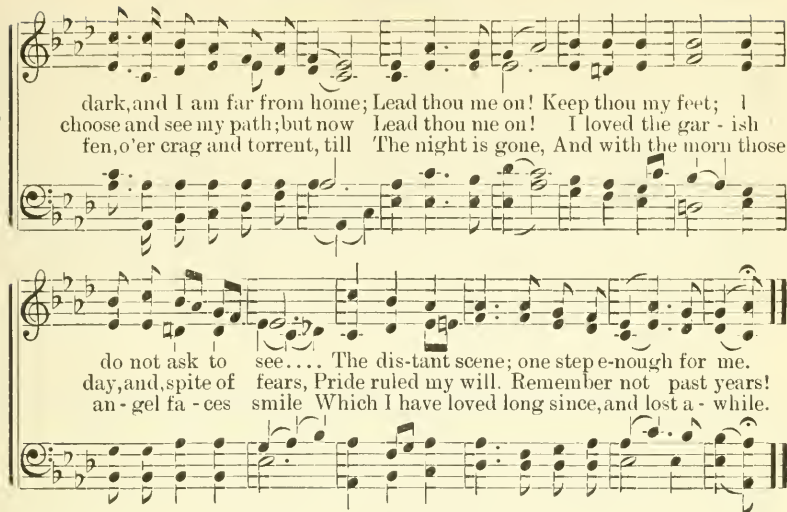
J. H. NEWMAN.

J. B. DYKES.



1. Lead, kindly Light, amid th' encircling gloom. Lead thou me on! The night is
2. I was not ever thus, nor prayed that thou Shouldst lead me on; I loved to
3. So long thy pow'r has blessed me, snre it still Will lead me on O'er moor and

Lead, Kindly Light—Concluded.



dark, and I am far from home; Lead thou me on! Keep thou my feet; I
choose and see my path; but now Lead thou me on! I loved the gar - ish
fen, o'er crag and torrent, till The night is gone, And with the morn those

do not ask to see.... The dis-tant scene; one step e-nough for me.
day, and, spite of fears, Pride ruled my will. Remember not past years!
an - gel fa - ces smile Which I have loved long since, and lost a - while.

209

Revive Us Again.



1. We praise thee, O God, for the Son of thy love,
2. We praise thee, O God, for thy Spir - it of light,
3. All glo - ry and praise to the Lamb that was slain,
4. All glo - ry and praise to the God of all grace,

For Je - sus who died and is now gone a - bove.
Who has shown us our Sav - ior and scat - tered our night.
Who has borne all our sins, and has cleansed ev - 'ry stain.
Who has bought us, and sought us, and guid - ed our ways.

REFRAIN.

Hal - le - lu - jah! thine the glory; Hal - le - lu - jah! a - men! Revive us a - gain.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

1. { O hap-py day, that fixed my choice On thee, my Sav-ior and my God! }
 Well may this glowing heart re-joice, And tell its rap-tures all a-broad. }

2. { O hap-py bond, that seals my vows To him who mer-its all my love! }
 Let cheerful an-thems fill his house, While to that sa cred shrine I move. }

CHORUS. FINE.

Hap-py day, hap-py day, When Je-sus washed my sins a-way;

D. S.—Hap-py day, hap-py day, When Je-sus washed my sins a-way.

D. S.

He taught me how to watch and pray, And live re-joic-ing ev'-ry day.

3 'Tis done, the great transaction's done; I am my Lord's, and he is mine;
 He drew me, and I followed on, Charmed to confess the voice divine.

4 Now rest, my long-divided heart, Fixed on this blissful center, rest;
 Nor ever from thy Lord depart, With him of every good possessed.

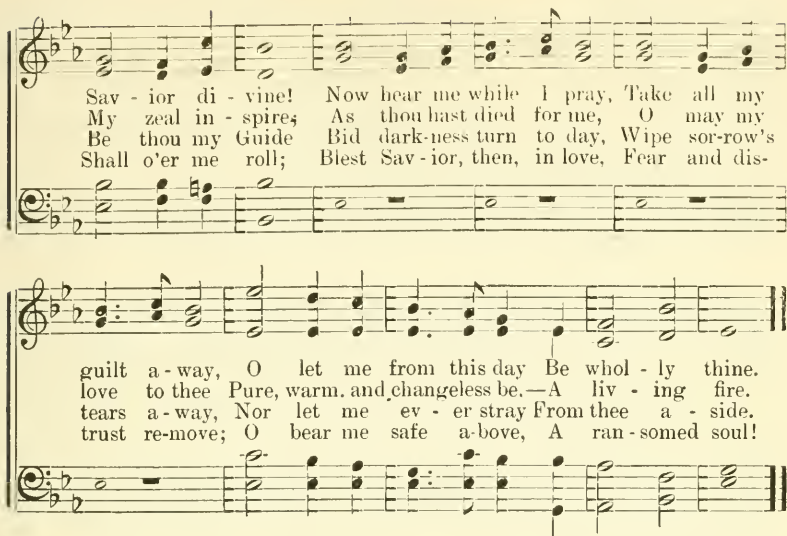
211 My Faith Looks Up to Thee.

RAY PALMER.

LOWELL MASON.

1. My faith looks up to thee, Thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry,
 2. May thy rich grace im-part Strength to my faint-ing heart,
 3. While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs a - round me spread,
 4. When ends life's transient dream, When death's cold sul - len stream

My Faith Looks Up to Thee—Concluded.



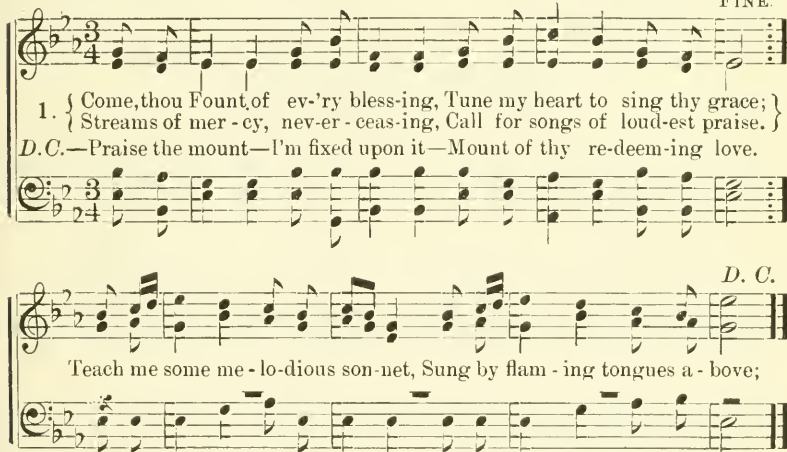
Sav - ior di - vine! Now hear me while I pray, Take all my
 My zeal in - spire; As thou hast died for me, O may my
 Be thou my Guide Bid dark-ness turn to day, Wipe sor-row's
 Shall o'er me roll; Blest Sav - ior, then, in love, Fear and dis-

guilt a - way, O let me from this day Be whol - ly thine.
 love to thee Pure, warm, and changeless be.—A liv - ing fire.
 tears a - way, Nor let me ev - er stray From thee a - side.
 trust re-move; O bear me safe a - bove, A ran-somed soul!

212

Come, Thou Fount.

A. NETTLETON.
 FINE.



1. { Come, thou Fount of ev'ry blessing, Tune my heart to sing thy grace; }
 { Streams of mer - cy, nev - er - ceas - ing, Call for songs of loud - est praise. }
D.C.—Praise the mount—I'm fixed upon it—Mount of thy re-deem-ing love.

D. C.
 Teach me some me - lo-dious son-net, Sung by flam - ing tongues a - bove;

2 Here I'll raise my Ebenezer,
 Hither by thy help I'm come;
 And I hope, by thy good pleasure,
 Safely to arrive at home.
 Jesus sought me when a stranger,
 Wandering from the fold of God;
 He, to rescue me from danger,
 Interposed his precious blood.

3 O to grace how great a debtor
 Daily I'm constrained to be!
 Let thy goodness, like a fetter,
 Bind my wandering heart to thee.
 Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it—
 Prone to leave the God I love—
 Here's my heart, O take and seal it,
 Seal it for thy courts above.

WILLIAM COWPER.

1. } There is a fountain filled with blood Drawn from Im-manuel's veins;
 { And sinners, plunged beneath that flood, [Omit.]
 D. C. -And sinners, plunged beneath that flood, [Omit.]

Lose all their guilty stains. Lose all their guilty stains, Lose all their guilty stains,
 Lose all their guilty stains.

2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
 That fountain in his day;
 And there may I, though vile as he,
 Wash all my sins away.

4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
 Thy flowing wounds supply,
 Redeeming love has been my theme.
 And shall be, till I die.

3 Thou dying Lamb! thy precious blood
 Shall never lose its power,
 Till all the ransomed Church of God
 Are saved, to sin no more.

5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
 I'll sing thy power to save,
 When this poor, lisping, stamm'ring tongue
 Lies silent in the grave.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

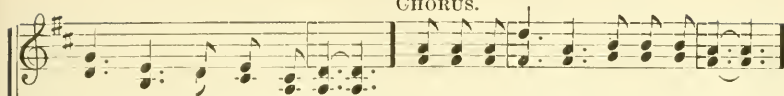
MRS. JOS. F. KNAPP. By per.

1. Bless-ed as-sur-ance, Je-sus is mine! O what a foretaste of
 2. Per-fect sub-mis-sion, per-fect de-light, Vi-sions of rap-ture now
 3. Per-fect sub-mis-sion, all is at rest; I in my Sav-ior am

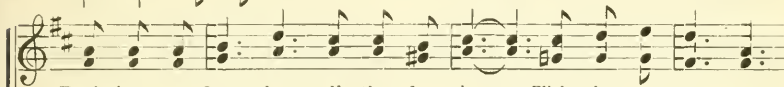
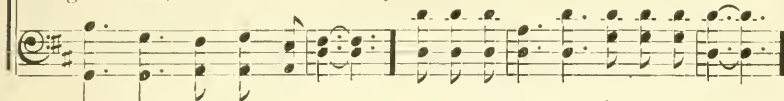
glo-ry di-vine! Heir of sal-va-tion, purchase of God. Born of his
 burst on my sight; An-gels de-scend-ing bring from a-bove Ech-oes of
 hap-py and blest; Watch-ing and wait-ing, look-ing a-bove. Filled with his

Blessed Assurance—Concluded.

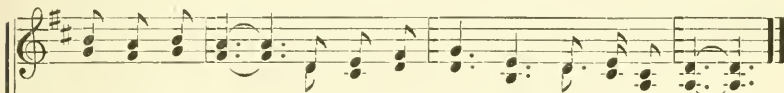
CHORUS.



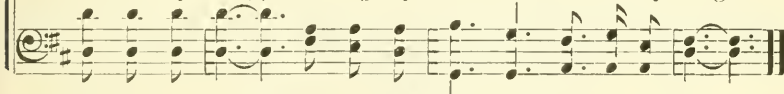
Spir - it, washed in his blood.
mer - cy, whis-pers of love.
good-ness, lost in his love. } This is my sto - ry, this is my song,



Prais-ing my Sav - ior all the day long; This is my sto - ry,



this is my song, Prais-ing my Sav - ior all the day long.



215

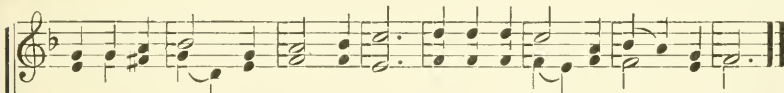
Sun of My Soul.

Rev. J. KEBLE.

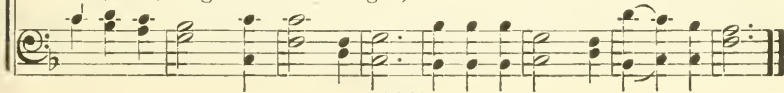
PETER RITTER.



1. Sun of my soul, thou Sav-i-or dear, It is not night if thou be near;
2. When the soft dews of kindly sleep My wea-ry eye-lids gen-tly steep,
3. A-bide with me from morn till eve, For with-out thee I can-not live;
4. If some poor wand'ring child of thine Have spurned to-day the voice divine,



O may no earth-born cloud a-rise To hide thee from thy serv-ant's eyes.
Be my last tho't, how sweet to rest For-ev-er on my Sav-i-or's breast!
A-bide with me when night is nigh, For with-out thee I dare not die.
Now, Lord, the gracious work be-gin; Let him no more lie down in sin.



E. A. HOFFMAN.

J. H. STOCKTON.

1. Down at the cross where my Sav-ior died, Down where for cleansing from
 2. I am so won-drous-ly saved from sin, Je-sus so sweet-ly a-
 3. O pre-cious fountain that saves from sin, I am so glad I have
 4. Come to this foun-tain so rich and sweet; Cast thy poor soul at the

sin I cried; There to my heart was the blood ap-plied; Glo-ry to his
 sides with-in; There at the cross where he took me in; Glo-ry to his
 en-tered in; There Je-sus saves me and keeps me clean. Glo-ry to his
 Sav-ior's feet; Plunge in to-day and be made com-plete Glo-ry to his

D. S.—There to my heart was the blood ap-plied; Glo-ry to his

FINE. CHORUS.

name. Glo-ry to his name, glo-ry to his name;
 name.

H. BONAR.

C. C. CONVERSE.

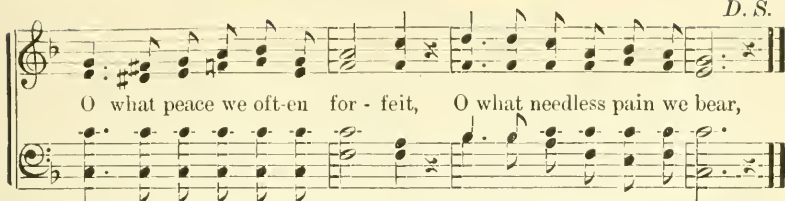
1. What a friend we have in Je-sus, All our sins and griefs to bear!

What a priv-i-lege to car-ry Ev-'ry-thing to God in pray'r!
 FINE.

D.S.—All be-cause we do not car-ry Ev-'ry-thing to God in pray'r!

What a Friend—Concluded.

D. S.



2 Have we trials and temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?
We should never be discouraged,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Can we find a friend so faithful,
Who will all our sorrows share?
Jesus knows our every weakness,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.

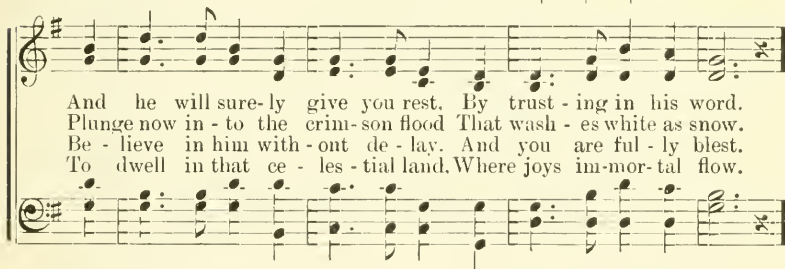
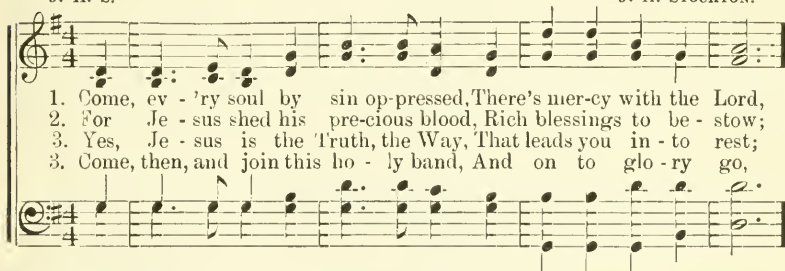
3 Are we weak and heavy-laden,
Cumbered with a load of care?
Precious Savior, still our refuge,
Take it to the Lord in prayer;
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?
Take it to the Lord in prayer,
In his arms he'll take and shield thee;
Thou wilt find a solace there.

218

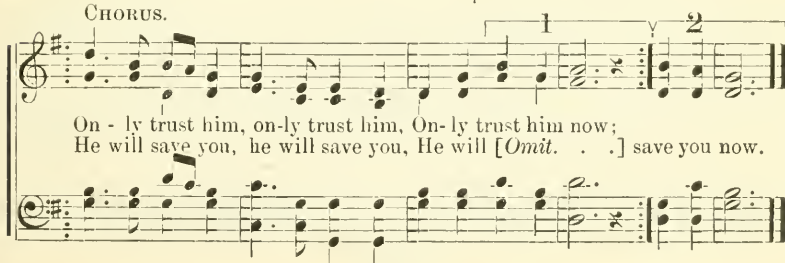
Only Trust Him.

J. H. S.

J. H. STOCKTON.



CHORUS.



1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name! Let an - gels pros-trate fall;
 2. Crown him, ye morn-ing stars of light, Who fixed this earth-ly ball;
 3. Ye cho - sen seed of Is - rael's race, Ye ran-somed from the fall;
 4. Sin - ners, whose love can ne'er for - get The worm-wood and the gall;

Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown him Lord of all;
 Now hail the strength of Israel's might, And crown him Lord of all;
 Hail him who saves you by his grace, And crown him Lord of all;
 Go, spread your trophies at his feet, And crown him Lord of all;

Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown him Lord of all.
 Now hail the strength of Israel's might, And crown him Lord of all.
 Hail him who saves you by his grace, And crown him Lord of all.
 Go, spread your trophies at his feet, And crown him Lord of all.

5 Let every kindred, every tribe,
 On this terrestrial ball,
 ||: To him all majesty ascribe,
 And crown him Lord of all. :||

6 O that with yonder sacred throng
 We at his feet may fall!
 ||: We'll join the everlasting song,
 And crown him Lord of all. :||

220

My Jesus, I Love Thee.

London Hymn Book.

A. J. GORDON. By per.

1. My Je - sus, I love thee, I know thou art mine. For thee all the
 2. I love thee be-cause thou hast first lov - ed me, And purchased my
 3. I will love thee in life, I will love thee in death, And praise thee as
 4. In man-sions of glo - ry and end-less de-light, I'll ev - er a -

My Jesus, I Love Thee—Concluded.

fol - lies of sin I re - sign; My gra - cious Re - deem - er, my
par - don on Cal - va - ry's tree; I love thee for wear - ing the
long as thou lend - est me breath; And say, when the death - dew lies
dore thee in heav - en so bright; I'll sing with the glit - ter - ing

Sav - ior art thou, If ev - er I loved thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.
thorns on thy brow, If ev - er I loved thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.
cold on my brow, If ev - er I loved thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.
crown on my brow, If ev - er I loved thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.

221

The Great Physician.

WM. HUNTER.

J. H. STOCKTON.

FINE.

1. { The great Phy - si - cian now is near, The sym - pa - thiz - ing Je - sus; }
He speaks the drooping heart to cheer. O hear the voice of Je - sus. }

2. { Your man - y sins are all for - giv'n, O hear the voice of Je - sus; }
Go on your way in peace to heav'n, And wear a crown with Je - sus. }

D. S.—Sweet - est car - ol ev - er sung, Je - sus, bless - ed Je - sus.

REFRAIN.

D. S.

Sweet - est note in ser - aph song, Sweet - est name on mor - tal tongue,

3 All glory to the dying Lamb!
I now believe in Jesus;
I love the blessed Savior's name,
I love the name of Jesus.

4 His name dispels my guilt and fear,
No other name but Jesus,
O how my soul delights to hear
The charming name of Jesus.

222

Nearer, My God, to Thee!

SARAH F. ADAMS.

LOWELL MASON.

♩:8:

1. Near-er, my God, to thee, Near-er to thee, E'en tho' it be a cross
2. Tho' like a wan-der-er, The sun gone down, Dark-ness be o-ver me,
3. There let the way ap-pear Steps un-to heav'n; All that thou sendest me,
4. Then with my waking tho'ts Bright with thy praise, Out of my ston-y griefs,
5. Or if, on joy-ful wing, Cleav-ing the sky, Sun, moon and stars forgot,

D. S.—Nearer, my God, to thee.

FINE.

D. S.

That rais-eth me, Still all my song shall be—Nearer, my God, to thee,
 My rest a stone; Yet in my dreams I'd be Nearer, my God, to thee,
 In mer-cy giv'n; An-gels to beck-on me Nearer, my God, to thee.
 Beth-el I'll raise; So by my woes to be Nearer, my God, to thee,
 Up-ward I fly; Still all my song shall be, Nearer, my God, to thee,

Near-er to thee!

223

My Jesus, As Thou Wilt.

BENJAMIN SCHMOLKE. Tr.

C. M. VON WEBER. Arr.

1. My Je - sus, as thou wilt! O may thy will be mine; In-to thy hand of
2. My Je - sus, as thou wilt! Tho' seen thro' many a tear, Let not my star of
3. My Je - sus, as thou wilt! All shall be well with me, Each changing future

love I would my all re - sign; Thro' sor-row or thro' joy, Con-duct me
 hope Grow dim or dis-ap-pear: Since thou on earth hast wept, And sorrowed
 scene I glad-ly trust with thee; Straight to my home a-bove I trav-el

My Jesus, As Thou Wilt—Concluded.

as thine own, And help me still to say, "My Lord, thy will be done."
 oft a-lone, If I must weep with thee, "My Lord, thy will be done."
 calm-ly on, And sing, in life or death, "My Lord, thy will be done."

224 No Name So Sweet.

GEO. WASHINGTON BETHUNE.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. There is no name so sweet on earth, No name so sweet in heav-en,
2. And when he hung up - on the tree, They wrote this name a-bove him,
3. So now, up - on his Father's throne, Al-might-y to re-lease us
4. O Je - sus, by thy matchless name Thy grace shall fail us nev - er;

The name be - fore his wondrous birth To Christ the Sav-ior giv-en.
 That all might see the rea-son we For - ev - er-more must love him.
 From sin and pains, he ev - er reigns, The Prince and Sav-ior, Je - sus.
 To - day as yes - ter-day the same, Thou art our God for - ev - er.

CHORUS.

We love to sing a-round our King, And hail him blessed Je - sus;

For there's no word ear ev - er heard So dear, so sweet as "Je - sus."

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225 Let Earth and Heaven Agree.

CHARLES WESLEY.

F. SCHNEIDER. Arr. by L. MASON.

1. { Let earth and heav'n a - gree, An - gels and men be joined. }
 { To cel - e - brate with me The Sav - ior of man - kind: }

To a - dore the all - a - ton - ing Lamb, And bless the sound of

Je - sus' name, And bless the sound of Je - sus' name.
 And bless the sound of Je - sus' name.

2 Jesus! transporting sound!
 The joy of earth and heaven;
 No other help is found,
 No other name is given,
 By which we can salvation have;
 But Jesus came the world to save.

3 O unexampled love!
 O all-redeeming grace!
 How swiftly didst thou move

To save a fallen race!
 What shall I do to make it known,
 What thou for all mankind hast done?

4 O for a trumpet voice,
 On all the world to call,
 To bid their hearts rejoice
 In him who died for all!
 For all, my Lord was crucified;
 For all, for all, my Savior died.

226 Welcome, Delightful Morn.

(Tune above.)

1 Welcome, delightful morn,
 Thou day of sacred rest!
 I hail thy kind return:
 Lord, make these moments blest:
 From low delights and mortal toys,
 I soar to reach immortal joys.

2 Now may the King descend
 And fill his throne of grace;
 Thy scepter, Lord, extend,

While saints address thy face:
 Let sinners feel thy quick'ning word,
 And learn to know and fear the Lord.

3 Descend, celestial Dove,
 With all thy quick'ning powers;
 Disclose a Savior's love,
 And bless the sacred hours:
 Then shall my soul new life obtain,
 Nor Sabbaths be enjoyed in vain.

HAYWARD.

227 Work, for the Night is Coming.

SIDNEY DYER.

LOWELL MASON.

1. } Work, for the night is coming, Work thro' the morning hours;
 } Work while the dew is sparkling, [Omit.] Work 'mid springing
 D. C. - Work for the night is coming, [Omit.] When man's work is

FINE. *cres.* D.C.

flow'rs; Work when the day grows brighter, Work in the glowing sun;
 done.

2 Work, for the night is coming,
 Work through the sunny noon;
 Fill brightest hours with labor,
 Rest comes sure and soon.
 Give every flying minute
 Something to keep in store;
 Work, for the night is coming,
 When man works no more.

3 Work, for the night is coming,
 Under the sunset skies;
 While their bright tints are glowing,
 Work, for daylight flies.
 Work till the last beam fadeth,
 Fadeth to shine no more;
 Work while the night is darkening,
 When man's work is o'er.

228 Jesus Calls Us.

Mrs. C. F. ALEXANDER.

W. H. JUDE.

1. Je - sus calls us; o'er the tu - mult Of our life's wild, rest-less sea,
 2. Je - sus calls us from the wor-ship Of the vain world's golden store;
 3. In our joys and in our sor-rows, Days of toil and hours of ease,
 4. Je - sus calls us! By thy mer-cies, Sav-ior, may we hear thy call;

Day by day his sweet voice soundeth, Saying, "Christian, follow me!"
 From each i - dol that would keep us, Saying, "Christian, love me more!"
 Still He calls, in cares and pleasures, "Christian, love me more than these!"
 Give our hearts to thy o - be-dience, Serve and love thee best of all!

REV. WM. HUNTER.

Arranged.
FINE.

1. { There is a spot to me more dear Than native vale or mountain,
A spot for which af-fec-tion's tear Springs grateful from its fountain. }

D. C.—But where I first my Savior found, And felt my sins for-giv-en.

D. C.

'Tis not where kin-dred souls a-bound, Tho' that is al-most heav-en,

2 Sinking and panting as for breath
I knew not help was near me;
I cried, "O save me, Lord, from death!
Immortal Jesus, hear me."
Then quick as tho't I felt him mine,
My Savior stood before me;
I saw his brightness round me shine,
And shouted "Glory, glory."

3 O sacred hour, O hallowed spot,
Where love divine first found me;
Wherever falls my distant lot
My heart shall linger round thee;
And when from earth I rise, to soar
Up to my home in heaven,
Down will I cast my eyes once more,
Where I was first forgiven.

C. R. DUNBAR.

1. My life, my love I give to thee, Thou Lamb of God who died for me;
2. I now be-lieve thou dost re-ceive, For thou hast died that I might live;
3. O thou who died on Cal - va - ry, To save my soul and make it free,

CHO.—I'll live for him who died for me, How hap-py then my life shall be!

D. C. for Chorus.

O may I ev - er faith - ful be, My Sav - ior and my God.
And now henceforth I'll trust in thee, My Sav - ior and my God.
I con - se - crate my life to thee, My Sav - ior and my God.

I'll live for him who died for me, My Sav - ior and my God.

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GEO. DUFFIELD, JR.

GEO. J. WEBB.

1. { Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, Ye soldiers of the Cross;
 { Lift high his roy - al ban - ner, It must not [Omit. . .] suf - fer loss;
D. C.—Till ev - 'ry foe is vanquished, And Christ is [Omit. . .] Lord indeed.

From vic - t'ry un - to vic - t'ry His ar - my shall he lead,

D. C.

2 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
 Stand in his strength alone;
 The arm of flesh will fail you,
 Ye dare not trust your own:
 Put on the gospel armor,
 And, watching unto prayer,
 Where duty calls, or danger,
 Be never wanting there.

3 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
 The strife will not be long;
 This day the noise of battle,
 The next the victor's song;
 To him that overcometh,
 A crown of life shall be;
 He with the King of glory
 Shall reign eternally.

232 The Morning Light is Breaking.

1 The morning light is breaking,
 The darkness disappears,
 The sons of earth are waking
 To penitential tears;
 Each breeze that sweeps the ocean
 Brings tidings from afar,
 Of nations in commotion,
 Prepared for Zion's war.

2 See heathen nations bending
 Before the God of love,
 And thousand hearts ascending
 In gratitude above;
 While sinners, now confessing,
 The gospel's call obey,
 And seek a Savior's blessing,
 A nation in a day.

3 Blest river of salvation,
 Pursue thine onward way,
 Flow thou to every nation,
 Nor in thy richness stay.
 Stay not till all the lowly
 Triumphant reach their home;
 Stay not till all the holy
 Proclaim, "The Lord is come."

S. F. SMITH.

233 Our Country's Voice.

1 Our country's voice is pleading,
 Ye men of God, arise;
 His providence is leading,
 The land before you lies;
 Day-gleams are o'er it brightening,
 And promise clothes the soil;
 Wide fields, for harvest whitening,
 Invite the reaper's toil.

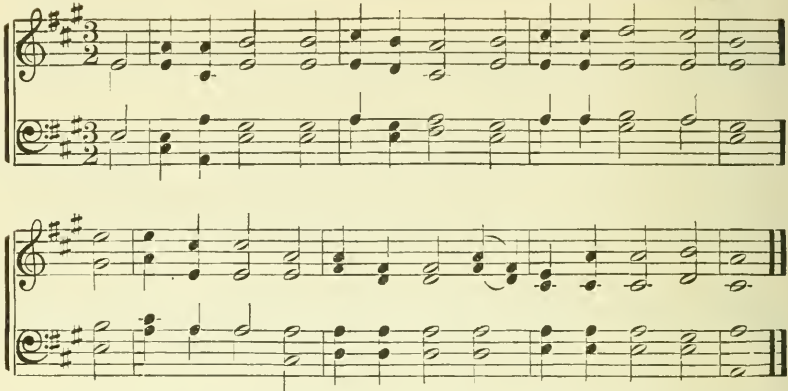
2 Go where the waves are breaking
 On California's shore;
 Christ's precious gospel taking,
 More rich than golden ore;
 On Alleghany's mountains,
 Through all the western vale,
 Beside Missouri's fountains,
 Rehearse the wondrous tale.

3 The love of Christ unfolding,
 Speed on from east to west,
 Till all, his cross beholding,
 In him are fully blest.
 Great Author of Salvation,
 Haste, haste the glorious day,
 When we, a ransomed nation,
 Thy scepter shall obey.

MRS. M. F. ANDERSON

Azmon.

Arr. by LOWELL MASON.



234 O for a Closer Walk!

- 1 O for a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame;
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb!
- 2 Where is the blessedness I knew,
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and his word?
- 3 Return, O holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest!
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
And drove thee from my breast.
- 4 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only thee.

235 How Sweet the Name.

- 1 How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear!
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.
- 2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary, rest.
- 3 Dear name! the rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding-place;
My never-failing treasure, filled
With boundless stores of grace!
- 4 Jesus, my Shepherd, Savior, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King,
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring!

236 O for a Thousand Tongues!

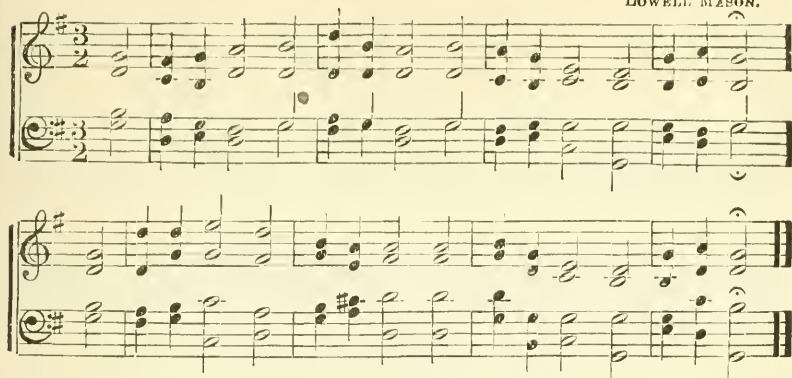
- 1 O for a thousand tongues, to sing
My great Redeemer's praise;
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of his grace!
- 2 My gracious Master and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,
To spread through all the earth abroad,
The honors of thy name.
- 3 Jesus! the name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace.
- 4 He breaks the power of canceled sin,
He sets the prisoner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean;
His blood availed for me.

237 O for a Faith!

- 1 O for a faith that will not shrink,
Though pressed by every foe,
That will not tremble on the brink
Of any earthly woe!
- 2 That will not murmur nor complain
Beneath the chastening rod,
But, in the hour of grief or pain,
Will lean upon its God;
- 3 A faith that shines more bright and
When tempests rage without; [clear
That when in danger knows no fear,
In darkness feels no doubt;
- 4 That bears, unmoved, the world's
dread frown,
Nor heeds its scornful smile;
That seas of trouble cannot drown,
Nor Satan's arts beguile.

Rockingham.

LOWELL MASON.



238 Delights of the Sabbath.

- 1 Sweet is the work, my God, my King,
To praise thy name, give thanks, and
sing;
To show thy love by morning light,
And talk of all thy truths by night.
- 2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest;
No mortal cares shall seize my breast;
O may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound.
- 3 When grace has purified my heart,
Then I shall share a glorious part;
And fresh supplies of joy be shed,
Like holy oil, to cheer my head.
- 4 Then shall I see, and hear, and know,
All I desired or wished below;
And every power find sweet employ
In that eternal world of joy.

239 Invitation.

- 1 Come, sinners, to the gospel feast;
Let every soul be Jesus' guest:
Ye need not one be left behind,
For God hath bidden all mankind.
- 2 Sent by my Lord, on you I call;
The invitation is to all:
Come all the world! come, sinner, thou!
All things in Christ are ready now.
- 3 Come, all ye souls by sin oppressed,
Ye restless wanderers after rest;
Ye poor, and maimed, and halt, and
blind,
In Christ a hearty welcome find.
- 4 My message as from God receive;
Ye all may come to Christ and live:
O let his love your hearts constrain,
Nor suffer him to die in vain.

240 Of Him Who Did Salvation Bring.

- 1 Of Him who did salvation bring,
I could forever think and sing;
Arise, ye needy,—he'll relieve;
Arise, ye guilty,—he'll forgive.
- 2 Ask but his grace, and lo! 'tis given;
Ask, and he turns your hell to heaven:
Tho' sin and sorrow wound my soul,
Jesus, thy balm will make it whole.
- 3 To shame our sins he blushed in blood;
He closed his eyes to show us God;
Let all the world fall down and know
That none but God such love can show.
- 4 Insatiate to this spring I fly;
I drink, and yet am ever dry;
Ah! who against thy charms is proof?
Ah! who that loves, can love enough?

241 While Life Prolongs.

- 1 While life prolongs its precious light,
Mercy is found, and peace is given;
But soon, ah! soon, approaching night
Shall blot out every hope of heaven.
- 2 Soon, borne on time's most rapid wing,
Shall death command you to the
grave;
Before his bar your spirits bring,
And none be found to hear or save.
- 3 In that lone land of deep despair,
No Sabbath's heavenly light shall
rise—
No God regard your bitter prayer,
No Savior call you to the skies.
- 4 While God invites, how blest the day!
How sweet the Gospel's charming
sound!
Come, sinners, haste, O haste away,
While yet a pardoning God is found.

Dennis. S. M.

HANS GEORGE NAEGLI.



242 Blest Be the Tie.

- 1 Blest be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love;
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.
- 2 Before our Father's throne,
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.
- 3 We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.
- 4 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.

243 I Love Thy Kingdom, Lord.

- 1 I love thy kingdom, Lord,
The house of thine abode,
The Church our blest Redeemer saved
With his own precious blood.
- 2 I love thy Church, O God,
Her walls before thee stand,
Dear as the apple of thine eye,
And graven on thy hand.
- 3 For her my tears shall fall,
For her my prayers ascend;
To her my cares and toils be given,
Till toils and cares shall end.
- 4 Sure as thy truth shall last,
To Zion shall be given
The brightest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of heaven.

244 How Gentle God's Commands.

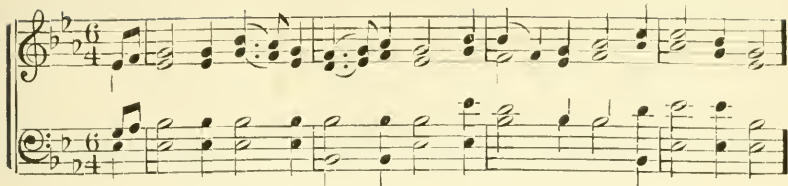
- 1 How gentle God's commands,
How kind his precepts are;
Come, cast your burdens on the Lord,
And trust his constant care.
- 2 Beneath his watchful eye
His saints securely dwell;
That hand which bears all nature up,
Shall guard his children well.
- 3 Why should this anxious load
Press down your weary mind?
Haste to your heavenly Father's throne,
And sweet refreshment find.
- 4 His goodness stands approved,
Unchanged from day to day:
I'll drop my burden at his feet,
And bear a song away.

245 And Can I Yet Delay?

- 1 And can I yet delay
My little all to give?
To tear my soul from earth away
For Jesus to receive.
- 2 Nay, but I yield, I yield;
I can hold out no more;
I sink, by dying love compelled,
And own thee conqueror.
- 3 Though late, I all forsake;
My friends, my all resign;
Gracious Redeemer, take, O take,
And seal me ever thine.
- 4 Come, and possess me whole,
Nor hence again remove;
Settle and fix my wavering soul
With all thy weight of love.

Woodworth. L. M.

WM. B. BRADBURY.



246 Just as I Am.

1 Just as I am, without one plea,
But that thy blood was shed for me.
And that thou bidd'st me come to thee,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

2 Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot. [spot.
To thee, whose blood can cleanse each
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

3 Just as I am, though tossed about.
With many a conflict, many a doubt.
Fightings within, and fears without,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

4 Just as I am; thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because thy promise I believe.
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

247 O that My Load of Sin.

1 O that my load of sin were gone!
O that I could at last submit
At Jesus' feet to lay it down—
To lay my soul at Jesus' feet!

2 Rest for my soul I long to find:
Savior of all, if mine thou art,
Give me thy meek and lowly mind,
And stamp thine image on my heart.

3 Break off the yoke of inbred sin,
And fully set my spirit free;
I cannot rest till pure within,
Till I am wholly lost in thee.

4 I would, but thou must give the power:
My heart from every sin release:
Bring near, bring near the joyful hour.
And fill me with thy perfect peace.

248 From Every Stormy Wind.

1 From every stormy wind that blows,
From every swelling tide of woes,
There is a calm, a sure retreat:
'Tis found beneath the mercy-seat.

2 There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads;
A place than all besides more sweet:
It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.

3 There is a scene where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend:
Tho' sundered far, by faith they meet
Around one common mercy-seat.

4 There, there on eagle wings we soar,
And sin and sense molest no more;
And heaven comes down our souls to greet,
While glory crowns the mercy-seat.

249 Jesus, and Shall It Ever Be?

1 Jesus, and shall it ever be.
A mortal man ashamed of thee?
Ashamed of thee, whom angels praise,
Whose glories shine thro' endless days?

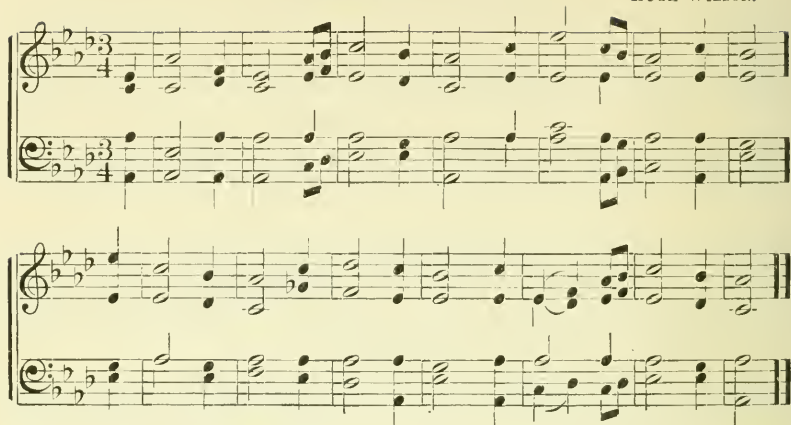
2 Ashamed of Jesus! that dear Friend
On whom my hopes of heaven depend!
No; when I blush, be this my shame,
That I no more revere his name.

3 Ashamed of Jesus! yes, I may,
When I've no guilt to wash away;
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
No fears to quell, no soul to save.

4 Till then—nor is my boasting vain—
Till then I boast a Savior slain:
And oh, may this my glory be.
That Christ is not ashamed of me!

Avon. C. M.

HUGH WILSON.



250 Forever Here My Rest.

- 1 Forever here my rest shall be,
Close to thy bleeding side;
This all my hope, and all my plea,
"For me the Savior died."
- 2 My dying Savior, and my God,
Fountain for guilt and sin,
Sprinkle me ever with thy blood,
And cleanse and keep me clean.
- 3 Wash me, and make me thus thine
Wash me, and mine thou art; [own;
Wash me, but not my feet alone,
My hands, my head, my heart.
- 4 The atonement of thy blood apply,
Till faith to sight improve;
Till hope in full fruition die,
And all my soul be love.

251 Alas! and Did My Savior.

- 1 Alas! and did my Savior bleed?
And did my Sovereign die?
Would he devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I?
- 2 Was it for crimes that I have done,
He groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!
- 3 Thus might I hide my blushing face
While his dear cross appears;
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt mine eyes to tears.
- 4 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe:
Here, Lord, I give myself away,—
'Tis all that I can do.

252 O for a Heart to Praise!

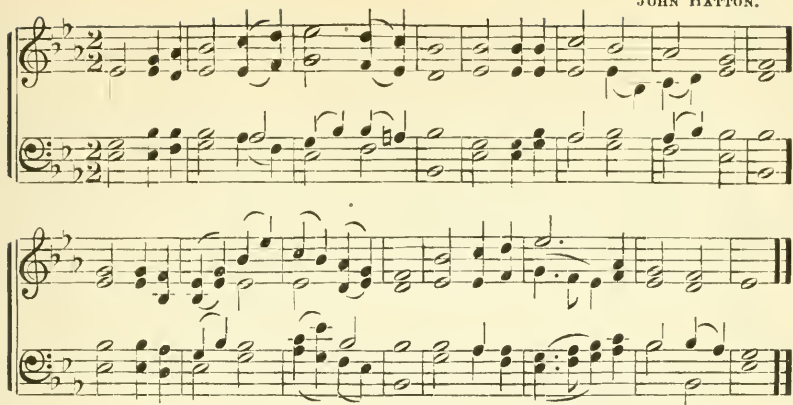
- 1 O for a heart to praise my God.
A heart from sin set free!
A heart that always feels thy blood,
So freely spilt for me!
- 2 A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
My great Redeemer's throne;
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone.
- 3 A heart in every thought renewed,
And full of love divine;
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good.
A copy, Lord, of thine.
- 4 Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart;
Come quickly from above;
Write thy new name upon my heart,
Thy new, best name of Love.

253 Jesus, the Very Thought.

- 1 Jesus, the very thought of thee
With sweetness fills the breast;
But sweeter far thy face to see,
And in thy presence rest.
- 2 No voice can sing, no heart can frame,
Nor can the memory find
A sweeter sound than Jesus' name,
The Savior of mankind.
- 3 O Hope of every contrite heart,
O Joy of all the meek.
To those who ask, how kind thou art!
How good, to those who seek!
- 4 Jesus, our only joy be thou,
As thou our prize wilt be;
In thee be all our glory now,
And through eternity.

Duke Street.

JOHN HATTON.



254 Jesus shall Reign.

1 Jesus shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run;
His kingdom spread from shore to shore.
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

2 From north to south the princes meet.
To pay their homage at his feet;
While western empires own their Lord,
And savage tribes attend his word.

3 To him shall endless prayer be made,
And endless praises crown his head;
His name like sweet perfume shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.

4 People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on his love with sweetest song,
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on his name.

255 I Thirst, Thou Wounded.

1 I thirst, thou wounded Lamb of God,
To wash me in thy cleansing blood;
To dwell within thy wounds; then pain
Is sweet, and life or death is gain.

2 Take my poor heart. and let it be
Forever closed to all but thee:
Seal thou my breast, and let me wear
That pledge of love forever there.

3 How blest are they who still abide
Close sheltered in thy bleeding side!
Who thence their life and strength de-
rive.
And by thee move, and in thee live.

4 Hence our hearts melt, our eyes o'er-
flow,
Our words are lost, nor will we know,
Nor will we think of aught beside;
"My Lord, my Love is crucified."

256 From All That Dwell.

1 From all that dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise;
Let the Redeemer's name be sung,
Through every land, by every tongue.

2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord;
Eternal truth attends thy word;
Thy praise shall sound from shore to
shore.
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

3 Your lofty themes, ye mortals, bring,
In songs of praise divinely sing;
The great salvation loud proclaim,
And shout for joy the Savior's name.

4 In every land begin the song;
To every land the strains belong:
In cheerful sounds all voices raise,
And fill the world with loudest praise.

257 When I Survey.

1 When I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of Glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ, my God;
All the vain things that charm me
most,
I sacrifice them to his blood.

3 See, from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down;
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Je - sus, I come to thee, Long - ing for rest; Fold thou thy
 2. Je - sus, I come to thee, Hear thou my cry; Save, or I
 3. Now let the roll - ing waves Bend to thy will. Say to the
 4. Swift - ly the part - ing clouds Fade from my sight; Yon - der thy

CHORUS.

wea - ry child Safe to thy breast.
 per - ish, Lord, Save, or I die. } Rocked on a storm - y sea,
 bow ap - pears, Love - ly and bright.

O, be not far from me, Lord, let me cling to thee, On - ly to thee.

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THOS. KEN.

LOUIS BOURGEOIS.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow; Praise him, all creatures here below;

Praise him a - bove, ye heav'n - ly host; Praise Father, Son and Ho - ly Ghost.

RESPONSIVE READINGS.

260

PSALM 1.

1 Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful.

2 *But his delight is in the law of the Lord; and in his law doth he meditate day and night.*

3 And he shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water, that bringeth forth his fruit in his season; his leaf also shall not wither; and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper.

4 *The ungodly are not so: but are like the chaff which the wind driveth away.*

5 Therefore the ungodly shall not stand in the judgment, nor sinners in the congregation of the righteous.

6 *For the Lord knoweth the way of the righteous: but the way of the ungodly shall perish.*

261

PSALM 19.

1 The heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament sheweth his handy-work.

2 *Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night sheweth knowledge.*

3 There is no speech nor language where their voice is not heard.

4 *Their line is gone out through all the earth, and their words to the end of the world. In them hath he set a tabernacle for the sun.*

5 Which is as a bridegroom coming out of his chamber, and rejoiceth as a strong man to run a race.

6 *His going forth is from the end of the heaven, and his circuit unto the ends of it: and there is nothing hid from the heat thereof.*

7 The law of the Lord is perfect, converting the soul: the testimony of the Lord is sure, making wise the simple.

8 *The statutes of the Lord are right, rejoicing the heart: the commandment of the Lord is pure, enlightening the eyes.*

9 The fear of the Lord is clean, enduring for ever: The judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether.

10 *More to be desired are they than gold, yea, than much fine gold: sweeter also than honey and the honeycomb.*

11 Moreover by them is thy servant warned: and in keeping of them there is great reward.

12 *Who can understand his errors? cleanse thou me from secret faults.*

13 Keep back thy servant also from presumptuous sins; let them not have dominion over me: then shall I be upright, and I shall be innocent from the great transgression.

14 *Let the words of my mouth, and the meditation of my heart, be acceptable in thy sight, O Lord, my strength, and my redeemer.*

262

PSALM 23.

1 The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want.

2 *He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: he leadeth me beside the still waters.*

3 He restoreth my soul: he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness, for his name's sake.

4 *Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.*

5 Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies: thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over.

6 *Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life: and I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever.*

263

PSALM 24.

1 The earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof; the world, and they that dwell therein.

2 *For he hath founded it upon the seas, and established it upon the floods.*

3 Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord? and who shall stand in his holy place?

4 *He that hath clean hands, and a pure heart; who hath not lifted up his soul unto vanity, nor sworn deceitfully.*

5 He shall receive the blessing from the Lord, and righteousness from the God of his salvation.

6 *This is the generation of them that seek him, that seek thy face, O Jacob.*

7 Lift up your heads, O ye gates; and be ye lift up, ye everlasting

Responsive Readings.

doors; and the King of glory shall come in.

8 *Who is this King of glory? The Lord strong and mighty, the Lord mighty in battle.*

9 Lift up your heads, O ye gates; even lift them up, ye everlasting doors; and the King of glory shall come in.

10 *Who is this King of glory? The Lord of hosts, he is the King of glory.*

264

PSALM 27.

1 The Lord is my Light, and my salvation; whom shall I fear? the Lord is the strength of my life; of whom shall I be afraid?

2 *When the wicked, even mine enemies and my foes, came upon me to eat up my flesh, they stumbled and fell.*

3 Though an host should encamp against me, my heart shall not fear: though war should rise against me, in this will I be confident.

4 *One thing have I desired of the Lord, that will I seek after: that I may dwell in the house of the Lord all the days of my life, to behold the beauty of the Lord, and to enquire in his temple.*

5 For in the time of trouble he shall hide me in his pavilion; in the secret of his tabernacle shall he hide me: he shall set me up upon a rock.

6 *And now shall mine head be lifted up above mine enemies round about me: therefore will I offer in his tabernacle sacrifices of joy; I will sing, yea, I will sing praises unto the Lord.*

7 Hear, O Lord, when I cry with my voice: have mercy also upon me, and answer me.

8 *When thou saidst, Seek ye my face; my heart said unto thee, Thy face, Lord, will I seek.*

9 Hide not thy face far from me; put not thy servant away in anger: thou hast been my help; leave me not, neither forsake me, O God of my salvation.

10 *When my father and my mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up.*

11 Teach me thy way, O Lord, and lead me in a plain path, because of mine enemies.

12 *Deliver me not over unto the will of mine enemies: for false witnesses are risen up against me, and such as breathe out cruelty.*

13 I had fainted, unless I had believed to see the goodness of the Lord in the land of the living.

14 *Wait on the Lord: be of good courage, and he shall strengthen thine heart: wait, I say, on the Lord.*

265

PSALM 42.

1 As the hart panteth after the water brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God.

2 *My soul thirsteth for God, for the living God: when shall I come and appear before God?*

3 My tears have been my meat day and night, while they continually say unto me, Where is thy God?

4 *When I remember these things, I pour out my soul in me: for I had gone with the multitude, I went with them to the house of God, with the voice of joy and praise, with a multitude that kept holyday.*

5 Why art thou cast down, O my soul? and why art thou disquieted in me? hope thou in God: for I shall yet praise him for the help of his countenance.

6 *O my God, my soul is cast down within me: therefore will I remember thee from the land of Jordan, and of the Hermonites, from the hill Mizar.*

7 Deep calleth unto deep at the noise of thy waterspouts: all thy waves and thy billows are gone over me.

8 *Yet the Lord will command his loving kindness in the daytime, and in the night his song shall be with me, and my prayer unto the God of my life.*

11 Why are thou cast down, O my soul? and why art thou disquieted within me? hope thou in God: for I shall yet praise him, who is the health of my countenance, and my God.

266

PSALM 51.

1 Have mercy upon me, O God, according to thy loving kindness; according unto the multitude of thy tender mercies blot out my transgressions.

2 *Wash me thoroughly from mine*

Responsive Readings.

iniquity, and cleanse me from my sin.

3 For I acknowledge my transgressions; and my sin is ever before me.

4 *Against thee, thee only, have I sinned, and done this evil in thy sight: that thou mightest be justified when thou speakest, and be clear when thou judgest.*

5 Behold, I was shapen in iniquity; and in sin did my mother conceive me.

6 *Behold, thou desirest truth in the inward parts: and in the hidden part thou shalt make me to know wisdom.*

7 Purge me with hyssop, and I shall be clean: wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

8 *Make me to hear joy and gladness; that the bones which thou hast broken may rejoice.*

9 Hide thy face from my sins, and blot out all mine iniquities.

10 *Create in me a clean heart, O God; and renew a right spirit within me.*

11 Cast me not away from thy presence; and take not thy Holy Spirit from me.

12 *Restore unto me the joy of thy salvation; and uphold me with thy free Spirit.*

13 Then will I teach transgressors thy ways; and sinners shall be converted unto thee.

267 PSALM 84.

1 How amiable are thy tabernacles, O Lord of hosts!

2 *My soul longeth, yea, even fainteth for the courts of the Lord: my heart and my flesh crieth out for the living God.*

3 Yea, the sparrow hath found an house, and the swallow a nest for herself, where she may lay her young, even thine altars, O Lord of hosts, my King, and my God.

4 *Blessed are they that dwell in thy house: they will be still praising thee.*

5 Blessed is the man whose strength is in thee; in whose heart are the ways of them.

6 *Who passing through the valley of Baca make it a well; the rain also filleth the pools.*

7 They go from strength to strength.

every one of them in Zion appeareth before God.

8 *O Lord God of hosts, hear my prayer: give ear, O God of Jacob.*

9 Behold, O God our shield, and look upon the face of thine anointed.

10 *For a day in thy courts is better than a thousand. I had rather be a doorkeeper in the house of my God, than to dwell in the tents of wickedness.*

11 For the Lord God is a sun and shield: the Lord will give grace and glory: no good thing will he withhold from them that walk uprightly.

12 *O Lord of hosts, blessed is the man that trusteth in thee.*

268 PSALM 91.

1 He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty.

2 *I will say of the Lord, He is my refuge and my fortress: my God; in him will I trust.*

3 Surely he shall deliver thee from the snare of the fowler, and from the noisome pestilence.

4 *He shall cover thee with his feathers, and under his wings thou shalt trust; his truth shall be thy shield and buckler.*

5 Thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by night; nor for the arrow that flieth by day:

6 *Nor for the pestilence that walketh in darkness; nor for the destruction that wasteth at noonday.*

7 A thousand shall fall at thy side, and ten thousand at thy right hand; but it shall not come nigh thee.

8 *Only with thine eyes shalt thou behold and see the reward of the wicked.*

9 Because thou hast made the Lord, which is my refuge, ever the Most High, thy habitation:

10 *There shall no evil befall thee, neither shall any plague come nigh thy dwelling.*

11 For he shall give his angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways.

12 *They shall bear thee up in their hands, lest thou dash thy foot against a stone.*

13 Thou shalt tread upon the lion and adder; the young lion and the dragon shalt thou trample under feet.

Responsive Readings.

269

PSALM 103.

1 Bless the Lord, O my soul; and all that is within me, bless his holy name.

2 Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits:

3 Who forgiveth all thine iniquities; who healeth all thy diseases;

4 Who redeemeth thy life from destruction; who crowneth thee with loving kindness and tender mercies;

5 Who satisfieth thy mouth with good things; so that thy youth is renewed like the eagle's.

6 The Lord executeth righteousness and judgment for all that are oppressed.

7 He made known his ways unto Moses, his acts unto the children of Israel.

8 The Lord is merciful and gracious, slow to anger, and plenteous in mercy.

9 He will not always chide: neither will he keep his anger for ever.

10 He hath not dealt with us after our sins; nor rewarded us according to our iniquities.

11 For as the heaven is high above the earth, so great is his mercy toward them that fear him.

12 As far as the east is from the west, so far hath he removed our transgressions from us.

270

PROV. 4:1-13.

1 Hear, ye children, the instruction of a father, and attend to know understanding.

2 For I give you good doctrine, forsake ye not my law.

3 For I was my father's son, tender and only beloved in the sight of my mother.

4 He taught me also, and said unto me, Let thine heart retain my words: keep my commandments, and live.

5 Get wisdom, get understanding; forget it not; neither decline from the words of my mouth.

6 Forsake her not, and she shall preserve thee: love her, and she shall keep thee.

7 Wisdom is the principal thing: therefore get wisdom: and with all thy getting get understanding.

8 Exalt her, and she shall promote thee; she shall bring thee to honour, when thou dost embrace her.

9 She shall give to thine head an ornament of grace: a crown of glory shall she deliver to thee.

10 Hear, O my son, and receive my sayings; and the years of thy life shall be many.

11 I have taught thee in the way of wisdom; I have led thee in right paths.

12 When thou goest, thy steps shall not be straitened; and when thou runnest, thou shalt not stumble.

13 Take fast hold of instruction: let her not go: keep her; for she is thy life.

271

PROV. 8:1-17.

1 Doth not wisdom cry? and understanding put forth her voice?

2 She standeth in the top of high places, by the way in the places of the paths.

3 She crieth at the gates, at the entry of the city, at the coming in at the doors.

4 Unto you, O men, I call; and my voice is to the sons of man.

5 O ye simple, understand wisdom; and, ye fools, be ye of an understanding heart.

6 Hear: for I will speak of excellent things; and the opening of my lips shall be right things.

7 For my mouth shall speak truth: and wickedness is an abomination to my lips.

8 All the words of my mouth are in righteousness; there is nothing froward or perverse in them.

9 They are all plain to him that understandeth, and right to them that find knowledge.

10 Receive my instruction, and not silver; and knowledge rather than choice gold.

11 For wisdom is better than rubies; and all the things that may be desired, are not to be compared to it.

12 I wisdom dwell with prudence, and find out knowledge of witty inventions.

13 The fear of the Lord is to hate evil: pride, and arrogancy, and the evil way, and the froward mouth, do I hate.

14 Counsel is mine, and sound wisdom: I am understanding; I have strength;

Responsive Readings.

15 By me kings reign, and princes decree justice.

16 *By me princes rule, and nobles, even all the judges of the earth.*

17 I love them that love me; and those that seek me early shall find me.

272

ECCL. 12.

1 Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth, while the evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh, when thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them;

2 *While the sun, or the light, or the moon, or the stars, be not darkened, nor the clouds return after the rain.*

3 In the days when the keepers of the house shall tremble, and the strong men shall bow themselves, and the grinders cease because they are few, and those that look out of the windows be darkened.

4 *And the doors shall be shut in the streets when the sound of the grinding is low, and he shall rise up at the voice of the bird, and all the daughters of music shall be brought low.*

5 Also when they shall be afraid of that which is high, and fears shall be in the way, and the almond tree shall flourish, and the grasshopper shall be a burden, and desire shall fail: because man goeth to his long home, and the mourners go about the streets.

6 *Or ever the silver cord be loosed, or the golden bowl be broken, or the pitcher be broken at the fountain, or the wheel broken at the cistern.*

7 Then shall the dust return to the earth as it was; and the spirit shall return unto God who gave it.

273

ISAIAH 55.

1 Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money; come ye, buy and eat; Yea, come, buy wine and milk, without money and without price.

2 *Wherefore do ye spend money for that which is not bread? and your labour for that which satisfieth not? Harken diligently unto me, and eat ye that which is good, and let your soul delight itself in fatness.*

3 Incline your ear, and come unto me; hear, and your soul shall live.

and I will make an everlasting covenant with you, even the sure mercies of David.

6 *Seek ye the Lord while he may be found, call ye upon him while he is near.*

7 Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts: and let him return unto the Lord, and he will have mercy upon him; and to our God, for he will abundantly pardon.

8 *For my thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are your ways my ways, saith the Lord.*

9 For as the heavens are higher than the earth, so are my ways higher than your ways, and my thoughts than your thoughts.

10 *For as the rain cometh down, and the snow from heaven, and returneth not thither, but watereth the earth, and maketh it bring forth and bud, that it may give seed to the sower, and bread to the eater;*

11 So shall my word be that goeth forth out of my mouth: it shall not return unto me void, but it shall accomplish that which I please, and it shall prosper in the thing whereto I sent it.

12 *For ye shall go out with joy, and be led forth with peace: the mountains and the hills shall break forth before you into singing, and all the trees of the fields shall clap their hands.*

13 Instead of the thorn shall come up the fir tree, and instead of the briar shall come up the myrtle tree; and it shall be to the Lord for a name, for an everlasting sign that shall not be cut off.

274

MATT. 5:1-12.

1 And seeing the multitudes, he went up into a mountain: and when he was set, his disciples came unto him:

2 *And he opened his mouth, and taught them, saying,*

3 Blessed are the poor in spirit: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

4 *Blessed are they that mourn: for they shall be comforted.*

5 Blessed are the meek: for they shall inherit the earth.

6 *Blessed are they which do hunger*

Responsive Readings.

and thirst after righteousness: for they shall be filled.

7 Blessed are the merciful; for they shall obtain mercy.

8 *Blessed are the pure in heart; for they shall see God.*

9 Blessed are the peacemakers: for they shall be called the children of God.

10 *Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.*

11 Blessed are ye, when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely, for my sake.

12 *Rejoice, and be exceeding glad: for great is your reward in heaven: for so persecuted they the prophets which were before you.*

275 JOHN 14:11-21.

15 If ye love me, keep my commandments.

16 *And I will pray the Father, and he shall give you another Comforter, that he may abide with you for ever;*

17 Even the Spirit of truth; whom the world cannot receive, because it seeth him not, neither knoweth him: but ye know him; for he dwelleth with you, and shall be in you.

18 *I will not leave you comfortless: I will come to you.*

19 Yet a little while, and the world seeth me no more; but ye see me: because I live, ye shall live also.

20 *At that day ye shall know that I am in my Father, and ye in me, and I in you.*

21 He that hath my commandments, and keepeth them, he it is that loveth me; and he that loveth me shall be loved of my Father, and I will love him, and will manifest myself to him.

276 JOHN 16:7-15.

7 Nevertheless I tell you the truth; It is expedient for you that I go away; for if I go not away, the Comforter will not come unto you; but if I depart, I will send him unto you.

8 *And when he is come, he will reprove the world of sin, and of righteousness, and of judgment:*

9 Of sin, because they believe not on me:

10 *Of righteousness, because I go to my Father, and ye see me no more;*

11 Of judgment, because the prince of this world is judged.

12 *I have yet many things to say unto you, but ye cannot bear them now.*

13 Howbeit when he, the Spirit of truth, is come, he will guide you into all truth: for he shall not speak of himself; but whatsoever he shall hear, that shall he speak: and he will shew you things to come.

14 *He shall glorify me: for he shall receive of mine, and shall shew it unto you.*

15 All things that the Father hath are mine: therefore said I, that he shall take of mine, and shall shew it unto you.

277 JOHN 15:11-15.

1 I am the true vine, and my Father is the husbandman.

2 *Every branch in me that beareth not fruit he taketh away: and every branch that beareth fruit, he purgeth it, that it may bring forth more fruit.*

3 Now ye are clean through the word which I have spoken unto you.

4 *Abide in me, and I in you. As the branch cannot bear fruit of itself, except it abide in the vine; no more can ye, except ye abide in me.*

5 I am the vine, ye are the branches. He that abideth in me, and I in him, the same bringeth forth more fruit; for without me ye can do nothing.

6 *If a man abide not in me, he is cast forth as a branch, and is withered; and men gather them, and cast them into the fire, and they are burned.*

7 If ye abide in me, and my words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will, and it shall be done unto you.

8 *Herein is my Father glorified, that ye bear much fruit; so shall ye be my disciples.*

9 As the Father hath loved me, so have I loved you: continue ye in my love.

10 *If ye keep my commandments, ye shall abide in my love; even as I have kept my Father's commandments, and abide in his love.*

11 These things have I spoken unto you, that my joy might remain in you, and that your joy might be full.

Responsive Readings.

12 *This is my commandment, That ye love one another, as I have loved you.*

13 *Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends.*

14 *Ye are my friends, if ye do whatsoever I command you.*

278 EPH. 6:10-18.

10. *Finally, my brethren, be strong in the Lord and in the power of his might.*

11 *Put on the whole armour of God, that ye may be able to stand against the wiles of the devil.*

12 *For we wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places.*

13 *Wherefore take unto you the whole armour of God, that ye may be able to withstand in the evil day, and having done all, to stand.*

14 *Stand therefore, having your loins girt about with truth, and having on the breastplate of righteousness;*

15 *And your feet shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace;*

16 *Above all, taking the shield of faith, wherewith ye shall be able to quench all the fiery darts of the wicked.*

17 *And take the helmet of salvation, and the sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God:*

18 *Praying always with all prayer and supplication in the Spirit, and watching thereunto with all perseverance and supplication for all saints.*

279 I COR. 13.

1 *Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal.*

2 *And though I have the gift of prophecy, and understand all mysteries, and all knowledge: and though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not charity, I am nothing.*

3 *And though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing.*

4 *Charity suffereth long, and is*

kind; charity envieth not; charity vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up,

5 *Doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil;*

6 *Rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth;*

7 *Beareth all things; believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things.*

8 *Charity never faileth; but whether there be prophecies, they shall fail; whether there be tongues, they shall cease; whether there be knowledge, it shall vanish away.*

9 *For we know in part, and we prophesy in part.*

10 *But when that which is perfect is come, then that which is in part shall be done away.*

11 *When I was a child, I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child: but when I became a man, I put away childish things.*

12 *For now we see through a glass, darkly; but then face to face: now I know in part; but then shall I know even as also I am known.*

13 *And now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three; but the greatest of these is charity.*

280 EPH. 3:14-21.

14 *For this cause I bow my knees unto the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ.*

15 *Of whom the whole family in heaven and earth is named.*

16 *That he would grant you, according to the riches of his glory, to be strengthened with might by his Spirit in the inner man;*

17 *That Christ may dwell in your hearts by faith; that ye, being rooted and grounded in love.*

18 *May be able to comprehend with all saints what is the breadth, and length, and depth, and height;*

19 *And to know the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge, that ye might be filled with all the fullness of God.*

20 *Now unto him that is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think, according to the power that worketh in us,*

21 *Unto him be glory in the church by Christ Jesus throughout all ages, world without end. Amen.*

THE TEN COMMANDMENTS.

EXODUS xx, 3:17.

1. Thou shalt have no other gods before me.
2. Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image, or any likeness of any thing that is in heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the water under the earth: thou shalt not bow down thyself to them, nor serve them: for I the Lord thy God am a jealous God, visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation of them that hate me; and showing mercy unto thousands of them that love me, and keep my commandments.
3. Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain: for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain.
4. Remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy. Six days shalt thou labor, and do all thy work; but the seventh day is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God: in it thou shalt not do any work, thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, thy manservant, nor thy maidservant, nor thy cattle, nor thy stranger that is within thy gates; for in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them is, and rested the seventh day: wherefore the Lord blessed the Sabbath day, and hallowed it.
5. Honor thy father and thy mother: that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee.
6. Thou shalt not kill.
7. Thou shalt not commit adultery.
8. Thou shalt not steal.
9. Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor.
10. Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's house, thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's wife, nor his manservant, nor his maidservant, nor his ox, nor his ass, nor anything that is thy neighbor's.

THE APOSTLES' CREED.

I believe in God, the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth; and in Jesus Christ his only Son our Lord, who was conceived by the Holy Ghost, born of the Virgin Mary, suffered under Pontius Pilate, was crucified, dead, and buried; the third day he rose again from the dead: he ascended into heaven, and sitteth on the right hand of God the Father Almighty; from thence he shall come to judge the quick and the dead; I believe in the Holy Ghost, the holy catholic church, the communion of saints, the forgiveness of sins, the resurrection of the body, and the life everlasting. Amen.

THE LORD'S PRAYER.



1. Our Father who art in heaven, hallowed be thy name. || Thy kingdom come, thy will be done on earth, as it is in heaven.
2. Give us this day our daily bread, || And forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us.
3. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil; || For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever and ever. Amen.

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